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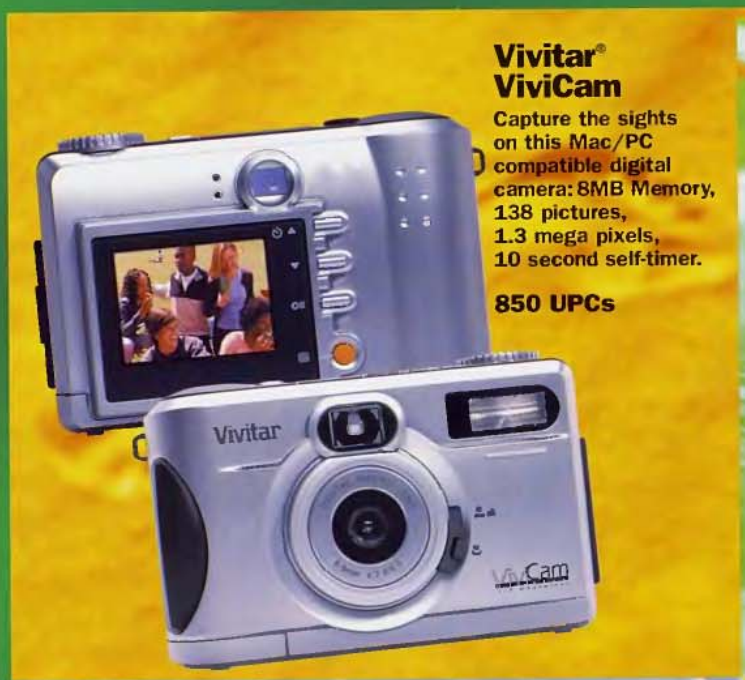

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Playbill

Walter Mosley has created some of the toughest characters in modern fiction. His heroes are killers who care. The main character of his first PLAYBOY short story, *Pinky*, has the same desire to do right, but the events of September 11 prove overpowering. **Kent Williams** provided the art.

September 11 touched many lives, as **Kevin Cook** discovered while profiling **Michael Imperioli.** The actor who plays Tony's impetuous kinsman on *The Sopranos* was standing six blocks away when the second plane hit the towers. After making sure his kids were safe, he spent time working with a medical unit. In *Loose Cannon*, Cook captures the unexpected side of Imperioli: He is articulate, perceptive—and prone to accidents.

Cook pulled a double shift for this issue, turning in a blunt interview with **Lennox Lewis,** the heavyweight champion of the universe. (The champ's much-anticipated April 6 bout with Mike Tyson was thrown into question after a melee at a January press conference.) Lewis holds forth on sex before fights, rage, trash talk, girlfriends, rumors that he's gay, corrupt promoters, David Tua's hairstyle and buddies Woody Harrelson and Will Smith—but mostly about the nerve and dedication it takes to step into the ring. Of Tyson, Lewis declares "he sounds a bit unhinged." The bout will come with a $15 million paycheck; the combatants described in **Michael Kaplan's** fascinating look at *Boxing Behind Bars* can only dream of that reward. **Clifford Etienne** learned to fight in prison-sanctioned three-round events; after a 10-year sentence he turned pro and has racked up a 22–1 record.

Speaking of tough, check out the *20Q* with **Sarah Silverman,** the comic with the fastest—and dirtiest—mouth in the West. Among the issues she tackles with **Warren Kalbacker:** Is the phrase fucking cunt impolite? **Robert DeSalvo** visits an even scarier woman, *The Queen of the Damned*. The title applies to the movie, but works just as well for **Anne Rice,** author of nine epics set among the bloodthirsty.

OK, stop wondering if you're man enough. **Will Lee** offers a sex quiz that really tests your mettle. **Corey Levitan,** author of *Get Bold*, may have the basis for a new reality-based television series. Start with an impossible situation—you spot the girl of your dreams while on a date with someone else at a joint staffed by rude transvestites. **Istvan Banyai** supplies the art. Since the quest for the dream girl will likely bring you into contact with alcohol, we provide a useful guide to the ultimate bar wear—*Take Your Best Shots*, with photography by **Davis Factor.** Playmates tell you how, where and with whom.

As for the current music scene, see *Playboy's Music Poll*, designed by Art Director **Scott Anderson** and coordinated by **Barbara Nellis. Ryan Adams,** who did our *Music Buzz*, was chatted up by Associate Editor **Alison Lundgren. Anaheed Alani** checked in with Concetta Kirschner, the hip-hop diva who performs under the name **Princess Superstar.** Princess' hit *Bad Babysitter* has the memorable line: "Kid, you gotta go to bed. I know it's only six, but my boyfriend just came over, and he wants me to give him head." Her advice to Mariah Carey: Stop dressing like a teenager. That's exactly what former teen pop star **Tiffany** did when she posed for a PLAYBOY pictorial with photographer **Arny Freytag.** She has a new album—and a new look.

We've done our best to revive the spirit of America. In these paranoid times, if you're thinking bunker, let's make it a cool one. Check out *Playboy's Bachelor Bunker*. Associate Managing Editor **John Rezek** ran the project. Artist **Daniel Torres** did the architectural renderings.

MOSLEY

WILLIAMS

COOK

KAPLAN

DESALVO

LEE

LEVITAN

BANYAI

FACTOR

ALANI

FREYTAG

ANDERSON

LUNDGREN

TORRES

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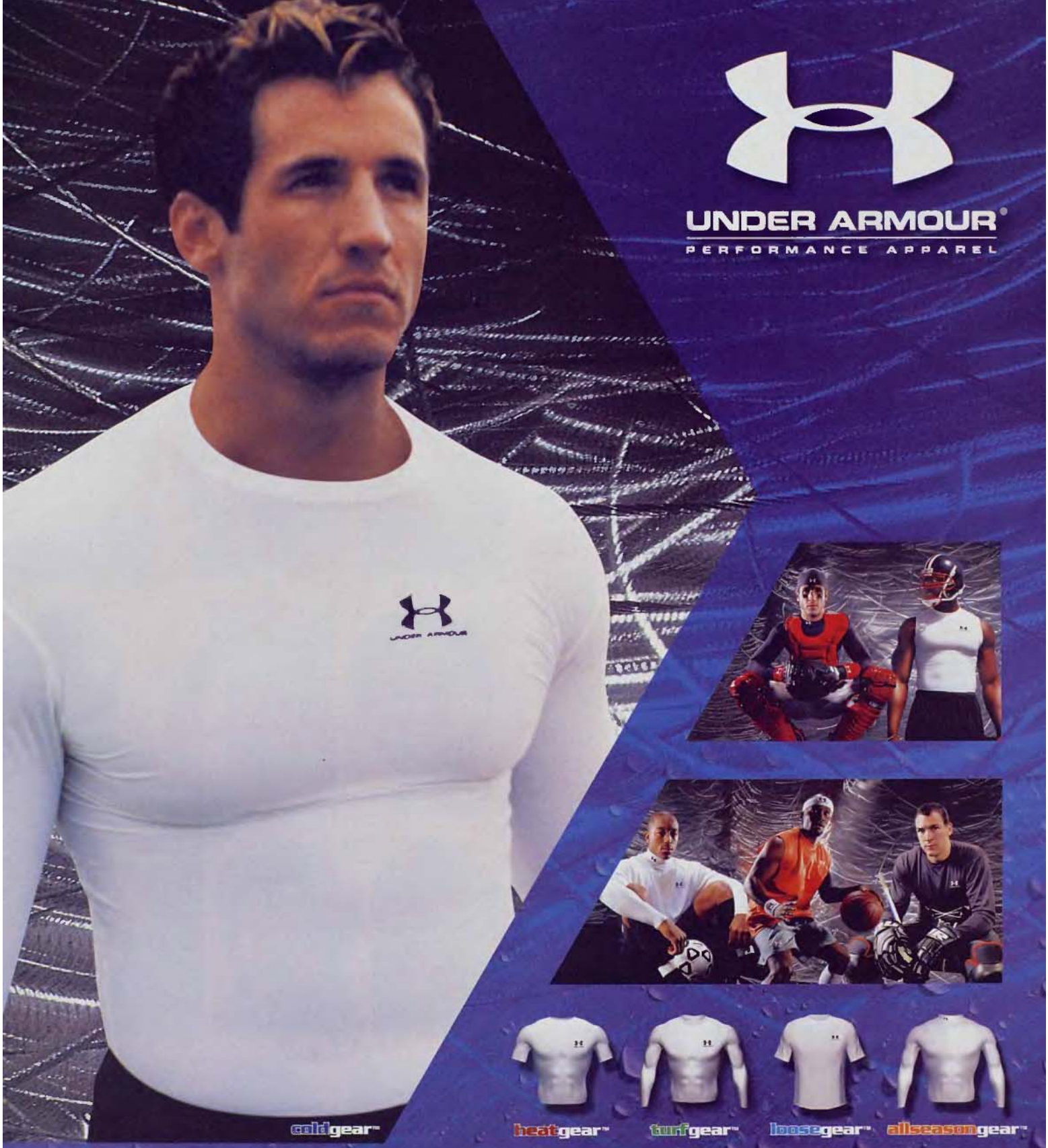

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cover story

Teenager Tiffany became an overnight sensation with her number one hits *I Think We're Alone Now* and *Could've Been*. Millions of records and a few contemplative years later, she's set to became a late-night sensatian, back with a bluesy rock album. Our Rabbit perks up his ears when Tiffany sings.

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8. TERMINATION: Game ends on September 18, 2002.
9. RELEASES: Grand Prize winners and winners' travel guests will be required to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility and Liability/Publicity Release within ten (10) days of notification. In the event the Affidavit and Liability/Publicity Release are not returned within ten (10) days, prize may be forfeited and an alternate winner selected. Winners and winners' guests, by acceptance of prize, agree to release the Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company, its respective subsidiaries, divisions, affiliates, distributors, suppliers and advertising, promotional or judging agencies from any and all liability, claims, or actions of any kind whatsoever in connection with the receipt, ownership, or use of any prize or while preparing for, participating in, and/or traveling to any prize- or promotion-related activity. Except in TN and where prohibited by law, winners must consent without compensation to the use of their name, voice, photo, or other likeness or statements for promotional purposes in all media including web sites as determined by the Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company.
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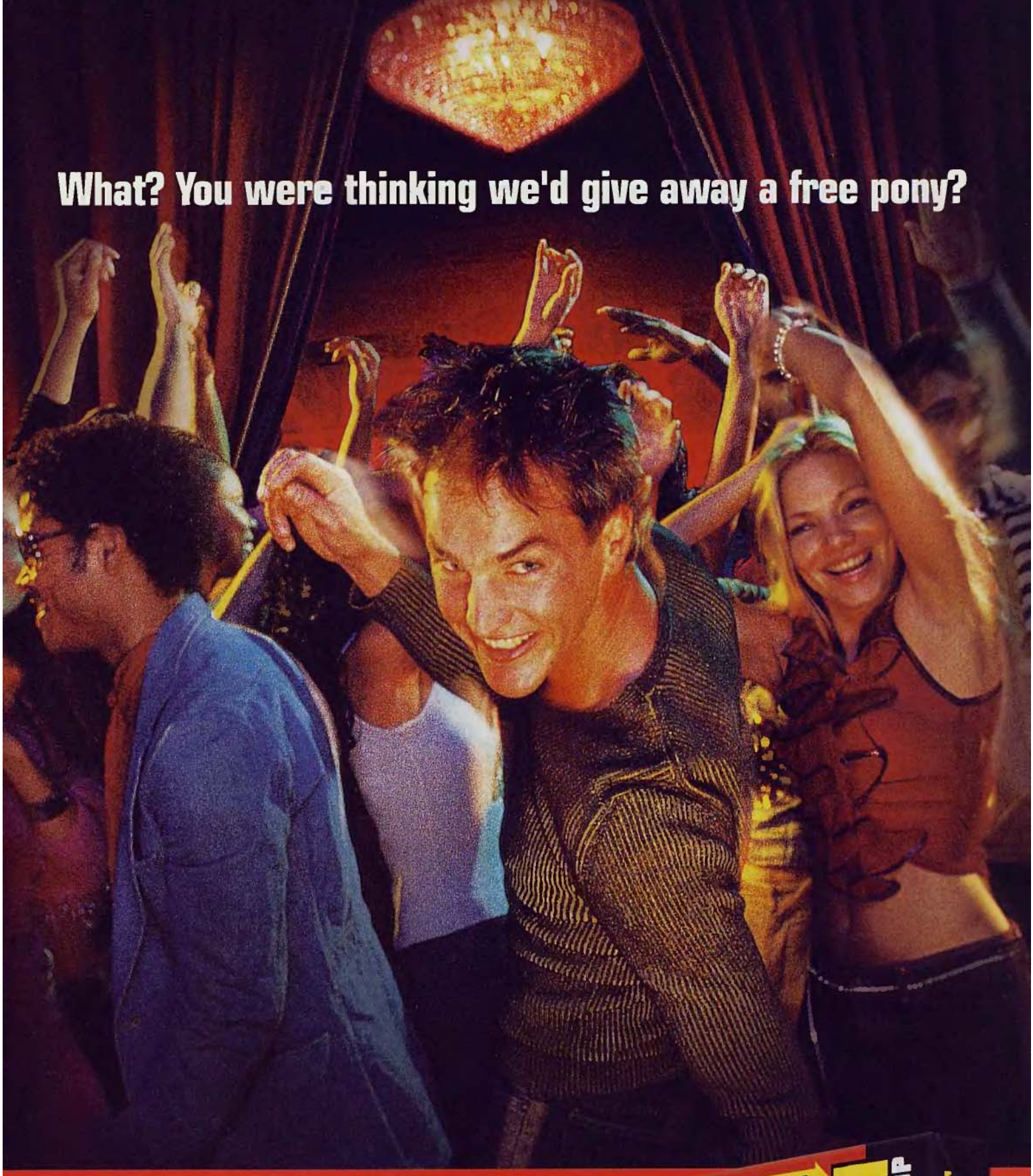

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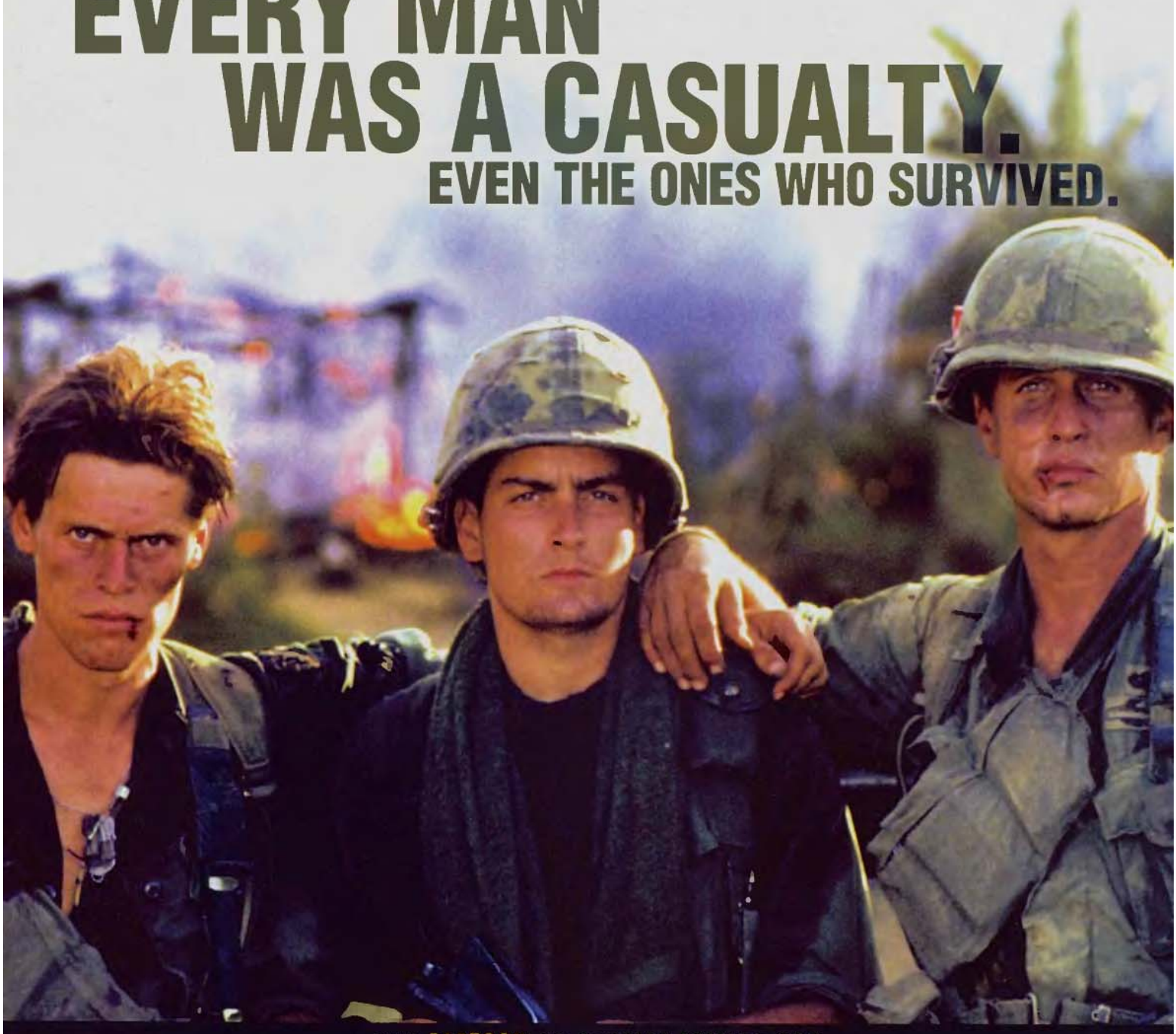

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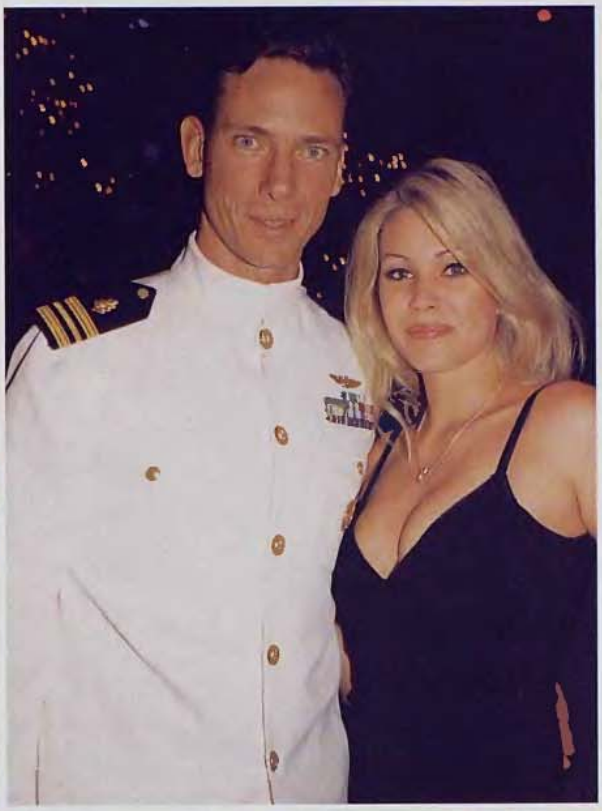
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

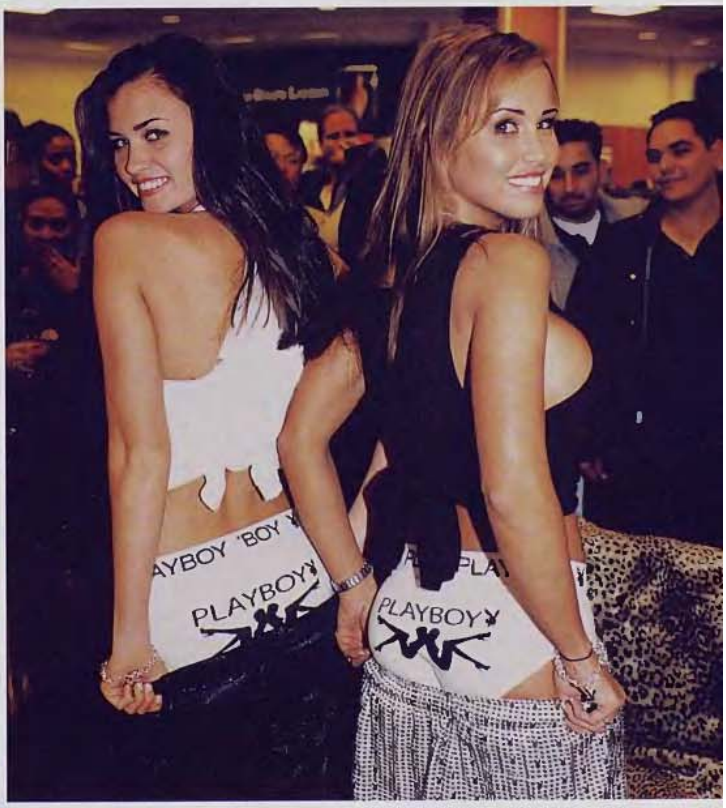
THE MANSION SPACE ODYSSEY

Arthur C. Clarke was honored by the Space Frontier Foundation at the Playboy Mansion, appearing holographically at the gala from Sri Lanka. Partygoers included astronauts James Lovell and Buzz Aldrin (below) as well as Pentagon hero Lieutenant Commander David Tarantino and Playmate Shanna Moakler (right). Morgan Freeman, Bill Paxton, first space tourist Dennis Tito and Hef—who hosted the event—rapped with HAL the computer and got up close to the monolith in a tribute to Clarke's *2001: A Space Odyssey*.



CHRISTIE HONORED AND HEF PAINTS THE TOWN

Playboy Chief Executive Officer Christie Hefner received the Spirit of Hope Award at a benefit for the John Wayne Cancer Institute in Santa Monica, honoring her work with Bosom Buddies and the Playboy Foundation, which produced the video *Partners in Hope*. Dr. Armando Giuliano presented her with the award. And Hef partied for two nights in Vegas with his platinum gal pals—taking in the Blue Man Group at Luxor and dancing at Studio 54.



BLOOMERS AT BLOOMIE'S

If you'd been at Bloomingdale's in Los Angeles' Century City, you would have caught Playmates Lauren Michelle Hill and Jennifer Walcott pulling down their Playboy PJs to reveal their Playboy drawers. Hef signed autographs to help launch our underwear–loungewear line at the store.

HANGIN' WITH H&F

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It isn't easy keeping up with Mr. Playboy and his party posse, but we owe it to you to try. (1) You-know-who poolside with Stephanie Heinrich, Christi Shake, Chera Leigh and Holly Madison. (2) Christi and Tiffany Holliday shake it with the Black Eyed Peas. (3) Hef congratulates heavyweight champion Lennox Lewis on regaining his title. (4) Sex kittens Michelle Winchester and Tina Jordan with new additions to the Mansion menagerie. (5) Andy Dick and his girl with the Hef Troop at Las Palmas. (6) Same club, different night: Holly, Tina and Tiffany with Hef and Jamie Foxx. (7) Celebrating Tara Reid's birthday at Guy's. (8) Janet Jackson with the gang at Las Palmas after her concert. (9) Paris Hilton, Rod Stewart and his daughter Kimberly at Joya. (10) Chris Kattan on a Sunday Mansion movie night. (11) November cover girl Angelica Bridges at the Sunset Room. (12) The crew with Chris Rock at Las Palmas. (13) Chazz Palminteri joins movie night. (14) Pamela Anderson and David Spade with Hef.

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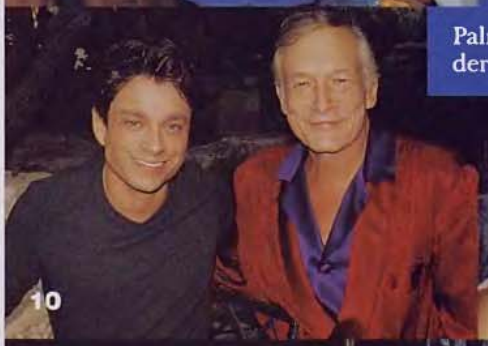
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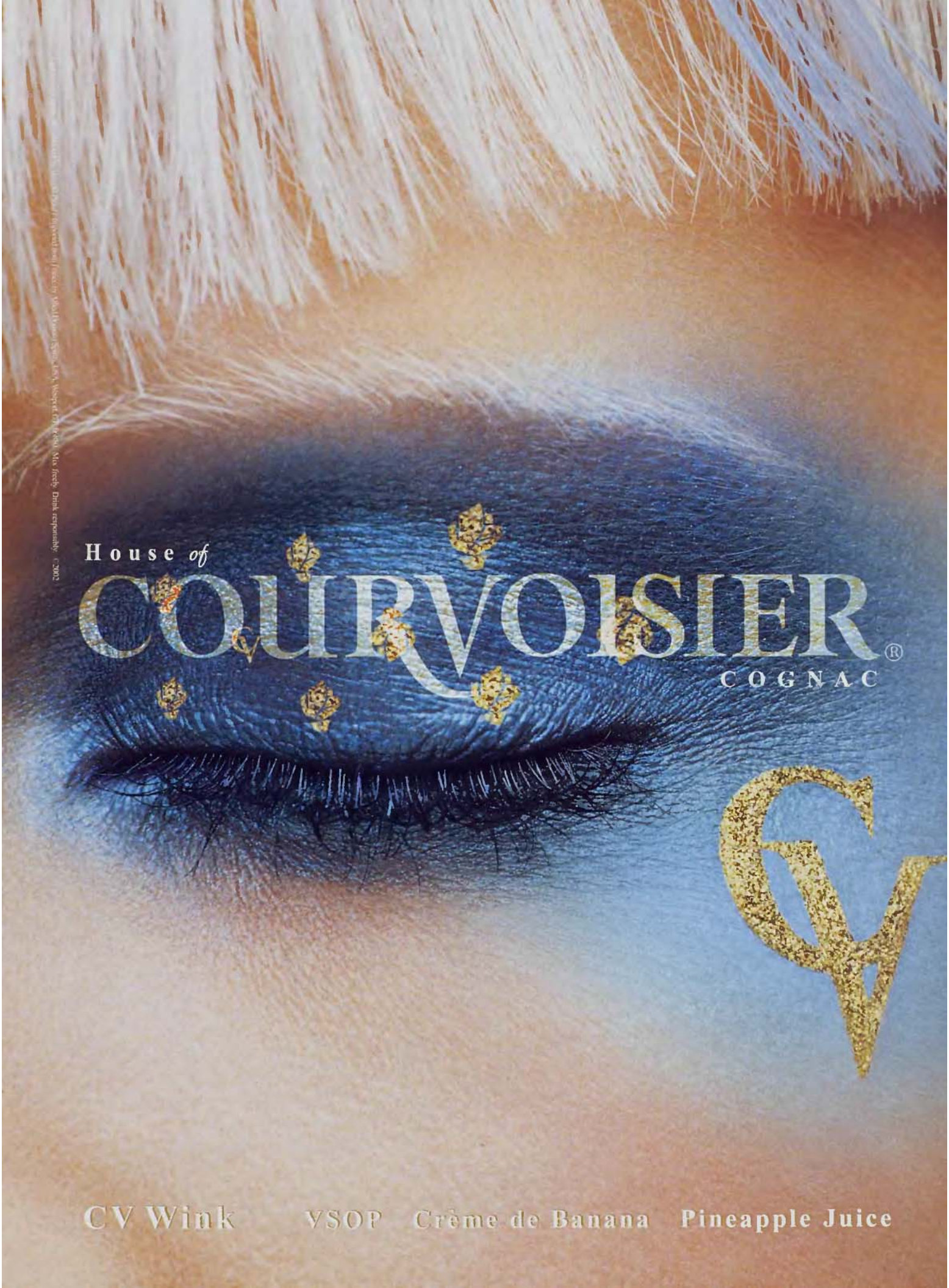
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Dear Playboy

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IN THE NIC OF TIME

Your choice for Miss January, Nicole Narain (*Nicole Naturally*), is the hottest Playmate I've seen in ages.

Cyndy Carroll
Tabernacle, New Jersey

Miss January is a perfect 34B. I hope we'll see more natural beauties like her in 2002.

Dave Steimling
Newark, Delaware

I've always admired Hef for his accomplishments, but I'm bored with the blonde Playmates. Thank goodness for Nicole. Variety is the spice of life.

Mike Anderson
Hillsville, Virginia

Naughty Nicole.

The contest for 2003's Playmate of the Year is over. I don't see how anyone can beat gorgeous Nicole Narain. She might just be the most beautiful Playmate of all time.

Terry Peterson
San Diego, California

I hope that Nicole isn't overlooked for PMOY because her pictorial appears so early in the year.

Jonathan Estrada
Sacramento, California

GIVE A LITTLE BRIT

I'm a recent convert from CNN to Fox News. Much as I enjoyed your interview with Brit Hume (January), I'd love to see a pictorial of the Fox newswomen. What could be more exciting than a bevy of beautiful, naked, blonde Republicans—and please give Laurie Dhue top billing.

H. Scott Plouse
Medford, Oregon

SEXY 2001

I loved *The Year in Sex* feature "Tits-a-Poppin'" (January). Your photo of Julie Bowen of NBC's *Ed* has given new meaning to must-see TV.

Eric Shaw
Tiffin, Ohio

HIDDEN DANGER

Asa Baber's *Men* column on post-traumatic stress disorder ("We All Are Veterans," January) is proof once again that PLAYBOY publishes informative articles as well as great pictorials. There are many effects of the September 11 attacks that are unseen, and PTSD is one of them. Hats off to Baber.

Mitchell McQueary
Muncie, Indiana

SOUTHERN COMFORT

I wonder where Anka Radakovich and her girlfriends find the men she describes in *The New Sexual Etiquette* (January). If they meet them in bars and

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dance clubs, it's no wonder their manners leave a lot to be desired. Perhaps these women ought to search for more mature men, or maybe they should look for a transplanted Southern gentleman like me. I have never had a single complaint about my manners or my ability to please my partner.

James Taylor
Yelm, Washington

TOUGH AND BUFF

Joanie Laurer (*Joanie Laurer: Warrior Princess*, January) is a very sexy woman—whether she's nude or fully dressed. She looks like a Boris Vallejo painting come to life. I only wish a poster were available.

Corwin Smith
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

I've read PLAYBOY for almost 30 years because it's the classiest men's magazine. Your pictorials always feature beautiful, sexy, wholesome women. While I have nothing against Joanie Laurer, I think I can speak for the vast majority of your male readers when I say that women with big muscles are big turnoffs.

Michael Sabol
Virginia Beach, Virginia

Thanks for Joanie's awesome encore. Whether she's a champion wrestler or a warrior princess, her pictorial flaunts her beauty and sexuality.

Malcolm Sutherland
Mechanicsville, Virginia

The last thing that I want to see when I open PLAYBOY is a 10-page spread of

Terrorist dollars.

what appears to be a naked linebacker with breasts. Maybe somebody's enjoying this stuff, but I sure ain't.

Scott Willett
New York, New York

I'm in the U.S. Air Force and would love to see Joanie in a military-style pictorial. She's one of the most beautiful women in the world—and my motivation to go to the gym.

Paul Turner
Offutt AFB, Nebraska

Don't you think publishing one Joanie Laurer pictorial was more than enough?

Michael Murray
West Palm Beach, Florida

FOLLOW THE MONEY

Jeffrey Robinson's insight into the world of terrorism (*The Terrorist Dollar*, January) boggles one's mind. Osama bin Laden is just a small part of the equation when you consider the many who sponsor, support or shelter terrorism throughout the world.

Roger Kicker
South Beloit, Illinois

HEDO FOR YOUR LIBIDO

As a guest who has visited Hedonism II 18 times, I can confirm that the book *The Naked Truth About Hedonism II* (*Potpourri*, January) is a great source for information.

Bill Povse
Absecon, New Jersey

Chris Santilli, the author of the book on Hedonism II, knows that making sex fun is about more than just having an orgasm.

Mark and Patti Jo Lemke
Wayne, Illinois

I was so happy to see your mention of the Hedonism II resort in Jamaica, where I had the best vacation of my life. So I bought the book and could not put it down. Santilli really has her finger on the pulse of what makes sex fun.

Bob Yerks
New York, New York

We like the way you put that, Bob.

KISSY FACE

It was nice to read an article from a guy I've admired since 1975, when at the age of 14 I purchased *Alive!* on eight-track. I had a big laugh at the visual of Gene Simmons (*Kiss and Makeup*, January) running down the beach in his snakeskin boots with his girlfriend Cher. One thing people might not know about Gene is that he's a great promoter of unknown talent. Thanks to him, bands like Cheap Trick and Van Halen received national exposure by opening Kiss shows. I thank Gene for the great music and memories.

Todd Dice
Rancho Cucamonga, California

Does hiding behind a cloak of face paint for years give Simmons license to bore us to tears? Perhaps superstardom negates good manners. His boorish kissing-and-telling might make great copy, but in the future, I hope he avoids discourse and just sticks to intercourse.

Michael Moore
Dunnellon, Florida

Sealed with a Kiss.

SIZE COUNTS

Your January *Raw Data* column incorrectly states that the nickname for the B-52 Stratofortress is BUFF, which stands for Big Ugly Fast Fellow. You guys were close, but BUFF actually stands for Big Ugly Fat Fellow (or Fucker). The B-52 is famous for its size, not its speed. Even though it can reach a maximum air speed of about 650 miles per hour, it's not as fast as other bombers, including the B-1B Lancer, which can exceed Mach 1.

Oliver Keadle
North Augusta, South Carolina

SOW YOUR OATES

Thanks for another great story from Joyce Carol Oates (*Aiding and Abetting*, January). I must confess, however, that I had to reread it for clues as to whether Owen would really harm his nephew. Now, how many people do you think reread PLAYBOY's fiction?

J.J. Lair
Robbinsville, New Jersey

THE NUMBERS GAME

Sports Illustrated picked Oregon State, while the AP and the *USA Today*/ESPN Coaches Poll selected Florida. But you guys beat all the experts again by correctly predicting that Miami would win the national championship before the season even began (*Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, October). Your preseason prognosticating has been correct four out of the past eight years. Without a doubt, PLAYBOY rules.

Joe Miller
Seattle, Washington

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A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

WITNESS JAY-HOVA

Jay-Z (31-year-old Shawn Carter) is a Martin Scorsese in a field that is crowded with Jerry Bruckheimers. What he lived through as a drug dealer in Brooklyn's Marcy Projects helped shape his peerless style and made him one of the best rappers today (listen to 2001's *The Blueprint*). We caught up with Jay-Hova, a.k.a. Jigga, for a quick Q. and A.

The SportsCenter anchors use lines from your rhymes. Does that make you mad?

Yeah. You're watching Kobe versus Iverson and Linda Cohn says, "It's about to go down" (from *I Just Wanna Love U*). It just happens. You can't lobby for that.

How'd you get into rhyming?

My mom and pops had a big record collection. So I grew up around music—Marvin Gaye, a lot of funk like the Brothers Johnson, and my mom was into Prince early. Every Saturday there was the smell of Pine Sol, all the windows up, music playing. After a while I started trying to write rhymes.

What sparked you to make a career of it?

When I heard the Notorious B.I.G. say, "Being broke at 30 give a nigga the chills." That made me be like, Man, I have to make me an album. I have to get my shit together. Hustling is corny.

Is it true that you and business manager Damon "Dame" Dash have a lock on all the beautiful women in the Hamptons?

If you open the door you might think, It's just him and Dame and 13 girls in there. But it's not like that. We did that back in the days of *Reasonable Doubt*. We were young and on tour and had a little bit of money. Now I'd rather be around

EARLY PEEKS AT STARDOM

Nancy Ellison photographed some of Hollywood's most famous names before their names became so famous. Her collection, *Starlet*, includes candid shots of Shari Belafonte, Maud Adams, Janet Jones and the delectable Jamie Lee Curtis (at right). There are also photos of Rosanna Arquette, including a corker that shows her thatch exceeding her underwear—very retro indeed. Paul Theroux wrote a thinky intro on the nature of starlets, but he doesn't break a sweat. Looking at some of these pictures, you might.

GYRO TO GO

The next time you want to throw your dead cell phone against the wall, wind it up instead. The Freeplay Energy Group has designed a windup mobile phone charger that will guarantee the damn thing works. It's a simple solution to a complex headache, and winding it is an all-purpose excuse for when you're caught breathless.

intelligent girls. Girls are introducing me to all types of books now.

Like what?

I'm reading *The Celestine Prophecy*, and it says nothing is coincidence. I was in an art gallery and a young lady came up to me and said, "I see you everywhere and we never speak." I told her I'd been reading *The Celestine Prophecy* and if you keep bumping into somebody they have a message for you, you just ain't got it yet. She says she's just reading the same book. A guy comes up for an autograph. I say to the guy, "Let me get that book in your hand to write on." It's *The Celestine Prophecy*. This is too much for her. She runs off. Later on I run into her at Lotus. She says, "I figured out why we keep passing each other. I'm your muse." Now, I don't know what the fuck a muse is, but I didn't want to tell her that, so I'm like, "All right, that's cool." Then I lean over to my man Richie and say, "What the fuck is a muse, man?" He's like, "Yo, it's something that gives inspiration, but it's bugged out that you asked me that because I didn't know what the fuck that shit was until I saw this movie about it the other day." I leave. Soon as I get home Richie pages me: "Turn to HBO right now. *The Muse* is on." I'm telling you, you have to read that book.

DISH OF THE MONTH

Draped with smoked salmon, drizzled with lemon-infused wasabi cream sauce, and crowned with Iranian caviar, this is no ordinary pretzel. But Tantra is no ordinary restaurant. A sexy nightspot in Miami's South Beach, it features toe-tickling grass in the lounge, a wall-size waterfall and hundreds of vanilla-scented candles. This appetizer is an homage to Philadelphia, chef Willis Loughhead's hometown, where soft pretzels are sold on the street. You eat this one by hand, too—but you wash it down with rosé champagne, not beer.

A HEAD OF HIS TIME

Because he was arrested at a G-20 protest in Ottawa and taken to the courthouse jail, and because he has multiple sclerosis and is one of the few Canadians permitted to possess and use medicinal

WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #15

Because she had the biggest tits I had ever seen: "They were gigantic and 100-percent real—much bigger than my own B cups. These enormous 36DDDs were just staring me in the face. Her blue eyes and tanned skin only added to the package. She winked at me. I don't know how to wink, so this turned me on even more. It was the ultimate invitation—a VIP membership to the breast club for women. I was all over her. I dove into those suckers. I was so excited I don't think I even blinked. I bit the tip of her nipples and massaged her breasts one at a time, with two hands. Crystal and I fucked for seven hours that first night, from the bedroom to the spa. At one point she almost drowned me in the water, her left breast smothering my face and covering it from braw to chin. It was better than Disneyland." —*B.H., Chicago*

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marijuana, and because he happened to have his stash with him as well as a letter identifying him as a legal possessor of pot, and because the guards caved in and generously loaned him some matches, retired attorney Rick Reimer is, as far as we are able to ascertain, the first person to openly and legally smoke a joint in the joint in North America.

"All some actresses want is for people to take them seriously instead of caring about how they look. For me, I've worked hard for people to think I'm funny."
—Nikki Cox

BLAST FROM THE PANTS

We couldn't let our readers down and fail to mention an exciting new product on the market. We're talking about Under-Ease Antiflatulence Underwear (available from Under-Tec Corp., undertec.com). It's an airtight undergarment with a carbon filter that neutralizes unpleasant odors before they can escape and be blamed on the family dog. Inventor Buck Weimer told *The Denver Post* in a heartwarming interview that he dreamed up the idea after a Thanksgiving dinner. His wife, who suffers from irritable bowel syndrome, was next to him in bed when she let fly with a monster emission. Lying there with his eyes stinging, he resolved to find a solution. Love hath no greater gift—and it's perfect for those who shouldn't hang around an open flame.

MAGNETIC ATTRACTIONS

You're a big, busy guy with a big, busy fridge. Ordinary magnets just don't do the trick—not with those phone messages from every woman within seven miles cluttering up the door. So indulge your outsize sense of humor with these Manly Man Magnets from Blue Q of Pittsfield, Massachusetts. They're loud and stupid and they bend harmlessly when your girlfriend chases you around the kitchen with one.

BONE UP YOUR SHAKESPEARE

In recent years porn remakes of Shakespeare's plays have inspired academics (notably Richard Burt of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, who wrote *Unspeakable ShaXXXspeares*). While scholars maintain that Shakespearean pornography reveals more about modern culture than about the Bard himself, they never get to the point: Are any of the damn things worth watching? Actually, yes.

A Midsummer Night's Cream: Despite some subplots trimmed, and lots of trim added, the story and spirit of the original are intact. Benefits: Double entendres like "I could munch your good dry oats" come alive. Drawbacks: In porn, a guy with the head and bray of a donkey is more nightmare than dream.

X Hamlet: Some lines are familiar ("To screw or not to screw, that is the question"), some recall other plays ("My kingdom for a fuck!"), and some are plain silly ("There's a present for you in my pants").

Othello: Dangerous Desire: The only connection to the alleged source material? "Life is pretty strange. Your name is Desdemona and mine is Othello. Not to say that has anything to do with Shakespeare—I just thought it was funny."

Juliet and Romeo: Montagues don't fall in love with Capulets—they just have sex with them. "My heart is Montague," says Mercutio, "but my prick is nonpartisan."

In the Flesh: In this ambitiously artsy interpretation of *Macbeth*, the budget and effort pay off (as do most Shakespearean porn vids; think of them as comparison gainers). As a reminder that this is the Scottish play, the men wear kilts—and the women blow bagpipes.

THE TIP SHEET

Rising stock: Fetching female reporters undress themselves and each other—trading slaps on the ass for emphasis—on Market Wrap Unwrapped. Log on to the website and you can check out your moneymakers, and theirs.

Rain management: The question: "Do you stay drier by running or walking through rain?" The answer (from some North Carolina meteorologists who wrote about it in the journal *Weather*): Your front gets wetter running, but you get 40 percent wetter overall by walking.

BOOK RACKS

Photographer Leslie Lyons has revived the playful sexiness of burlesque in her *Strip Flips*, three flipbooks all from Powerhouse. Below we see George warming up a New York loft. The series is perfect for booklovers who take pleasure in repeatedly thumbing their favorites.

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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"If I can separate a rib playing golf, I figure I really shouldn't be doing my own stunts."

—MATT DAMON

LOL ;-)

The number of e-mail messages received by the U.S. House of Representatives in 2000: 48 million (an average of 2122 each week for every representative).

FACT OF THE MONTH

The average American man consumes 60 gallons of alcoholic beverages in a year.

UP AND ATM

The number of ATMs in the U.S.: 273,000. The average cost of each: $32,500. Average fee for withdrawing funds from another bank's machine: $2.86. Estimated revenue generated by the banking industry through banking fees: $2 billion.

STRONG FOUNDATION

Number of years *This Old House* has been on the air: 22. Number of houses that have been completely renovated: 41.

WE'RE OK, EURO K

Number of new euro coins released on New Year's Day by the European Union: 50 billion. Number of Eiffel Towers that could be built with the metal contained in these coins: 24.

UNCLE SUGAR

Percentage of Americans in 2000 who received a tax refund from the IRS: 72. Number of IRS audits of individual taxpayers: 618,000. Percentage of all individual returns that were audited: 0.49.

GOING OFFLINE

Percentage of all computers ever sold in the U.S. sitting idle in basements, closets and garages: 75.

BEACH BLANKET BAWANG!

According to the Penis Size Survey of 300 men conducted by Lifestyles Condoms during spring break in Cancún in 2000, length of average erection: 5.9 inches. Percentage of men whose measurements range between 5.1 and 6.9 inches: 78. Percentage of men whose penises are smaller than 5.1 inches: 11. Percentage of men whose penises are larger than 6.9 inches: 11.

DOTS INCONVENIENT

In a survey by Accenture, percentage of respondents who do not shop online because they prefer to touch or feel an item they are considering for purchase: 34. Percentage who don't want to pay shipping charges: 31.

SATS STATS

Number of students in the 1999–2000 school year who took the SAT entrance exam and achieved a perfect score of 1600: 541. Percentage of all students with a perfect score: 0.02.

FANTASY FASHION

Price paid at auction for a black leather corset worn by Xena, the Warrior Princess (played by Lucy Lawless): $6800. Price paid for a suede bra top and skirt worn by Xena's sidekick Gabrielle, the Amazon Queen (Renée O'Connor): $6033.

VIRGIN TERRITORY

In a national survey of college women, percentage who said that they were virgins: 39. Percentage of college women who had been on more than six traditional dates (invited out by a man who picks them up and pays for everything): 37. Percentage of college women who had participated in hookups (a physical encounter with no strings attached, ranging from just kissing to sex): 40.

THE RILEY FACTOR

Percentage decrease in shooting accuracy in the NBA from 1990 to 2000: 7.

—BETTY SCHAAL

Mute tone: A modified version of a missile-jamming device, this mobile signal jammer blocks the radio waves of cell phones in theaters, restaurants or wherever else you want to create a zone of silence.

Enron: The next time someone moans about how big a bath they took on Enron stock, point out that the original name chosen for the bankrupt energy giant was Enteron. Then the founders were informed that enteron is the medical term for intestine. "See—it was destined to go down the shitter."

Burka: The old ball-and-chain. "Hey, Joe—I see you left your burka at home so you can hit on some chicks."

Operation Flashpoint, Cold War Crisis: A Codemasters video game being modified for the U.S. Marines to use in commando training because of its impressive combat scenarios, squad management system and variety of battlefields.

NBA beds: That's what they're known as in the hotel industry, and at 72 inches by 96 inches—16 inches longer than standard—they are what the Shaquille-

THE LIFT LINE

What the Wonderbra did for the bosom, Wonderbum pantyhose will do for the butt. It "lifts, separates and shapes," producing a "perfectly peachy, pert bottom," according to scientists at DuPont Lycra. Until it hits the market, we'll lift and separate butts the usual way.

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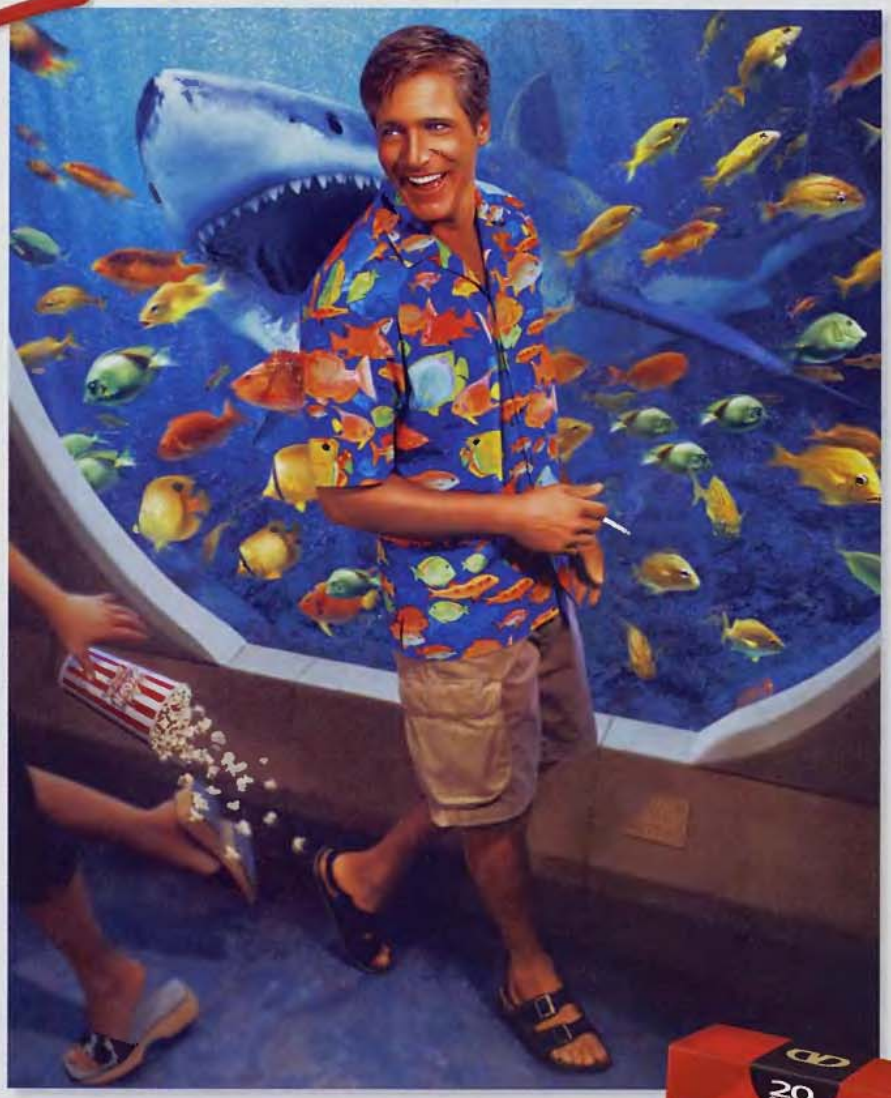

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KOSHER BEEFCAKE

Rafael Marmor, a 25-year-old Orthodox Cornell graduate, saw a need and arrived at a solution. The Hasidic lifestyle doesn't include much moving around, he thought, and that's not good. So he created a 13-minute, unstrenuous workout tape, *Rise Like a Lion*, in which Alon Vengczin works up a shvitz. It may not lead to quick buffitude, but we say Muscle Tov just the same.

size travelers ask for when they're making their reservations.

BUBBA IN BABELAND

No rapper is more proud of his Southern roots than Bubba Sparxxx, as his video for *Ugly* attests (it features his friends partying in a pig sty). Naturally, we asked Sparxxx (a.k.a. Warren "Andy" Mathis) for some down-home dating tips.

In Ugly, you say, "I call my girlfriends betties and my shits grumpies." Is there a Bubbaism for sex?

Sex is cutup. Weed is schwag. Another term for girls is lampheads.

Do you have a betty?

No, I ain't tied down. The way girls approach me now is amusing. I'm like, "Are you serious?" I knew my limitations as a man before this. I was always a charmer, a Southern gent who could get one or two real, real good-looking girls, but not nine or 10 ridiculous girls. I'm not saying I won't indulge in that breed of female—I'm human—but I know they like me for superficial reasons. The person I was before would never be in that situation. That's Bubba's world. That ain't Andy's world.

So how do you act on a first date?

Keep it simple. I might get flowers—six white and six red because we're just friends. I'd knock on the door, give her the flowers and shoot the shit with her roommates. You have to win over the roommates, because when she has problems she's going to run and talk to them. I'm excellent with parents, too. I win them over. My charm was instilled at birth. I know how to say, "Yes sir, no sir," and "Yes ma'am, no ma'am." I know how to open doors.

Do you live up to the triple Xs in your name?

I'm capable. I definitely love sex, make no mistake about it. I don't think there's anything wrong with that.

Do you have a patented sex move?

I have a move for once you've tested the waters down there and you want to know what you're working with. You reach around her head, kiss on her ear, bring your hand around and take a sniff. Either it's manageable or it's not. Do your thing, girl, be as freaky as you want, have as much sex as you want, but take care of yourself down there. I wash my balls and I wash my ass. You can do the same.

What are the pros and cons of dating a Southern girl?

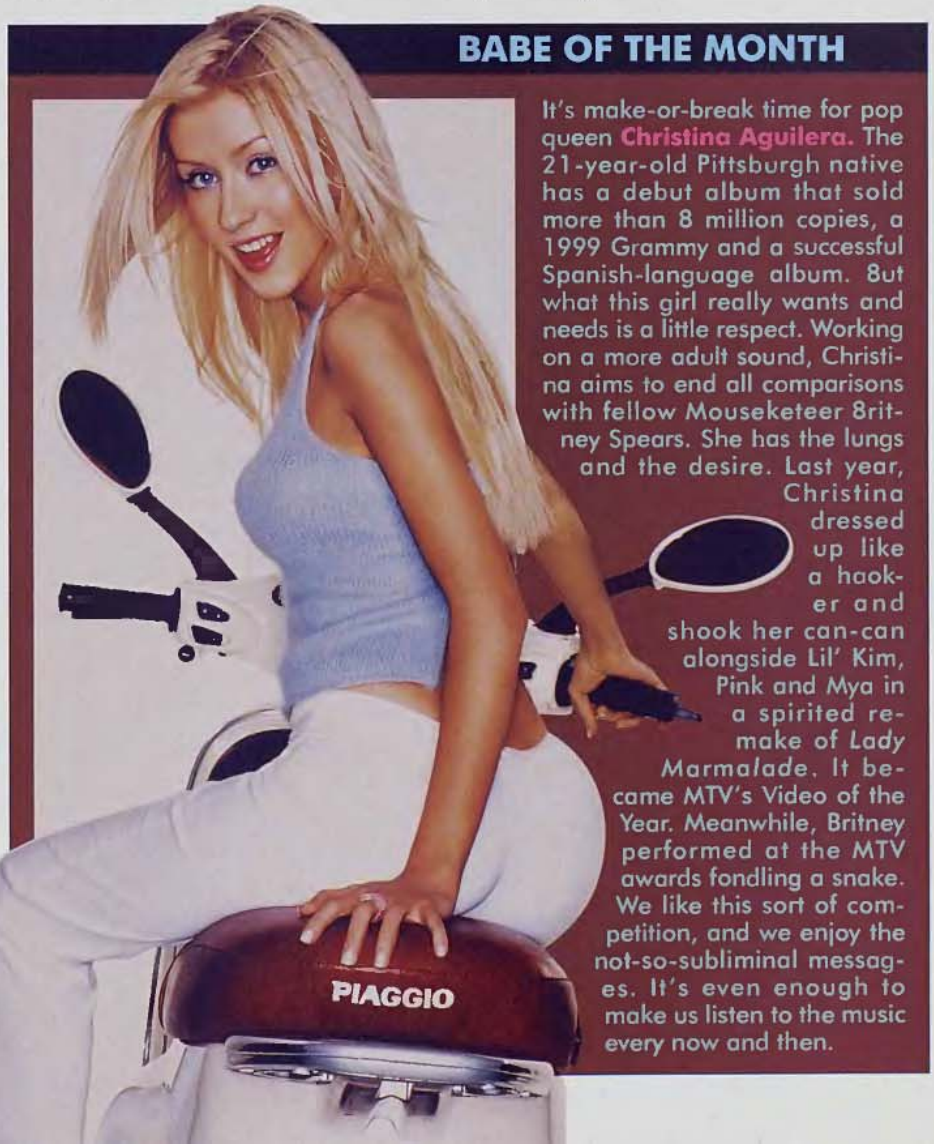
They're loyal, but they demand loyalty. They're feisty as hell. No girl will stick beside you like a Southern girl. No girl will beat your fucking ass and slash your tires and set your shit on fire like a Southern girl.

Who gets laid more, Dale Earnhardt Jr. or you?

I hope for his sake that it's him. I'm just doing OK.

"There's something so interesting about the combination of vulnerability and being completely in control at the same time. Women should run everything—it's about time." —Jennifer Garner

BABE OF THE MONTH



It's make-or-break time for pop queen **Christina Aguilera.** The 21-year-old Pittsburgh native has a debut album that sold more than 8 million copies, a 1999 Grammy and a successful Spanish-language album. But what this girl really wants and needs is a little respect. Working on a more adult sound, Christina aims to end all comparisons with fellow Mouseketeer Britney Spears. She has the lungs and the desire. Last year, Christina dressed up like a hooker and shook her can-can alongside Lil' Kim, Pink and Mya in a spirited remake of *Lady Marmalade*. It became MTV's Video of the Year. Meanwhile, Britney performed at the MTV awards fondling a snake. We like this sort of competition, and we enjoy the not-so-subliminal messages. It's even enough to make us listen to the music every now and then.

EVEN CLOUD NINE HAS A DARK SIDE.

Chairman Gen Boyle

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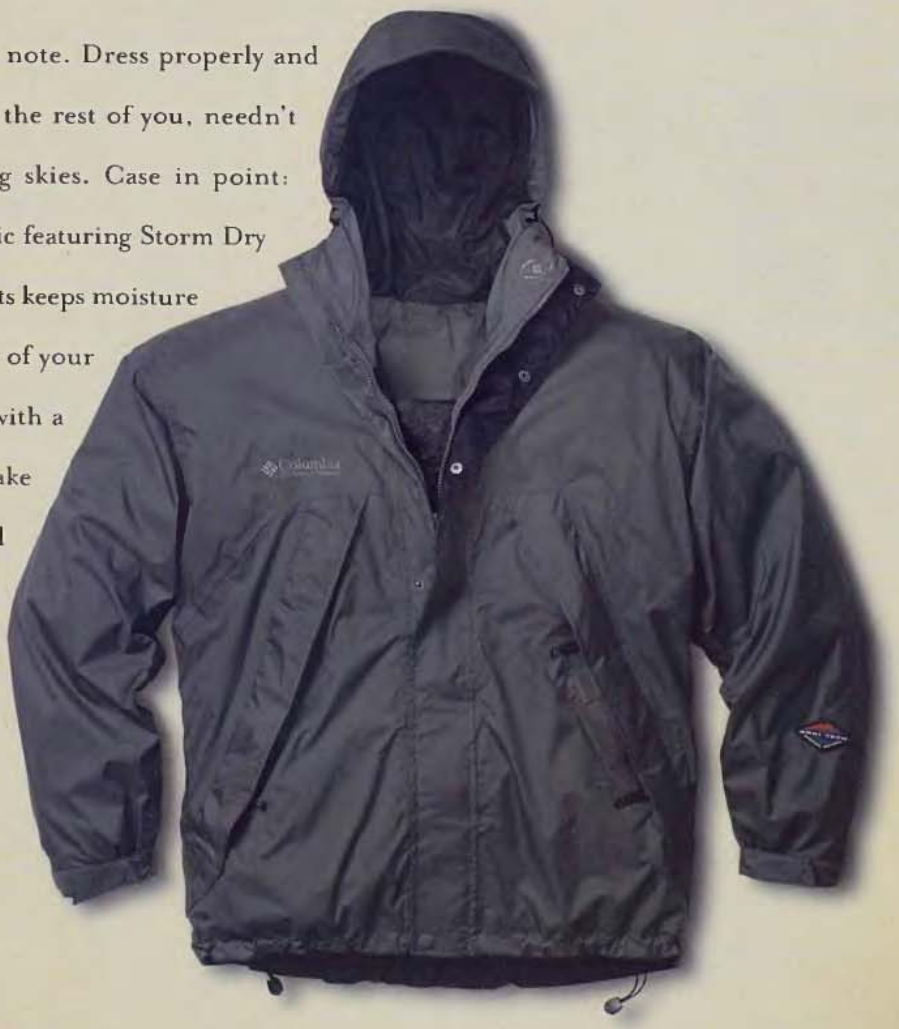

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music

MOST SINGER-SONGWRITERS discover alienation and wallow in it. But Alanis Morissette keeps making quantum leaps in her music. She went from anger to understanding in only two studio albums. ***Under Rug Swept*** (Maverick), her latest, is the first she has written and produced entirely. On it are songs to her lovers and songs about dysfunctional partners. She slips out of her ego and demonstrates compassion and honesty.
—VIC GARBARINI

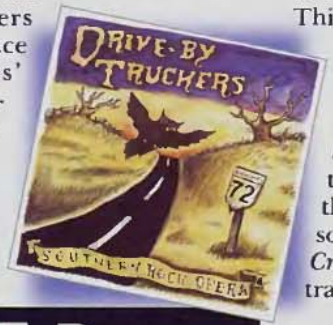
DAVID COWLES

Norah Jones is a musician from Texas who melds jazz and pop. Her debut, ***Come Away With Me*** (Blue Note), shows a rich blend of influences. She interprets the country classic *Cold Cold Heart* and the original *Don't Know Why* with equal authority. Her voice recalls Phoebe Snow and Cassandra Wilson, but without the melancholy. Jones performs more like a seasoned vet than a promising rookie.
—NELSON GEORGE

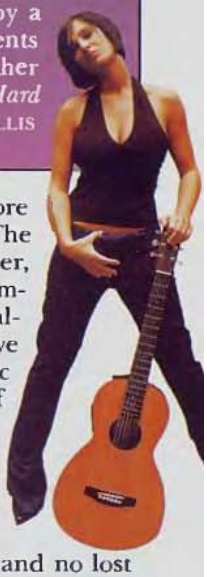
Last year, the Organized Noize cartel in Atlanta completed its hip-hop conquest with Outkast's acclaimed *Stankonia*. Hence ***Even in Darkness*** (Arista), on which Outkast, Goodie Mob and allies and satellites coalesce into the newly dubbed Dungeon Family. With infectious spirit and sonics, this assemblage cements Organized Noize's claim to reincarnate Parliament-Funkadelic. The vocal standout is Goodie Mob's high-voiced Cee-Lo. But, as with P-Funk, the real star is an instantly identifiable groove. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Beautiful Stars (Dead Reckoning) by Isaac Freeman (with the Bluebloods) is the best release by a bass singer since Isaac Hayes had his last hit. Freeman transformed gospel bass when he joined the Fairfield Four. Now he is 73, and his 10 gospel classics are powered by soul.
—DAVE MARSH

There is something magical about every one of the 17 Beatles covers on the soundtrack of the recent film ***I Am Sam*** (V2). The Wallflowers, Sarah McLachlan, Ben Harper, Eddie Vedder, Rufus Wainwright, Aimee Mann and others touch the essence of the Beatles' tunes while making their own renditions unique. —V.G.



It's rare these days to hear a rock band doing anything more than trying for a hit single. The Drive-By Truckers, however, have revealed a towering ambition with their concept album ***Southern Rock Opera*** (drivebytruckers.com), a two-disc set that tells an epic story of growing up in the South in the post–civil rights era. The Truckers celebrate the glory days when Southern rock kicked history's ass. This is great rock and roll and no lost cause. —CHARLES M. YOUNG



Australian twang queen Kasey Chambers sounds less startling on ***Barricades and Brickwalls*** (Warner) than on her debut, *The Captain*. But this one's worth it for the low-lonesome catch in her voice, the rocking *Crossfire* and the audacity of the closing track, *I Still Pray*. —D.M.

On her second album, ***Missundazstood*** (Arista), Pink is a woman among girls. An MTV staple whose old turf was teen pop, Pink collaborated on many of her new songs with Linda Perry of Four Non Blondes. She pulls them off. —R.C.

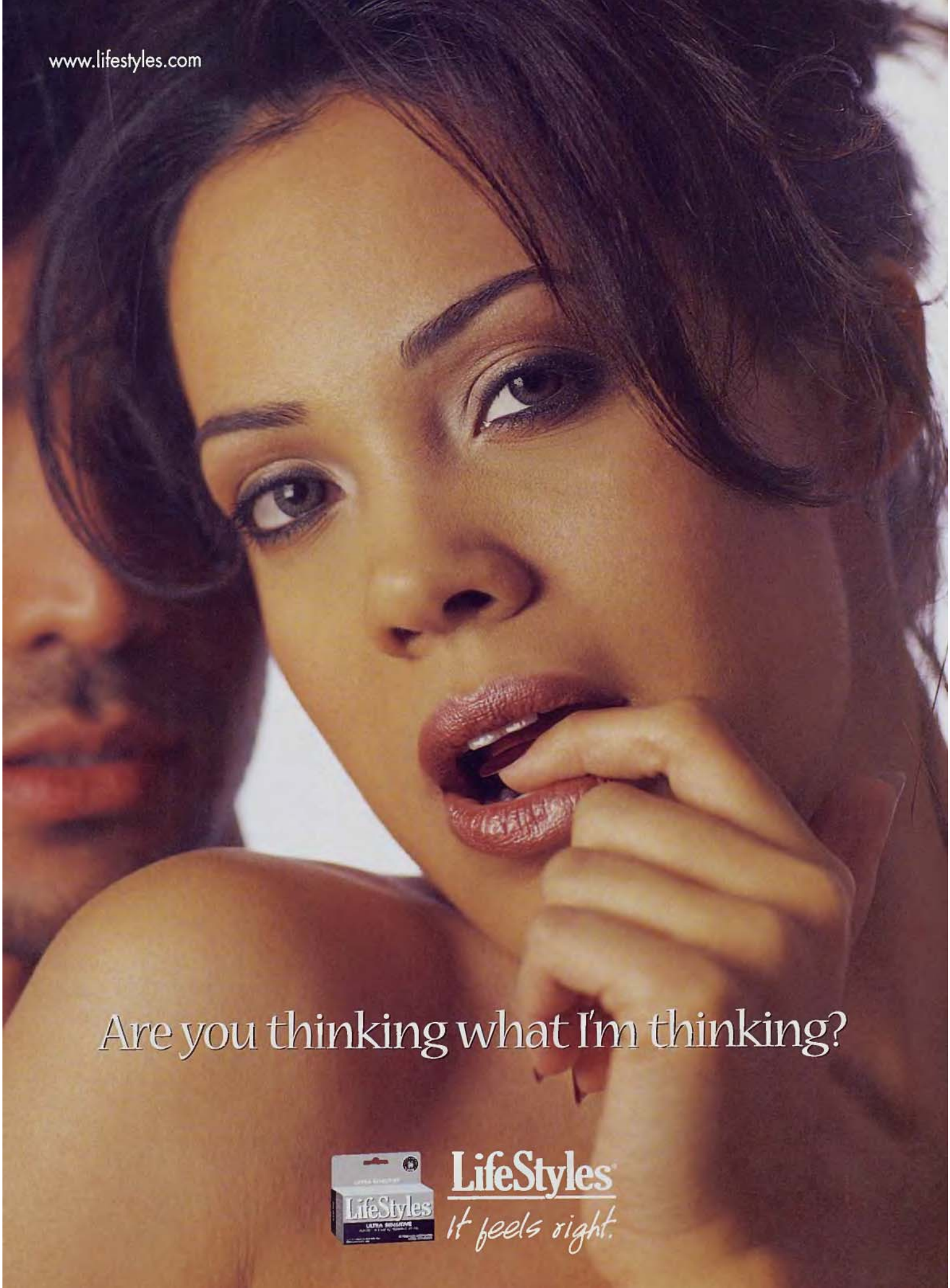
Willie Nelson is at his best when he bridges musical borders. ***The Great Divide*** (Lost Highway) is his most commercial effort since *Across the Borderline*. Nelson and Sheryl Crow collaborate on *Be There for You*, while Kid Rock plays a gunslinger in *Last Stand in Open Country*. The CD is full of surprises. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

fast tracks

VERY STRANGE BEDFELLOWS DEPARTMENT: Feminist firebrand of yore **Germaine Greer** is a big fan of **Eminem** but even more knocked out by **Dr. Dre. REELING AND ROCKING: Mya** has a part in the upcoming musical *Chicago*, starring **Renée Zellweger** and **Catherine Zeta-Jones.** . . . **Ice-T** plays a prison guard in *Tracks*, a true story about teens who derail a train. . . . **Joni Mitchell** is the subject of a documentary directed by **Allison Anders.** In it, Mitchell records a new CD and talks about her paintings and her reunion with her daughter. . . . **Tupac's** mother, **Afeni Shakur,** has made a deal with MTV to produce a documentary film about her son's life. **NEWSBREAKS: Sam Phillips**—founder of Sun Records, launching the careers of **Elvis, Jerry Lee** and **Johnny Cash**—says technology has eliminated spontaneity with overdubbing. In the Sun days, there was no safety net. . . . *Yellow Submarine* may become a musical featuring **Cirque du Soleil.** The talks are in progress. . . . In this, the 40th anniversary year of the **Rolling Stones,** a survey of 100 stars (including **Mick**) picked *Gimme Shelter* as the band's greatest song. . . . Producer **Phil Ramone** hosts a new Arts Channel series that pairs film directors with their musical counterparts, the composers of the scores. *The Score* will feature musical performances by **Brian Wilson, Patti Austin** and **Darius Rucker,** among others. . . . Classic three-track recordings from the **Who's** archives will be released in true stereo this spring. . . . *Guinness Book of World Records* has confirmed that a 2244-pound guitar modeled on the Gibson 1967 Flying V is the largest playable guitar ever constructed. It was built by a teacher and 11 of his students in Conroe, Texas, who together played the first chord of *A Hard Day's Night*. —BARBARA NELLIS

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Kasey Chambers *Barricades*	8	8	8	9	8
Drive-By Truckers *Southern Rock Opera*	9	8	7	5	8
Dungeon Family *Even in Darkness*	8	6	7	7	7
Norah Jones *Come Away With Me*	6	8	9	6	6
Alanis Morissette *Under Rug Swept*	7	9	8	8	7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ROCK STAR 101

CHARLIE POWELL

Everything you need to know about being a rock star can be found in MusicSessions, an interactive learning program from InsideSessions. For $70, MusicSessions students receive a CD-ROM and three months of access to online materials that detail the mechanics of the music industry. The first program, *From Demo to Deal*, features advice from artists such as Elton John, Sting, Rob Zombie, Nelly and Godsmack, as well as industry insiders Interscope chairman Jimmy Iovine and Def Jam founder Russell Simmons. You get all the basics on music publishing and label deals, plus sample contracts and contact lists. The company also offers a $120 package that includes a chance to have your demo reviewed and critiqued by Universal Music Group's A&R department. Next up: WritingSessions, an online course for aspiring authors, with tips from Tom Clancy, Kurt Vonnegut Jr., Nick Hornby and various publishers. —JASON BUHRMESTER

A BETTER LOOK AT BRITNEY

Britney Spears says she's "not a girl, not yet a woman," but now you can decide for yourself. The pop diva stars in an interactive DVD titled *Experience Britney* that uses new video technology called FirstPerson to enable viewers to pan, tilt and zoom through her concert footage in a 360-degree environment—all without stopping the playback. Designed by Palo Alto–based Enroute Imaging, the multicamera system records concert footage from numerous locations and angles, then combines it into a self-navigated video. As Britney is strutting past you down the catwalk, you'll be able to use the disc's controls to watch her from behind (our favorite), follow one of her gorgeous dancers or zoom in on screaming fans in the audience. While 360-degree video has been available in various forms for use on the Net, Enroute is looking to bring the technology into your living room. Besides concerts, the company is hoping to use FirstPerson video to enhance the experience of viewing music videos, movies, documentaries and pay-per-view events. In sports such as football, viewers could pan the camera to catch the coach cursing out the team or zoom in on the cheerleaders. The company also sees potential video game applications. The first, in a deal with Playstation 2, is a Britney Spears game that's scheduled for release sometime this year. Using such eye candy as Britney gyrating in concert for the debut of FirstPerson begs the question of when the 360-degree technology will be adopted by the adult-entertainment industry, where such words as immersive and interactive really come to life. We're guessing that it won't be long now. —LAZLOW

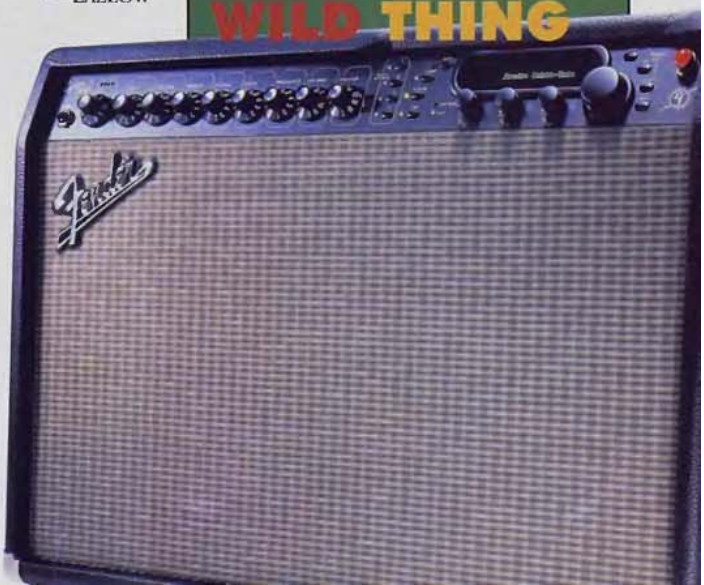
MITCH O'CONNELL

GAME OF THE MONTH

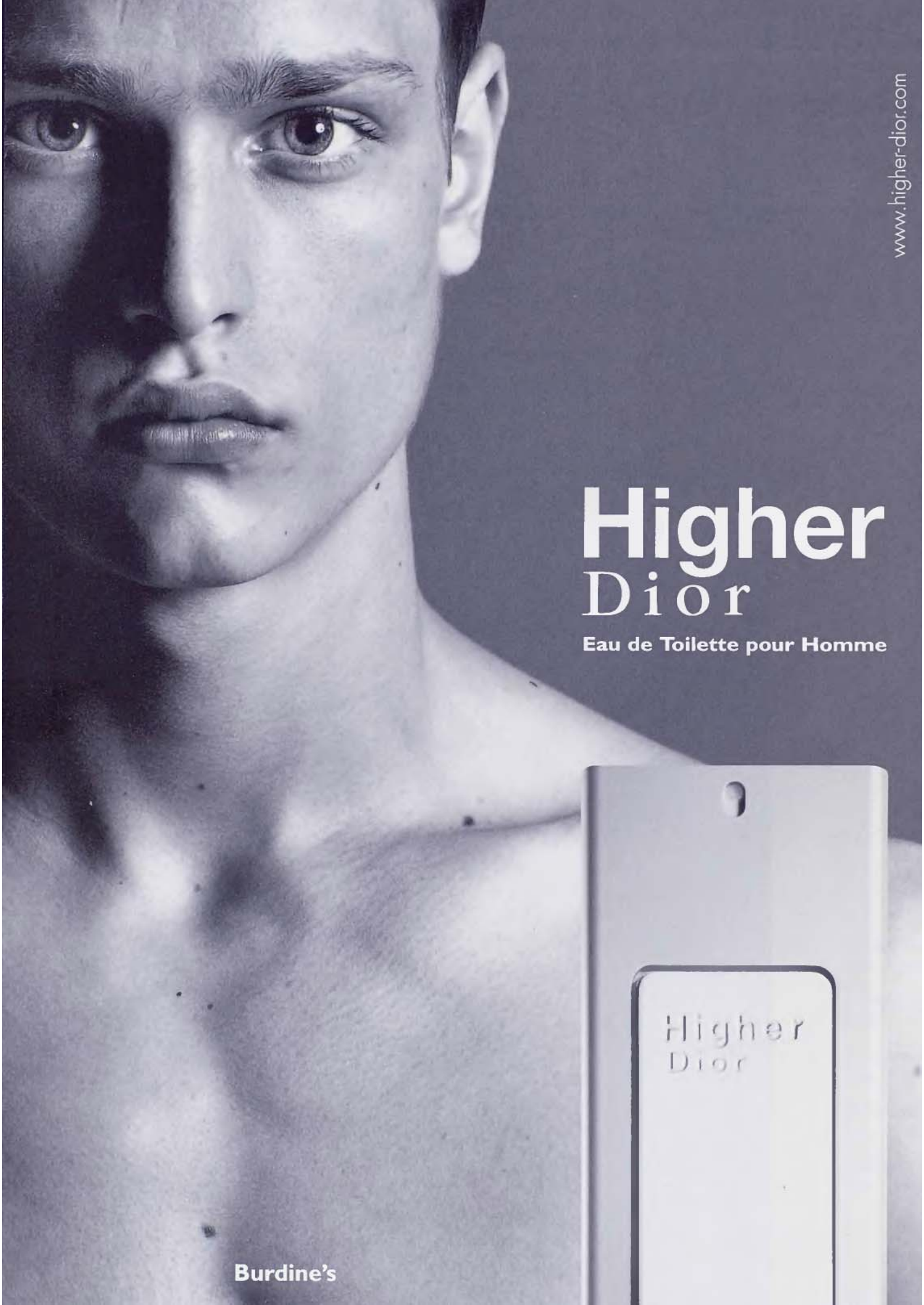
Occasionally video games from Japan are so quirky that they manage to transcend kitsch completely and circle back to downright cool. That was the case with Jet Grind Radio, a game made for the Sega DreamCast. Released in 2000, it combined influences from Tony Hawk's Pro Skater, in-line skating, cheesy Eighties break-dancing movies and graffiti art with a healthy anti-establishment message. The bizarre plot centered on gangs of kids on rocket-powered skates who spray-paint one another's neighborhoods in a space-age gang war set in 2024 Tokyo. To add to Jet Grind Radio's originality, developers used a technique called cel shading to give it a unique comic-book appearance. The game's sequel, Jet Set Radio Future, has been developed for the Xbox and, like the original, it involves pulling off slick tricks, spray-painting enemy turf and fighting with other skate gangs and cops. Thanks to the memory in the Xbox, the new game's cities are even larger and come loaded with pedestrians, cars, trains and, of course, plenty of police squads determined to bust your gang. The action is set to a soundtrack provided by Beastie Boys side projects BS 2000 and the Latch Brothers, plus other artists. The game also has multiplayer modes so you can go head-to-head against a friend or work together to take over the city. —WILL O'NEAL

Fender's Cyber-Twin guitar amplifier ($1400) is a virtual warehouse of vintage equipment. It can reconfigure its electronic architecture to create 205 different amps (including 35 classics from Fender history) and 85 custom designs (created from combinations of amp circuitry and dozens of effects) and has space to save 35 of your own amp creations. Got a good design? Connect the amp to your PC and post the MIDI file online. —J.B.

WILD THING



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.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By LEONARD MALTIN

THE NEW BORDERS OF SEX

HALLE BERRY made news when she bared her breasts in *Swordfish*, then won acclaim for *Monster's Ball*, which involved much more than mere nudity in a graphic love scene with Billy Bob Thornton. Nicole Kidman, Kate Winslet and Julianne Moore also continue to take on sexually adventurous roles. This month, a pair of films from outside the Hollywood mainstream feature erotic and challenging parts with lesser-known actresses, and one wonders how many established stars would be bold enough to tackle such material.

O Mamá—O Jessica.

Alfonso Cuarón's ***Y Tu Mamá También*** (*And Your Mother Too*) is the biggest Mexican box-office hit, and it isn't hard to see why: It's a contemporary road-trip movie about two teenage boys whose summer plans—while their girlfriends are traveling in Europe—take an unexpected turn when they meet an older woman (in her late 20s) who is dissatisfied with her marriage and susceptible to their flirting. They concoct a car trip, and she throws caution to the wind and decides to join them—breaking the ties with her husband and the dull, proper life she's been living. Freeing herself sexually by pouncing on her naive new friends, she soon discovers the boys are more talk than action. The actress who throws herself into this part is Maribel Verdú, a star in her native Spain.

A couple of talented unknowns have the lead roles in ***Kissing Jessica Stein,*** a small-scale, New York–made film about a young woman's first brush with a lesbian relationship. Up until now Jessica has been heterosexual, but impossibly picky (just ask her mother, played in a classic Jewish mama mode by Tovah Feldshuh). A random encounter with a woman who is openly experimental in her sex life begins to gnaw at her sense of convention. But is Jessica ready to make such a leap—and is she ready to admit it to her friends and family? What makes *Jessica Stein* so entertaining is that it isn't a message movie nor a tract. It's a well-told story about the unpredictability of love and relationships in a world where all the old rules are crumbling. Its likable stars, Jennifer Westfeldt and Heather Juergensen, also wrote and produced the film, which was directed by Charles Herman-Wurmfeld.

Both these films are well served by unfamiliar actresses; in truth, stars might have been a distraction. But until more-established actresses dare themselves—as Halle Berry has, with such success—we may never know.

THE BEST AND THE WORST OF 2001

BEST

A Beautiful Mind: Russell Crowe scores again in a flawed but interesting film that provides a breakthrough for the underrated Jennifer Connelly.

Amélie: A fresh French charmer from filmmaker Jean-Pierre Jeunet.

Startup.com: A documentary with more drama than most fictional films.

Monster's Ball: A beautifully nuanced drama about two lost souls, perfectly played by Billy Bob Thornton and Halle Berry. Special kudos to first-time screenwriters Milo Addica and Will Rokos, and director Marc Forster.

No Man's Land: The absurdity of war is captured in Danis Tanovic's film about a Serb and a Bosnian trapped between lines.

Songcatcher: Maggie Greenwald's resonant story about a woman who discovers herself while gathering folk songs in Appalachia.

I Am Sam: Sean Penn gives the performance of the year as a mentally retarded man who fights to maintain custody of his daughter. Michelle Pfeiffer's a standout as his high-powered, self-absorbed lawyer.

Lantana: An adult drama of love and infidelity cloaked in the guise of a police procedural.

The Devil's Backbone: A genuine original—Guillermo del Toro's ghost story set in Thirties Spain.

Hedwig and the Angry Inch: An odd but endearing tale of a rock-star wannabe who survives a botched sex-change operation. A triumph for first-time director John Cameron Mitchell.

WORST

Down to Earth: A crass, unfunny fantasy caught between Chris Rock and a hard place—and an insult to the 1941 original, *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*.

Monkeybone: Another awful movie with Brendan Fraser, who emerges unscathed from one disaster after another.

Corky Romano: An alleged comedy featuring the guy who's always funny for five minutes, Chris Kattan.

See Spot Run: One family film you wouldn't send any family to see.

Town and Country: Proof that big names such as Warren Beatty and oodles of money can't save a doomed film.

The Mummy Returns: Winner of 2001's stupid-sequel sweepstakes.

Jennifer Connelly.

THE THEATER OF WAR

In the wake of September 11, Hollywood feared that the last thing American audiences would want to see was a war movie. But the success of *Behind Enemy Lines* (with its shameless flag-waving finale) and *Black Hawk Down* (which doesn't even depict a successful U.S. mission) shows that moviegoers are primed for action. Is this a means of catharsis, or has the war in Afghanistan given us a new appreciation for those who defend our freedom?

Stars back in khaki.

Either way, there are more war movies in the works, including John Woo's ***Windtalkers,*** with Nicolas Cage, which was originally scheduled for release in November. Here is a story that's never been depicted on-screen before: the use of Navajo soldiers for communications during World War II. The film should go a long way to boost the stock of actor Adam Beach.

Bruce Willis, who flirted with making a movie based on the vintage TV series *Combat*, has chosen a different kind of WWII vehicle in ***Hart's War,*** which takes place at a POW camp where an American officer initiates a court-martial to disguise an escape plan. Even after all these years, there's still no villain quite as useful as a Nazi.

And Mel Gibson stars in ***We Were Soldiers,*** playing Lieutenant Colonel Hal Moore of the U.S. Air Cavalry, who led the first major incursion into Vietnam in 1965 and promised his men, "I will be the first to step on the field and I will be the last to step off, and I will leave no one behind." Sam Elliott managed to land a plum part playing Gibson's top sergeant.

Will there be even more warfare on-screen? Just so long as people keep paying to see it.

SCENE STEALER

CLARE KRAMER. **FIRST NOTICED AS:** A nasty nemesis on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, and as a cheerleader with attitude in *Bring It On*. **WHAT DOES HER NEW MOVIE HOLD IN STORE?** "*The Rules of Attraction* is basically a prequel to *American Psycho*, with Patrick Bateman's younger brother in college, so it's really about college life, with the same tone as the other movie. It's a dark comedy. My character is just a party girl—she's hot stuff and knows it." **DID SHE HAVE ANY CHEERLEADING EXPERIENCE BEFORE *BRING IT ON*?** "I actually was a cheerleader early on in junior high, but it didn't work out for me. I hated it." **HOW DID A HARDWORKING, THEATER-TRAINED COLLEGE GRADUATE GET TYPECAST AS A TOTAL BITCH?** "I don't know why I have never played a nice, quiet girl. I haven't, in film or on TV, but you know what? I do like playing characters because it gives you a chance to express a different side of yourself that you really can't in life." **HOW OFTEN DO PEOPLE CONFUSE HER WITH THE CHARACTERS SHE PLAYS?** "Constantly. When people get to know me, they can't believe I'm not such a bitch, but a normal human being, and I say, 'I know. That's acting!'" —L.M.

SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by leonard maltin

Big Bad Love Arliss Howard wrote, directed and stars in Larry Brown's story of a writer trying to put his messy life in order. A compelling, highly personal film, told in nonlinear fashion—and a welcome return for Debra Winger (Howard's real-life wife), who also produced this offbeat story. ¥¥¥

Birthday Girl Nicole Kidman is always watchable, this time as a Russian Internet-order bride who brings turmoil into the life of mousy bank clerk Ben Chaplin—but the story doesn't make a lot of sense. ¥¥

The Count of Monte Cristo James Caviezel does an impressive turn as Edmund Dantes in this surprisingly good rendition of the Dumas classic about betrayal and revenge. Guy Pearce is a snarly villain, and the inimitable Richard Harris is Caviezel's wizened fellow prisoner who helps him escape. ¥¥¥

Crossroads Britney Spears stars in a tailor-made teen vehicle that gives its audience what it wants: two songs and Britney in her underwear. ¥¥½

Kissing Jessica Stein A New York career woman chances to meet another woman who is looking for sexual adventure and, to her own astonishment, finds herself in love. An entertaining and provocative film about modern-day relationships. ¥¥¥

Last Orders Bob Hoskins, Michael Caine, Tom Courtenay, David Hemmings and Ray Winstone make any film worth watching—especially when directed by the talented Fred Schepisi—though this story of longtime drinking buddies about to bury one of their own never reaches the emotional heights one wants it to. ¥¥½

Monsoon Wedding Mira Nair's perceptive, life-affirming and universal story of the tumult surrounding a wedding in India. ¥¥¥

The Mothman Prophecies Richard Gere's loving wife (Debra Messing) dies after a mysterious crash, which leads Gere to a small town where he and the sheriff (Laura Linney) try to explain the unexplainable. They fail. ¥¥

Piñero Benjamin Bratt is impressive as the Nuyorican playwright, but Leon Ichaso's film never unlocks the mystery of this self-destructive talent. ¥¥½

Y Tu Mamá También A sexy road movie from Mexico about a woman who abandons her dull married life and goes on a car trip with two teenage boys. The parts seem greater than the whole in this intriguing film from director Alfonso Cuarón. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

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video

GUEST SHOT

"I love musicals—*Singin' in the Rain, The Wizard of Oz, Meet Me in St. Louis, Cabaret*—because of the suspension of disbelief and my love for dance and music," says director **John Landis** (*Animal House, Blues Brothers* and *Beverly Hills Cop III*). "The last really good musical was Disney's *Beauty and the Beast*. But I like horror films, too. *Psycho* is a brilliant film, and so are *2001: A Space Odyssey, Bride of Frankenstein* and *The Evil Dead*—which, of course, couldn't be further from *Singin' in the Rain* and *The Wizard of Oz*." —SUSAN KARLIN

BUDDIES WITH BADGES

Robert De Niro and Eddie Murphy swap barbs as misfit police partners in *Showtime*, a comic send-up of that most commercial, ever-lingering genre—the buddy-cop movie. Here are some of the notable antecedents:

Bad Boys (1995): To deceive a violent drug lord, married detective Martin Lawrence assumes swinging bachelor Will Smith's life while Smith has to pretend to be married to Lawrence's wife. Amid the hilarity, director Michael Bay keeps the action going full-throttle.

Stakeout (1987): Seattle detective Richard Dreyfuss sneaks into Madeleine Stowe's bedroom to plant a bug and go undercover—her covers, that is. Partner Emilio Estevez listens in (the perv).

Running Scared (1986): Ordered to go on vacation by their captain, Chicago detectives Billy Crystal and Gregory Hines hightail it to Key West, but bad guy Jimmy Smits won't leave them alone. The high-energy chemistry between Crystal and Hines is worth it; the fanciful shootout at the finale is a bonus.

Internal Affairs (1990): No fear of fraternization here: LAPD partners Andy Garcia and Laurie Metcalf have a lot in common—they both like women. Richard Gere, in a rare turn as a villain, is riveting as the dangerous, manipulative detective they're investigating.

Rush Hour (1998): The clash of cultures is caustic: Chris Tucker is a hip-hopping American detective teamed with Hong Kong cop Jackie Chan, who gets to say the immortal line, "Wassup, my nigga?"

Lethal Weapon (1987): The cheese-free granddaddy of the genre. Family man Danny Glover, ready for retirement, is teamed with suicidal loner Mel Gibson. Gibson's fight with psycho Gary Busey at the end is for the ages.

The Super Cops (1974): Batman (Ron Leibman) and Robin (David Selby) defy the Bill of Rights and the Geneva Convention in bringing down NYC's drug dealers. Based on real-life detectives Dave Greenberg and Bob Hantz, who make cameos as—what else?—cops.

The Rookie (1990): Hard-drinking, aging detective Clint Eastwood is partnered with troubled rookie Charlie Sheen to bring down a violent car-theft gang. Dirty Harry should leave this clunker off his résumé. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Some 20 years after he hung up the gloves, Muhammad Ali is celebrated in Michael Mann's *Ali* and a string of new videos, including a DVD rerelease of the incredible 1996 documentary ***When We Were Kings*** (USA Home Entertainment, $20), about Ali's 1974 title fight with George Foreman in Zaire. But fans who would rather not take a rope-a-dope approach to Ali's legacy are advised to grab ***The Last Hurrah*** (Rhino, $20). *Hurrah* documents Ali's final bout, the 10-round decision that he dropped to Trevor Berbick on December 11, 1981. A little less than a month away from his 40th birthday, bloated and stung by Parkinson's, Ali is a harrowing and pitiful exercise in pride. "I've never seen him more somber," the ringside announcer says of the champ, who awaits the opening bell with solemn resignation. Ten rounds later, Ali, still standing somehow, announces his retirement at ringside. The sweet science has offered few moments more bitter than this muttered amen.

A new release of George Roy Hill's ***Slap Shot***—one of the all-time great sports movies—marks its 25th anniversary in a new special edition ($27, Universal Studios) featuring what promises to be one of the year's most inspired commentary tracks. The oddball Hanson brothers (actually David Hanson, Steve Carlson and Jeff Carlson), who parlayed their roles alongside Paul Newman and Michael Ontkean into iconography, fittingly provide the blow-by-blow.—GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE

Arguably the best TV show about a TV show, ***The Larry Sanders Show: The Entire First Season*** (Columbia TriStar) is a great addition to the DVD library. Ushering in the era of HBO's superior programming, *Larry Sanders* treated its audiences with irony, smart dialogue and situations that could actually pass for adult. Plus, it afforded the occasional welcome flash of skin. If you missed any part of that season, or just care to savor Dana Delany's appearance again (episode two), here's your chance.

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
SUSPENSE	***Training Day*** (dirty cop Denzel Washington—dazzling in an against-type turn—shows rookie Ethan Hawke the ropes). ***Domestic Disturbance*** (John Travolta—saintly in a paternal turn—saves his son from scummy stepdad Vince Vaughn).
SLEEPER	***Heist*** (fence Danny DeVito goads Gene Hackman into one last job; from David Mamet, this month's best bet). ***Bandits*** (Bruce Willis and Billy Bob Thornton ham it up as a modern Butch and Sundance; works better on the small screen).
HORROR	***From Hell*** (London cop Johnny Depp dopes up to get inside Jack the Ripper's fugitive head; the best whodunit in years). ***Bones*** (as the Satan-meets-Superfly center of this dazzling hip-hop gorefest, rapper Snoop Dog is a red-eyed howl).
DRAMA	***The Last Castle*** (jailed war hero Robert Redford locks charisma with prison warden James Gandolfini; a bit rote but rewarding). ***K-Pax*** (Kevin Spacey swears he's a spaceman, and shrink Jeff Bridges wonders; no *Cuckoo's Nest*, but it still flies).
YOUR SOFT SIDE	***A.I.: Artificial Intelligence*** (robot boy Haley Joel Osment just wants love; Kubrick-via-Spielberg fantasy soars despite sap). ***Life as a House*** (terminally ill architect Kevin Kline rebuilds dad's bungalow; as good as Lifetime-for-guys can get).

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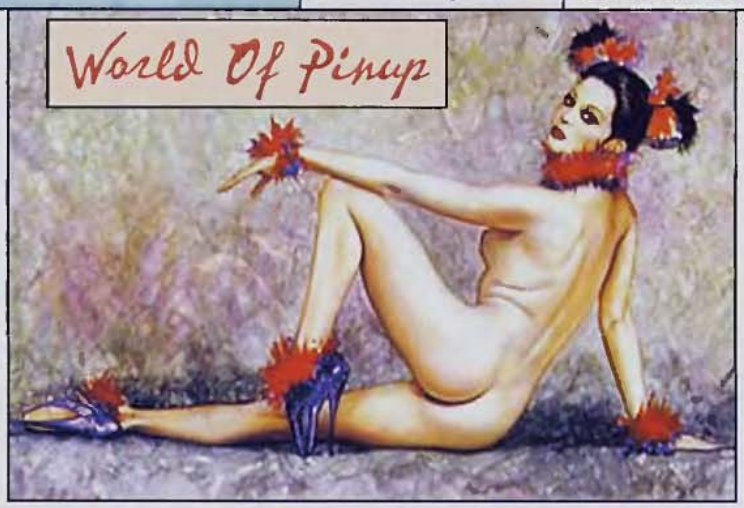
living online

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

ONLINE MUSIC—SMART AND DUMB

Record companies just don't get it. In December, RealNetworks announced its new MusicNet song subscription service (**musicnet.com**), which allows customers to download popular tunes onto their computers for $10 a month. MusicNet boasts a large inventory of high-quality music—more than 100,000 songs from the catalogs of Warner Music, EMI, BMG and Zomba. Sounds great, but don't sign up until you've read the fine print: You're limited to 100 downloadable songs and 100 live streams per month. Worse, MusicNet uses anti-copying technology that prevents you from moving the songs from your computer to an MP3 player. In other words, you're expected to pay $10 a month to listen to three new songs a day through a crappy little computer speaker. I won't be surprised if this site has croaked by the time you read this. Meanwhile, I have signed up for **emusic.com**, an infinitely better service that allows unlimited downloads from a library of 200,000 MP3 songs for $10 per month (based on a one-year contract; a three-month contract is $15). You won't find any Britney Spears, but you will get tons of great jazz (like Twenties-era jazz and blues from the Yazoo label), classic surf music and a library of late-Seventies and early-Eighties punk. My iPod is loaded with 948 songs from emusic.com, and I'm burning MP3 CDs so fast the computer is smoking.



GUERRILLA GOURMANDS

The first thing you're told at **Chowhound.com** is that it's not a site for foodies. "Foodies eat where they're told. They eagerly follow trends and rarely go where Zagat hasn't gone before. Chowhounds, on the other hand, blaze trails, gleefully combing neighborhoods for hidden culinary treasure." The site was started by Jim Leff, a professional food critic who wanted a hype-free forum where he and fellow chowhounds could talk about their favorite subject: sitting down at diners, dives, cafes and restaurants—and digging into the grub. The hungry folks who hang out here are happy to answer your questions ("Where's the best shrimp remoulade in New Orleans?") and you can listen to reviews, recipes and food-related rants by clicking on the Radio Free Chowhound link. (Warning: Don't read this site on an empty stomach.)

FLIGHT FARE FINDER

I have had my problems with online travel agencies, but I've started using a travel program called SideStep (**sidestep.com**). After downloading a small application from the site, you will notice an icon of a jetliner in your browser's toolbar (the system works only with Windows). Whenever you need to book a flight, click on the icon and enter the cities and dates. SideStep searches more than 100 sources for the best prices. Using SideStep, I found a round-trip ticket from Burbank to Oakland for $130. The best Orbitz (or **bitz.com**) could do for flights on the same day was $313. Expedia (**expedia.com**) fared even worse, coming in at $377. I'm still nervous about booking a flight online, though. I usually print out the flight info and ask a travel agent to give me the same deal. (If everyone did that, sidestep.com would go bust. But I'd prefer that to getting burned by an online travel agent again.)

WORLD OF PIN-UP

I'm a big fan of pin-up art—especially the work of Gil Elvgren, Zoë Mozert and Alberto Vargas. Compared with these artists, Olivia is a newcomer. I first saw her work in the early Eighties, and while I thought her paintings of Bettie Page and other retro models were well executed, they didn't stand up to the works of the premiere artists. After attending the opening of Olivia's American Geisha show at the Tamara Bane Gallery in Los Angeles, I've changed my mind. Olivia is a major talent. You can see for yourself at **worldofpinup.com.**

QUICK HITS

Find out if there's any money coming to you at **classactionamerica.com.** . . . Alison has kindly stuck a webcam in her pants. Take a peek at **pantscam.com.** . . . Make your own Bruce Lee action flick at **skop.com/brucelee.** . . . Not all self-published online novels suck. Try **dirtyredkiss.com,** a San Francisco love story.

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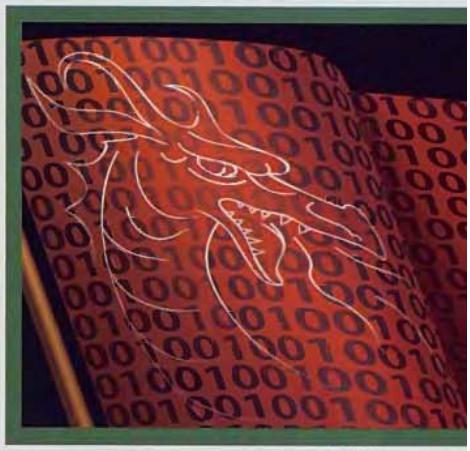
books

IMMIGRANT NIGHTMARES

The Short Sweet Dream of Eduardo Gutierrez (Crown) is a short, bitter masterpiece. Gutierrez was a 21-year-old illegal immigrant who was killed in a construction accident in Brooklyn in 1999. According to the book, the developers had "major fund-raising ties to the administration of Mayor Rudolph Giuliani," which is why the story should have played well in the press. But Gutierrez' name received scant coverage. In the stark, direct prose that marks his style, Jimmy Breslin reconstructs the life of the young man. He traces Gutierrez' determined journey from a small Mexican town to a job in New York that he hoped would enable him to save enough money to return home, marry his sweetheart and help his family. Breslin comes at Gutierrez' story like a prizefighter stalking a bigger opponent. Breslin's adversary is a two-headed, two-faced government: the feds (with their futile and often dangerous immigration and drug policies along the Mexican border) and the Giuliani administration in New York (where campaign contributors apparently were a higher priority than the workers). Breslin reminds us that there are thousands more stories like Eduardo's all over the U.S. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

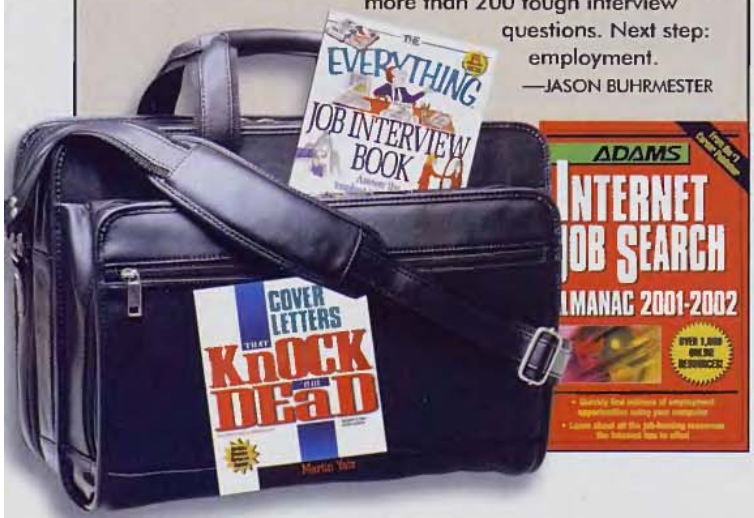
WIRED TO THE FUTURE

According to ***China Dawn*** (Harper Business), an eye-opening new book by PLAYBOY Contributing Editor David Sheff, there's an almost-secret revolution going on in China. Mixing human interest with firsthand research, Sheff follows a pair of venture capitalists who, shaken by events at Tiananmen Square, vow to drag their country into the 21st century by way of technological advances. This gang of two, Bo Feng (a Shanghai-born California investment banker) and Edward Tian (one of the creators of China's Internet) raise the level of technology in their native land. A friend to both, Sheff provides a riveting play-by-play as Feng and Tian create a company, struggle for funding, battle government distrust and emerge as leaders of what appears to be a new age of enlightenment in China. We're also introduced to a fascinating cast of Asian visionaries—including Wang Zhidong, producer of the most popular homegrown software program in the nation. Zhidong wanted most to become the Bill Gates of China, but failed because, as Sheff notes, "the Bill Gates of China will be Bill Gates." There are some things that can't even be changed by revolutions. —DICK LOCHTE



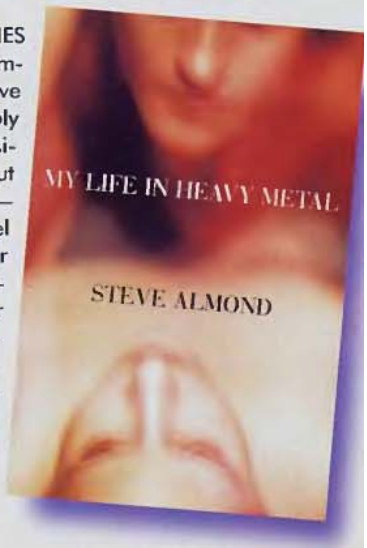
WRITE IF YOU GET WORK *Here's how*

With the economy struggling, what's on out-of-work dot-commer to do? Or someone stuck in a dead-end job? To the rescue comes Adams Medio's JobBonk series. Focusing on on individual city such as Chicogo, New York or Los Angeles, each volume lists thousands of profiles of potential employers, with addresses, phone numbers, positions and hiring requirements. If you're willing to relocate, pick up Adams Media's ***Internet Job Search Almanac 2001–2002.*** It points out the best sites for posting your résumé and finding the lotest job listings—so you don't have to pound the povement. Once you've trocked down that dreom job, you'll need ***Cover Letters That Knock 'Em Dead*** by Mortin Yate to get noticed by the hiring manoger, and ***Knock 'Em Dead 2002*** or ***The Everything Job Interview Book,*** with cheat-sheets for more than 200 tough interview questions. Next step: employment. —JASON BUHRMESTER



BON APPÉTIT
We always thought the easiest way to get a woman to have sex with you on your kitchen floor wos to get her loaded. Now there's a sexier alternative. ***Temptations*** (Fireside), by Michael and Ellen Albertson, teaches you how to stuff a woman with such aphrodisiacs as oysters, while leaving enough room for dessert. History buffs should check out ***In the Devil's Garden*** (Ballontine). Many foods have been condemned or banned becouse of their supposedly sinful effects. Stewort Lee Allen provides recipes for several of these devilish dishes. —PATTY LAMBERTI

SEXY STORIES
Steve Almond's stories dissect the dynamics of sexual relotionships. His riffs on love gone wrong ore tinged with meloncholy ond humor as well as o robust enthusiosm for sex. In the title story of his debut collection, ***My Life in Heavy Metal*** (Grove)—first published in PLAYBOY—an entry-level newswriter is assigned to cover hair bands, whose crotch-grabbing machismo fuels his own reckless offair. Other Almond stories about sex on the presidential campoign trail, rough sex in Polond and o fistfight between two women in Greece capture out-of-control moments with the measured skill of o writer twice his age.



ALL ABOUT ASHTON

For six years co-host Juli Ashton has been giving America good sex chat on Playboy TV's *Night Calls*. "I was in the right place at the right time. The show changed my life," she says. "I grew up in Colorado, went to Colorado State University and taught junior high for a year. But I hated teaching, so I went back to dancing." Juli then amassed an impressive list of adult-film roles. Her favorite is *Essentially Juli*. Now the 32-year-old sexpert is working toward her doctorate at the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality.

There is no doubt she will graduate with honors.

FEEL LIKE PHONE SEX?

Playboy TV takes interactive television to the next level with *Night Calls*, a 90-minute live show during which callers share secret fantasies with hosts Juli Ashton and Tiffany Granath. "The live aspect is what makes it so popular," Juli says. "You can't lie on live TV. The viewers will catch you. Tiffany is a riot, and that's just her—she isn't acting. Love us or hate us, our personalities make the show." When tuning in, expect the unexpected. "The viewers have taught me so much. I appreciate how sexual America is," Juli says. "People have amazing sex in the Midwest and other places that are traditionally conservative. During one call, we directed three girls and two guys through an intense sexual scenario. We have also demonstrated how to make a dildo from your boyfriend's penis. *Night Calls* caters to what real people are doing and thinking and what turns them on. Unlike most porn, it's not an image created by one man. Women are in tune with our show because it's not threatening. They're not being pushed into something that's uncomfortable." *Night Calls* airs the first and third Wednesday of every month at 11 P.M. EST and 8 P.M. PST.

PLAYBOY: Strip Search

Only choice pole climbers make the cut on *Strip Seorch*.

SEXUALLY JULI

Girl on girl: "The humon body is amozingly beautiful. I get off watching two women rubbing each other."

Anol sex: "People want extremes but struggle with whot they've been taught is sexuolly right and wrong. When it's done right, it is amazing."

S&M: "I fontasize about bondage, but I haven't found the guy who trusts me yet."

POLE PROS

Private dancers from exclusive gentlemen's clubs get the star treatment on Playboy TV's *Strip Search*. "Great strippers never lose their attraction to someone in the audience," Juli says. "You have to make the experience sexual. If guys don't think you're enjoying it, they won't get turned on." In terms of lap dances, does she give as good as she gets? "I would rather receive one from a girl and give one to a guy," she says. "Ladies, let your husbands go to a strip club, because there's nothing happening. It's a joke among strippers because it's the safest place for your men. It's about exhibition, not random sex." *Strip Search* premieres Monday, March 4 at 10 P.M. EST and 10 P.M. PST.

THIS MONTH'S PICKS

Twelve of today's hottest adult-movie stars come together for a wild PLAYBOY photo session in *Sizzling Sex Stars*. Check out the behind-the-scenes footage and intimate interviews, and get a look at the actors' lives at home. In *Roommates*, you'll find a coterie of smoking-hot gals living together and sharing it all. For the ultimate voyeurism, go *Inside the Playboy Mansion* for rare footage and listen in on chats with Hef's longtime pals Pamela Anderson, Drew Carey and Bill Cosby. It's an exclusive collector's item that uncovers the man and the myth. All these titles are available on both DVD and VHS.

playboy.com

MODEL BEHAVIOR

When Cindy Crawford first posed for us in July 1988, we marked the occasion by hiring photographer Herb Ritts. Ritts had earned Crawford's respect when he photographed Paulina Porizkova and Brigitte Nielsen for PLAYBOY in 1987. "I never imagined that I'd do a layout," Crawford said at the time. "Then I saw what Herb Ritts did with Brigitte and I thought, Wow, if he can make her look that good, I'd love to see what he could do with me." Obviously, the issue was a smash. "It became an instant classic, paving the way for other supermodels such as Stephanie Seymour to appear in PLAYBOY," says Photography Director Gary Cole. In October 1998 Crawford and Ritts teamed up again for what turned out to be the year's best-selling issue. Check out Crawford's pictorials as well as other classic celebrity nudes at cyber.playboy.com.

SEX ED

Feeling lackluster in the sack? Tune in to Playboy.com's Love and Sex section for weekly, battle-tested sex tips on everything from finding her clitoris to turning a chair into a rocking sex prop. Missed a week online because you were too busy getting laid? Don't worry, they're archived. When your girl ends up sweaty and satiated, you'll be thanking us.

THE ANIMAL HOUSE HUNT IS ON

PLAYBOY is doing an off-the-hook, kegs-and-babes-galore search for the best party schools in the U.S. The results will be published in our October 2002 college issue. Is it your school? We want the dirt. Go to the On Campus section of Playboy.com for the details, then explain to partyschools@playboy.com why your college is the coolest party school in the nation. Come spring, you may find us invading your campus bars, frat houses and parties. And if we publish your response, you could win a Playboy prize. We can't think of a better reason to crack open a cold one. Cheers.

THE SWEETEST 16

Even if you're not crazy about college basketball, you can still have a blast during March madness. When the games begin on March 14, Playboy.com kicks off its own sweet-16 tournament in which sexy coeds go head-to-head to determine which school has the hottest student bodies. We will choose four colleges from each of four regions—Northeast, South, Midwest and West—and Playboy.com users will vote on the matchups. As an added bonus, Playboy Cyber Club members will be rewarded with nude pictorials from each campus. This is a single-elimination tournament with two of the schools busting their way to the finals. Get in on all the voting action at Playboy.com.

CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

A bit of advice for the betrothed: Unless you want to risk conceling the nuptials because you've fallen for another woman, do not hire wedding planner turned Morch Cyber Girl of the Month **Heather Marie Reke.** Why wedding planning? "You get the chance to see what people who ore extremely in love are like," she soys. "I see good examples of what I would like in a husband." Heother is currently single, and here's what she's looking for: "A guy who con hold o decent conversation and who has great eyes. I'm not picky in terms of looks." See more photos and a video of Heather ond our other Cyber Girls at cyber.playboy.com.

CHAT ME UP

Quick, if you could ask a Playmate or a Cyber Girl anything, what would it be? "What's your favorite position?" "Where do you see yourself in 10 years?" "Who's hotter, Britney or Beyoncé?" Queries from the dumb to the deep are welcome at cyber.playboy.com, where Playmates and Cyber Girls chat live at least four times a week. Want to read what Liv Lindeland said in 1998 about being the first Centerfold to show pubic hair? Or what Brande Roderick said before being named Playmate of the Year? Or Hugh Hefner's thoughts in 2000 about the future of the magazine, the Internet and how he picks Playmates? No problem. Transcripts have been archived since May 1997, when Tylyn John became the first Playmate to do a live discussion. Get to know the women of PLAYBOY—our favorite talking Rabbit Heads.

HUGH HEFNER: I have always thought that my life and PLAYBOY are like an inkblot test. People project their dreams, fantasies and prejudices onto PLAYBOY.

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By ASA BABER

DARIEN THOMPSON

THE BIG E

FIRST THINGS FIRST: The *Men* column began 20 years ago this month with "Role Models," and there were many times after its birth when I didn't think it was going to survive. Nevertheless, it has been an honor and a privilege to have a page of my own in this magazine over three decades.

Many of you have traveled with me for much of this journey, and I thank you from the bottom of my corrupt and perverted little heart for your friendship and feedback. You may not realize it, but your letters, e-mail and calls kept this column alive, even when numerous people were knocking it. It's still standing because of you, and for that I owe you big time. You kept me in the writing game and that beats working for a living.

Now, on to the business of the day, which is to examine a difficult topic we don't talk about much—not even among ourselves.

I speak of a major male fear—the fear of embarrassment. I maintain that it motivates us and freezes us and drives us night and day. It colors our moods, affects our choices and channels our energies. Sometimes our fear of embarrassment can strike us as funny, sometimes it can seem scary, but we struggle through it, mostly in silence. Now is the time to bring it out of the closet.

I call it the Big E, and I say it can rule us or ruin us. As examples, allow me to illustrate two moments from my scuzzy life (you will relate to them, I promise):

Item #1: I was 12 years old, a skinny punk with a bad complexion, crooked front teeth (still got 'em!) and an edgy, wiseass attitude honed on the South Side of Chicago. By this age, I was no longer a virgin, I'd tried many drugs, I was a petty thief and a wary gutter rat. I attended school less than half the time (truth!) and wandered up and down 47th Street every chance I got, poking my nose like a spy into bars and bookie joints. I loved every bit of it. But my life was complicated, because I was also required to visit my grandmother for a few weeks every summer in a small town in farm country. The gap between those two cultures was enormous.

One day, while visiting my grandmother, I was invited to a swimming party at a nearby lake. It sounded good to me, so I took my seedy swim trunks and hitched a ride to join the fun. The boys changed in one set of rooms, the girls in another. What followed in the water was a little too innocent for me, but what the hell. It was better than sitting in my grandmother's living room, watching her watch professional wrestling on TV.

The Big E hit me after the swim. I was alone in a dressing room that shared a thin wall with the room where the girls were changing.

"Did you see his legs?" I heard one of them asking. "My God, did you look at them skinny little things poking out of his trunks?"

Another voice chimed in, "And he's got a pimple on his back as big as a boulder." I listened, mortified. They were talking about me. They dissected me as if I were a frog in a biology class.

"He rubbed up against me when I was in the inner tube and I almost smacked his ugly face," said another of the country girl angels. The beat went on. When they finally sheathed their scalpels, there was nothing visible left of me on their cutting board.

I wanted out of that place in the worst way, but I also lived by my own pugnacious code of honor, and I refused to run and hide. (Yes, it is possible the *Men* column was born at that moment.)

The Irish in me, which is considerable, demanded that I go out and face my detractors and get through the rest of the afternoon—which I did. But I understood then and there how hard it is for men to deal with embarrassment, especially when confronted with the mockery of women. Nothing has changed my opinion in the intervening years.

Item #2: Two years after that episode, I was sent to an exclusive all-male prep school on the East Coast. There has never been anyone more poorly prepared for that culture shock than yours truly. I soon discovered that mortification can be a male-on-male transaction as well.

There were many embarrassments for me in that environment, from my paltry wardrobe to my lack of a strong educational foundation (all those days I cut school in Chicago came back to bite me on the butt here). But the Big E hit me hardest in the area of my empty wallet.

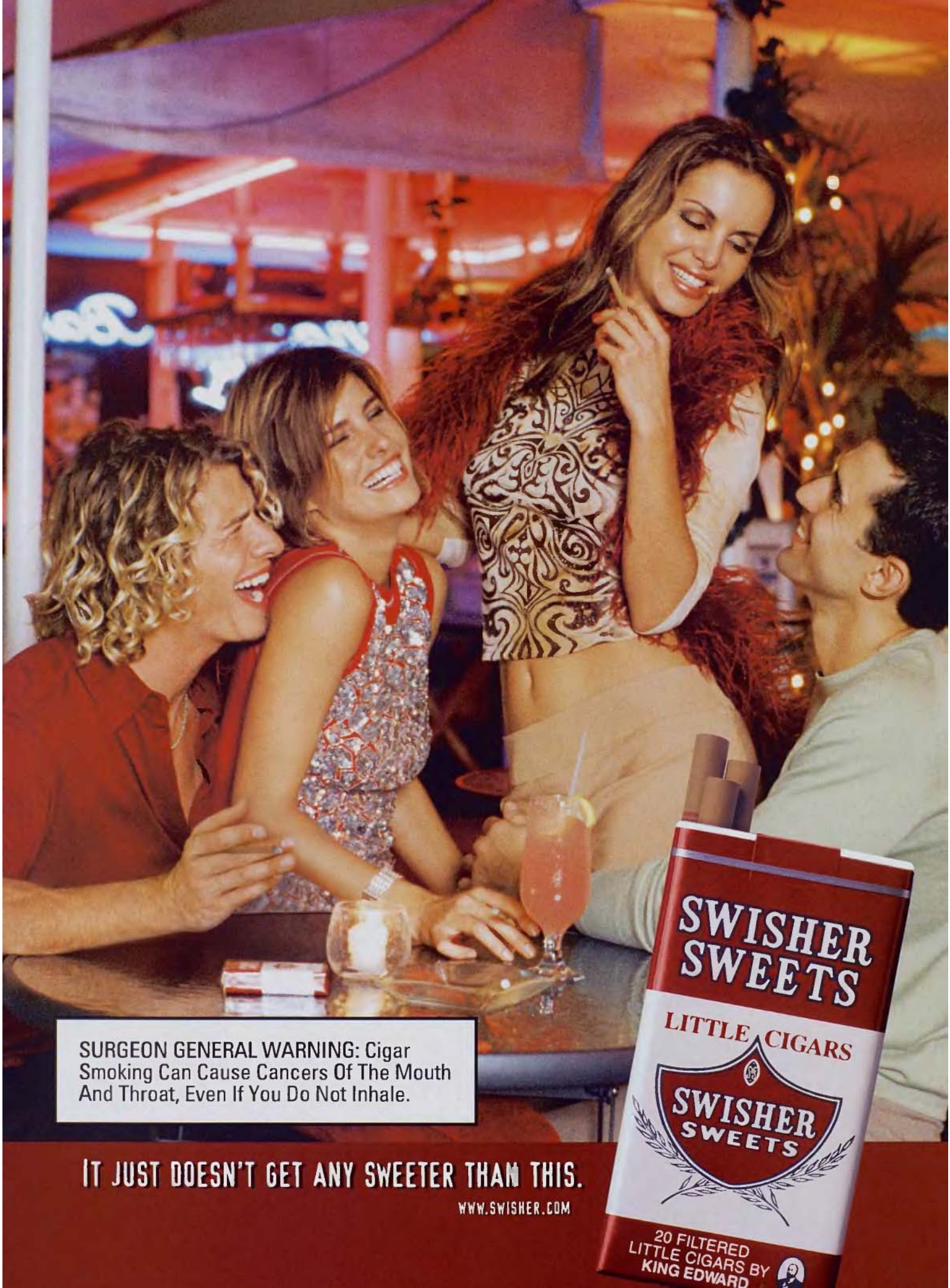
It was obvious to all of my classmates that I had no money. I didn't go anywhere on weekends. But then my grandmother sent me a $100 check as a surprise. I made a call and managed to con some poor girl from New York City into a date. Then I talked with some classmates and explained my problem. "Give me the name of a nice but inexpensive restaurant," I said. "I want to impress this babe, but my budget is tight."

You know the rest. They thought empty wallets were an amusing condition, so they gave me the name of a nice, expensive restaurant. I went in, sat down with my date, opened the menu and immediately turned crimson (again). I told her I was not hungry but she should feel free to eat. She did. Believe me, she did. Afterward, I took her home in a taxi and then, dead broke, walked six miles to Penn Station and went back to school, only to meet the mockery of my semichums, all of whom loved to see me blush, none of whom understood how broke I really was.

It was not lost on me as I studied the laughing hyenas in their preppy clothing (clothes I later adopted as my own to avoid the embarrassment of being poorly dressed) that there was a big difference between the swim party and this episode. The country girls who diced me and sliced me were protected by society and custom from my revenge. I had no way to fight them or turn the tables. But the guys who embarrassed me were a different story: With them, all bets were off; I could fight them or shun them or pick a time to embarrass them in return. With my fellow men, I was free to boogie. It was a great feeling.

Those moments turned out to be instructive. I didn't go to another coed swim party until my body filled out. You can bet on that. My New York escapade taught me that young people born into relative affluence have no idea what it's like to be raised in difficult surroundings and are contemptuous of the habits and instincts of those who come from the wrong side of the tracks. The Big E taught me a great deal.

If something happens to you today and you feel that familiar crimson tide of shame flow over your face and neck as the Big E squats on your soul, just remember: Embarrassment is a 13-letter word for something we all experience—because only dead men don't blush.



SURGEON GENERAL WARNING: Cigar Smoking Can Cause Cancers Of The Mouth And Throat, Even If You Do Not Inhale.

IT JUST DOESN'T GET ANY SWEETER THAN THIS.

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MANTRACK hey...it's personal

Finding the G Spot

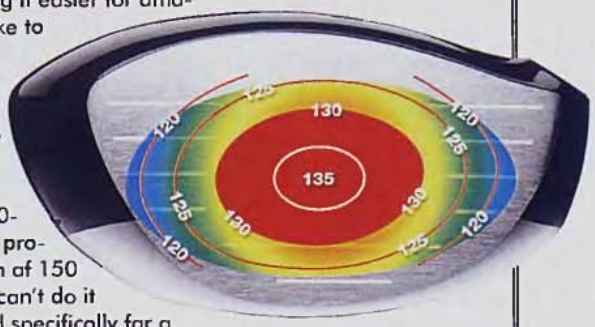
Mercedes-Benz USA compares its new G500 sport utility to Clint Eastwood for its understated strength. Test-driving one in North Carolina, we scrambled up a 35-degree grade thanks to three differential locks, four-wheel drive and four-wheel traction control. On the highway, a 5.0-liter, 292-horsepower V8 got the 5400-pound machine to 60 mph in about 10 seconds. As you'd expect from M-B, the G500's interior is plush, with leather seats, burled-walnut trim and a wood-and-leather steering wheel. A nine-speaker sound system, six-disc CD changer, heated seats front and rear and a navigation system are standard equipment. Price: $73,165 with no options. Better hurry—only about 2000 of these hand-built babies are being imported to the States in 2002.

HOW TO SEASON A CAST-IRON SKILLET

1 WASH AND DRY THE PAN. LIGHTLY COAT THE INSIDE SURFACE OF THE PAN WITH CRISCO OR ANOTHER SOLID SHORTENING.
2 PLACE PAN IN A 300-DEGREE OVEN FOR AT LEAST AN HOUR.
3 REMOVE PAN AND LET COOL TO ROOM TEMPERATURE. FOR BEST RESULTS, REPEAT TWO OR THREE TIMES.
4 AFTER USE, WIPE PAN CLEAN WITH PAPER TOWEL. IF FOOD STICKS TO PAN, SCOUR WITH OLIVE OIL AND SEA SALT. IF RUST APPEARS, RESEASON.

Swing Is King

Getting more distance off the tee comes down to efficiency. In the golf swing, that means hitting the ball in the middle of the club face squared to the target—something most amateur golfers cannot do consistently. Calloway's clubs, like the ERC II driver pictured here with a computer-enhanced graphic, have an enlarged sweet spot, making it easier for amateurs and pros alike to achieve peak efficiency. A ball coming off the middle of the club face will have 1.5 times the club-head speed (a 100-mph swing would produce a ball launch of 150 mph). But design can't do it alone. Clubs fitted specifically for a golfer's swing increase his ability to hit the club face square at impact, and that's why pros won't step on the first tee without fitted clubs. You can get PGA Tour–like treatment at Callaway's plant in Carlsbad, California—for free. A letter or call from a Calloway retailer or golf club pro will get you on the waiting list, but you have to pay your way to Carlsbad.



MANTRACK

Dessert Storm

Liqueurs look great in your liquor cobinet, but how often do you hove an ofter-dinner drink that isn't cognac or single malt? Try a few of the recipes Debbie Puente has included in *Elegantly Easy Liqueur Desserts and Crème Brûlée*, and you'll be restocking soon. If Puente's recipe for cherries jubilee (pictured here) doesn't wow the pants off whoever you're entertaining, nothing will. It calls for cherries, sugar, cornstarch, olmond extroct, vanilla ice cream, red wine and cherry brandy. Preparation time is just 10 minutes. Other interesting desserts include o margarita mousse ("It tastes just like a margarita cocktail"), frozen sex-on-the-beach soufflé and Jock Daniel's chocolate pecan pie. There's also o guide to liqueurs and other spirits with Puente's recommendations for what to stock and whot to skip. A gin mortini sorbet sounds good, but the vote is still out on Aunt Pittypat's pecan pound cake with a Gone-With-the-Wind glaze. Renaissonce Books is the publisher. *Elegantly Easy* costs $16.95.

Night Moves: Charleston

Charleston's charming cobblestone streets and ontebellum mansions may seem frozen in time, but the city keeps evolving with first-rate dining and entertoinment choices. Start your evening with cocktoils at the Library at Vendue (23 Vendue Range), o rooftop bar overlooking the harbor in the historic district. Then heod over to Cypress Lowcountry Grille (167 Eost Boy St.) for delicious Corolina fare. (Try the truffled grits with lobster, shrimp and scallops and the crab cokes with sherried crob-roe cream.) Drop by High Cotton (199 East Bay St.) if you're in the mood to dine in a Twenties setting, or Chorleston Grill (224 King St.) in the Chorleston Place Hotel. Chef Bob Waggoner's inventive cuisine includes lobster tempuro and beef tournedos. Circa 1886 (149 Wentworth St.), a short cob ride owoy, is in the carriage house of the fabulous Wentworth Monsion. The best of Chorleston's bustling live music scene includes Music Farm (32 Ann St.) for contemporary sounds, Henry's Bar ond Restaurant (54 North Morket St.) for oll kinds of live music, including jazz, ond Mitchell's (102 North Market St.) for jazz or salsa. Cap the evening with whiskey and a cigar ot Club Habano (177 Meeting St.), which offers the lorgest selection of single-malt scotches and small-botch bourbons in town.

Clothesline: Khalil Kain

The star of *Juice*, *The Tiger Woods Story* and *Bones* soys he's big on anything you can wear on a basketboll court. "Fishbone is one of my favorite rock groups, and I have this old T-shirt of theirs thot I refuse to retire. It's tan, ond the sleeves are cut off. I sometimes wear it with ripped-up jeans with a seat so worn out I have had to get it patched." When Kain dresses up he likes suits by Armani, ond he olso says, "Miyake is pretty out there." For funky threads he shops at Union on La Brea in Los Angeles, "and I can always find something at Barneys. The whole point of fashion for men is getting spiffed up to impress some beautiful girl. Fortunately, I'm in a situation where I don't have to rely on that to get what I want."

Guys Are Talking About...

Fat Bastard. We're referring to the wine, not your brother-in-law. Fat Bastard, which is British slang for a full-bodied wine, is the right name for this vintage 2000 chardonnay. Winemaker Thierry Boudinaud creates it from grapes grown in the Languedoc Roussillon region of France. Aging in oak barrels gives it a fuller flavor. Price: about $10 a bottle. • *Survival*. Want to know what to do the next time you're in a shipwreck or a plane crash or last in the desert? Pull out your copy of *The Extreme Survival Almanac* and read up. Paladin Press' guide to almost every outdoor crisis imaginable. Bet Dick Cheney has a copy. Price: $45. Of course, the book's cover is weather resistant. • *Power Tools: An Electrifying Celebration and Grounded Guide* profiles over 200 tools with more than 400 photos and illustrations. The publisher, Taunton Press, claims the book is "the next best thing to owning every power tool on the planet." The price: $40.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

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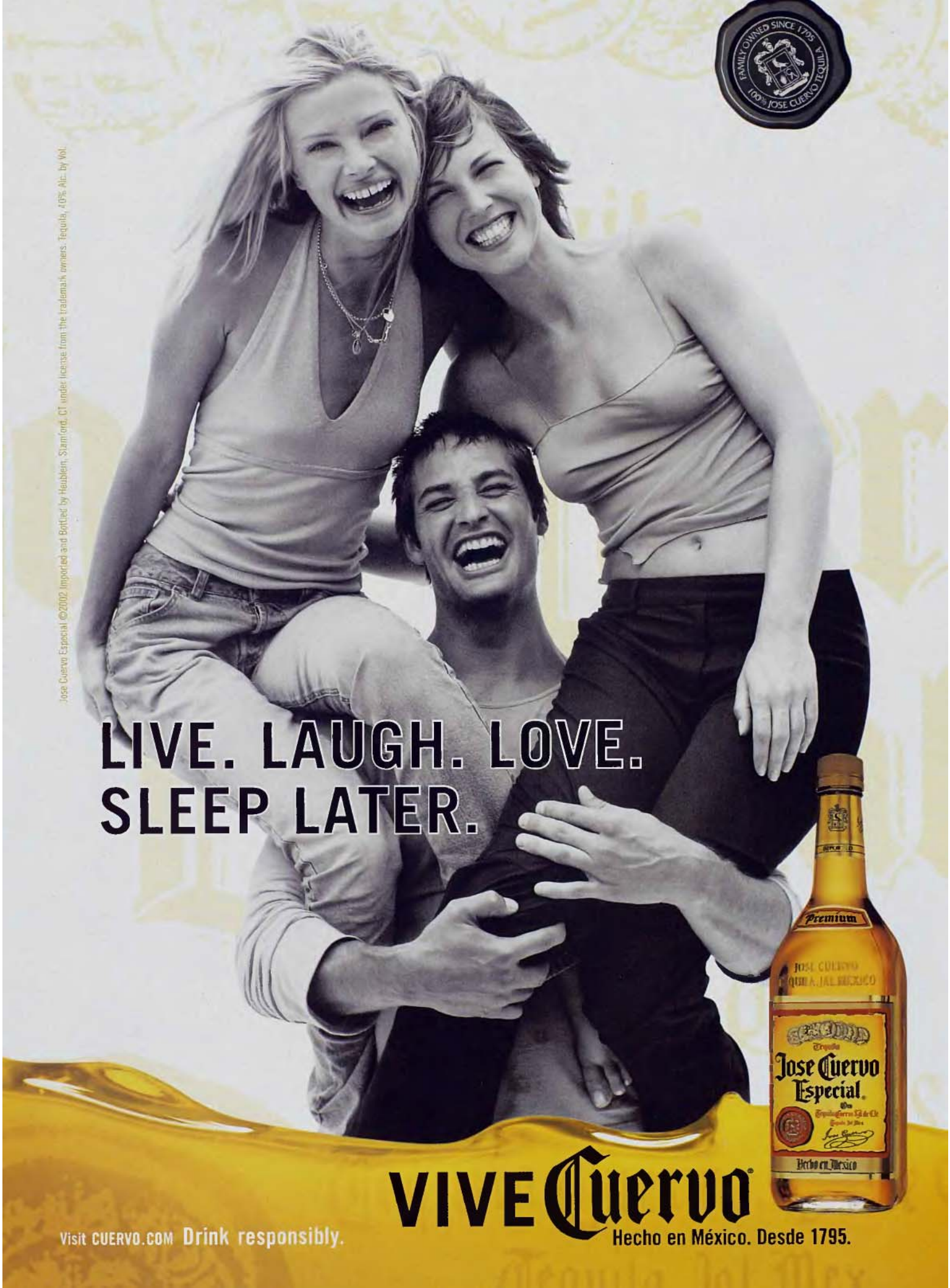

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The Playboy Advisor

On our fifth date I took my girlfriend to dinner. During the meal I caught myself quoting Mickey Rourke's character in one of my favorite movies, *9½ Weeks*. My girlfriend had never seen the movie and didn't get the reference. After dinner, we took a cab to the beach. As we fooled around in the back, I found myself quoting from the movie again. I meant no harm and it felt good to role-play. Letting her in on it would have made it feel fake. My girlfriend is smart, beautiful and in control of her life. I figured she might be looking for something different, and I was right. Once we hit the beach, things got heavy. I started talking filthy to her—mostly a mishmash of lines from the film—and she began to strip. We fucked like crazy. By the end of the evening I must have recited half the movie's dialogue. Yesterday she ordered a copy of *9½ Weeks* on DVD. She says she wants to watch it together on my birthday because I had mentioned how sexy it was. Shit. Should I confess about the lines I fed her? I don't want her to think I'm a creep. How can I let her know I was playing out a fantasy? It was the hottest night of my life.—D.J., Indianapolis, Indiana

Your girlfriend will feel cheated when she finds out. So we worked out a plan in which you set your DVD player to French language with Spanish subtitles, then insist the disc is defective. However, some of the women in the office pointed out that this would work only if your girlfriend were a nitwit. Instead, they suggested that you give her numerous hardcore erotic experiences in which you talk filthy in your own words. She'll still recognize the dialogue when you sit down to watch the film, but she'll be more forgiving if she knows you can do it on your own. If she insists on an explanation, tell her no one had ever inspired you to talk dirty before, and you fell back on the familiar.

I'd like to purchase a digital camera but am confused by all the talk of pixels and resolution. Can the Advisor help?—T.W., Peoria, Illinois

A digital camera's resolution is just one of many factors to consider when deciding what to buy; others are its capacity, size and features (see dcresource.com for more help). If you're judging a product by how large you can print the photos and still have them look sharp, you'll need at least two megapixels of resolution for 4-by-6-inch prints, at least 3 Mps for 5-by-7s and at least 4 Mps for 8-by-10s. These are general guidelines; some 2 Mp cameras may produce great 5-by-7s, for example. Resolution also can be expressed this way: 640x480 (web photos); 1024x768 (sharp up to 3-by-5), 1280x960 (5-by-7), 1600x1200 (8-by-10).

My workout partner and I have been stopping by a "full-service" massage parlor on the way home from the gym. From what I gather, the place is typical—15 minutes in a sauna, a table shower and a half-assed massage, followed by a hand job. Are these parlors legal? My friend says they are, and he cites the fact that at least 10 have been operating in the area for years. If they're illegal, why haven't they been shut down?—H.T., Baltimore, Maryland

Because the cops have better things to do. If massage parlors were legal, we'd have already published our list of the 25 best.

My wife is a vegetarian. She's worried that she might be ingesting meat byproducts when she swallows my semen. Can you put her mind at ease?—J.F., Toms River, New Jersey

For your sake, we'd better. Vegetarians don't eat meat because of concerns for the welfare of animals, or because they believe it's healthier. Assure your wife that no living thing suffered in the production of your semen—except you, waiting for your next orgasm. Semen contains protein but no meat, eggs or fish, and it's low-fat. Even vegans, who are stricter about the rules, agree that swallowing is not an issue. We found this at eatveg.com: "Oral sex is vegan even though it may involve putting flesh in your mouth, as it shouldn't involve any cruelty or exploitation, and said flesh is eventually returned to its owner." By the way, many women report that vegetarians' semen tastes better. What are you eating?

Last weekend I went out with a friend and his girlfriend. They've been together for five years. We had a lot to drink and ended up back at my place at four A.M. I suggested they sleep over, and we crawled into my bed. After a few minutes, my friend's girlfriend said, "I know what you guys are hinting at, so let's do it." The next thing I knew we were all going at it. She and I hit it off, and I think he noticed the sparks. He climbed out of bed, sat in a chair and began to sob. After a little fussing, she managed to calm him down and they left. I have spoken with her only once since that night, and she assured me everything was cool. Do I have a chance to get back into her pants, and how should I go about it?—J.M., New York, New York

Threesomes would be much simpler if they didn't involve so many people. Your friend had probably daydreamed about countless threesomes, but none involved watching you fuck his all-too-eager girlfriend. When the fantasy hit the fan, he wasn't prepared. You can ask this woman to return alone, but don't be surprised if she declines, at least for now. You were all drunk, she loves her boyfriend, it was a misunderstanding, etc. Chalk it up as one of life's little tragedies.

When my boyfriend and I were making out, he wiped his finger on his dick and got some pre-come on it. Then he fingered me in the vagina, but he swears the sperm had died. Can pre-come get a girl pregnant in this situation?—R.T., Columbia, South Carolina

Yes. Bite off his finger the next time he tries a stunt like that. The millions of sperm on his finger probably had died, but why risk it? You also should never have sex with a guy who insists that he'll pull out. By the time he makes his move, he's already released many drops of come without feeling it. But you might.

Is there such a thing as three-dimensional porn? If so, where can I buy it?—G.H., Pueblo, Colorado

You don't need to buy it. Just open your eyes during sex. Porn shot in 3D, like porn that's not shot in 3D, is mostly disappointing. You have a few options. The 1992 3D video Princess Orgasma and the Magic Bed is still available. It comes with a pair of Pulfrich glasses (one lens is darker than the other, and the image viewed through the darker lens reaches the brain slightly later). Vidmax 3D sells 16 collections of sex scenes shot in the mid-Nineties with alternate field stereography (the two best are Bedroom Cries and Boudoir Babes). To view the effect, slide one of the $50 videos into your VCR, then plug a pair of $125 shutter glasses into the player's output jack. Phone 909-480-0287 for details. The first 3D porn on DVD and the

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

necessary hardware is available for about $100 from ErotekDimensions.com (three new releases are expected later this year). Two dreadful hard-core films shot in the mid-Seventies for anaglyphic (red-blue) lenses, The Lollipop Girls in Hard Candy and Disco Dolls in Hot Skin, are popular on the midnight movie circuit. Finally, if you happen to be in Riverside, California in July for the National Stereoscopic Association convention, Adult Video News editor and 3D photographer Mark Kernes plans to present his annual midnight show of eye-popping hard-core shots taken on porn sets. Some images also appear as slide shows on the DVD versions of Unreal and Chloe Cums First. No glasses necessary—just stare hard.

I am a married 29-year-old man who thinks and talks about sex all the time. I believe most people at work find me funny and interesting, but one male coworker says my behavior is abnormal. He bet me 50 bucks that I couldn't go a week without talking about sex. Even after I took his money, he still says I'm abnormal. Don't most men think about sex constantly? I'm just open enough to say what most guys only think. What can I tell my co-worker to make him understand that I'm normal? Is he repressed, or jealous?—M.O., Madison, Wisconsin

Don't worry about that guy; some people aren't comfortable with discussions of sex even while they're doing it. We have these thoughts to share: (1) Be careful that your "open discussion" doesn't bite you in the ass. If a female colleague takes offense, seeks revenge or covets your job, it would be easy to raise the specter of a hostile work environment. You don't have to be guilty—the accusation would be damaging enough. (2) Can you carry on a conversation about anything else? Sex is interesting and often funny, but a guy who talks and jokes only about sex is neither. (3) Most of what a guy thinks is better left unsaid.

What is the etiquette for using toothpicks? My wife says they are appropriate only in private, but I've been to restaurants where the waiter brings them on a plate.—M.M., Tulsa, Oklahoma

He brings them assuming you are skilled enough to use them without attracting attention. Most people aren't, which is why the general rule since at least the 13th century has been not to pick your teeth at the table.

My wife opened a secret e-mail account so she could write to a guy she knows from work. I confronted her, but she feels it's no big deal. She said she did it only because this guy felt uncomfortable sending messages to our home account, where I might see them. Am I overreacting?—J.M., Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Sounds fishy. How'd you find out about it? We'd wait for more evidence before going ballistic. Maybe the guy has personal problems and values your wife's advice but doesn't want to broadcast his business. On the other hand, maybe one of the problems is his interest in a married co-worker.

When I was in high school my family and I visited my grandmother one Sunday afternoon. While everyone talked in the living room, I fell asleep on the floor. When I awoke I discovered I'd had a wet dream. Are the mental images during a wet dream so realistic that they alone cause an orgasm, or does there have to be physical stimulation as well? I hate to think my poor grandmother was watching me hump the floor. Please ease my mind.—R.G., Indianapolis, Indiana

Your grandmother? What about the rest of your kin? Rest easy. If you had been acting out your dream, someone would have woken you, especially if the cat was in danger. We reach climax more quickly during sleep than when we're awake. What likely happened is that the muscle convulsions during climax woke you. To the outsider it looked, at most, like you were sleeping deeply and then jerked yourself awake. You don't need physical stimulation or even an erection to have a wet dream. You also can reach orgasm without ejaculating—you just might not realize it without the sticky mess as evidence. That same lack of physical evidence is one reason wet dreams among women are underreported. Sex researcher Alfred Kinsey found that while men had sleep orgasms most often in their teens, women had them most often in their 40s.

Is there such a thing as a natural-born lover?—T.S., Lufkin, Texas

No. Everyone fumbles at first. But some people get a head start because they have parents or a school that provides realistic sex education, and they masturbate, which teaches them how and where they like to be touched before anyone else does the touching. They also read and watch erotica for ideas, never run out of lube, aren't afraid of fantasies and understand that good lovin'—like any skill—takes practice.

About 25 years ago I had a one-night stand with a co-worker. At the time, I had been married for about two years. My colleague and I agreed to meet for drinks during a conference, and she took me back to her room. She had a reputation for being an easy lay. She also had one of those pussies that grabs you while you fuck. Her boyfriend showed up unannounced the next day, and we didn't get together again. A couple of months later, she left the company. I hadn't thought much about her until a year ago when the phone rang and a male caller asked if I remembered having an affair with the woman. I had forgotten her name, but he reminded me. It could have been her boyfriend (now husband?) or someone else; I wasn't sure. My wife was in the room, so I pretended I didn't know what he was talking about. He said he would have her call me. You can imagine how I feel every time the phone rings and my wife answers. What should I do? I have friends in law enforcement who I'm sure could find the woman for me. Should I attempt that, or try to put this out of my mind?—A.A., San Clemente, California

Her pussy still has a grip. Here's our guess at the origins of the call: The woman shared stories of her sexual past with her current boyfriend, and they decided to play mind games with her ex-lovers. It was more mischief than malice, with your discomfort providing a few laughs. Hunting her down is not a good idea—it sends the wrong signal and emphasizes your vulnerability ("please don't tell my wife"). You may never reveal the truth, but don't complicate the lie. Your situation illustrates one of the many downsides of cheating—you gave a stranger power over your marriage.

I saw a book called *Naked Pictures of My Ex-Girlfriends*—some guy published a collection of nude photos of his exes. If I wanted to do that, how would I go about it?—S.N., New York, New York

You'd have to date the same women. Actually, the book is an entertaining hoax—one we wanted badly to believe. You'd need a signed model release from each of your ex-girlfriends to publish their photographs. That seems plausible only if you've been dating Playmates.

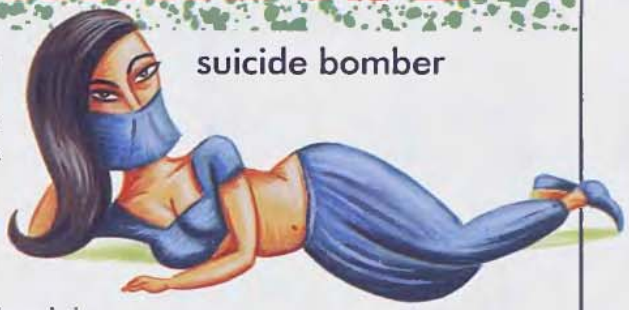
My deodorant creates yellow stains on the armpits of my white dress shirts after about a dozen wearings. My cleaner says there's nothing he can do. Is there any way to prevent this?—K.R., Los Angeles, California

The stains aren't caused by deodorant but by secretions from your apocrine glands, which are found in your pits and near your genitals and produce those funky pheromones designed to turn the ladies to mush. The more stressed you are, the more secretions. Although the secretions should decrease as you get older, your cleaner is right—there's not much you can do to prevent stains except to wear undershirts, throw each shirt into the wash instead of the hamper or retire to a beach resort. One fashion maven we saw on Howard Stern's TV show demonstrated how she puts maxipads in the armpits of her jackets to protect them. You could try that, but don't get caught.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com.*

VIRGINS IN PARADISE

the strange erotic vision of a suicide bomber



Cartoon number one: Osama bin Laden wakes up in paradise to find himself surrounded by 72 of the ugliest skanks in all eternity. An amused Allah says, "Why do you think they're still virgins?"

Cartoon number two: Bin Laden wakes up in paradise to find himself surrounded by 72 of the most delectable nymphets in all eternity. With an astonished look, he says to Allah, "What do you mean, they have to remain virgins?"

Screenplay: A martyr wakes up in paradise to find himself surrounded by 72 of the most delectable virgins in all of eternity. So many women, so much time. Does he rush through all 72 of them? Does he have a good time? After all, what do virgins know about sex? For that matter, what does he know about sex? In all probability he is a virgin himself or, at most, a veteran of a few lap dances.

Following the events of September 11, we were told that Muslim suicide bombers believe their final action will admit them to a place where they will be married to or serviced by 72 houris—virgins created by Allah for the reward of the righteous. These supposed gardens of bliss are described in vivid detail in the Koran and in commentaries known as Hadith. At first glance it is a more interesting heaven than that described in Christian texts. The faithful are depicted reclining on thrones, served by youths who never grow old, swallowing goblets of a pure drink that will not give them hangovers or a beer gut, eating succulent fruit, listening to the play of water from endless fountains and savoring the beautiful, bashful, high-bosomed, dark-eyed women who are as "fair as corals and rubies," and as "chaste as sheltered eggs."

The number 72 does not appear in the Koran, but virgins abound, creatures who come with Allah's warranty that "no man or jinn [spirit] has ever touched them before."

The precise nature of the houris is a topic of debate among Islamic scholars. Some argue that the paradise of the Koran is not a place of wild abandon but of soft-focus innocence. Ziauddin Sardar told *The Observer* that the virgins or "houris derive their name from the eyes of gazelles. They personify beauty and innocence; these eyes have never cast their gaze on sin." As for conversation, "In the gardens of paradise, the houris utter only one word: peace."

We're not going to quibble with anyone's vision of the afterlife. Heaven cannot be verified. In the past decade dozens of Islamic men, many just teenagers, have turned themselves into human weapons. It's clear that these guys had some strange notions about sex. In his will, the apparent leader of the September 11 attacks, Mohamed Atta, insisted that no one see or touch his genitals after his death. (For all his meticulous planning, did he overlook the effect that flying into a building would have on his corpse?) The *San Francisco Chronicle* related the story of a young Palestinian suicide bomber in Gaza who, preparing for martyrdom, covered his penis with toilet paper to protect and preserve it for paradise.

Many cultures put a feminine face on war in order to motivate their warriors, be it Helen of Troy (the face that launched a thousand ships), the Valkyries' escort of Viking warriors to Valhalla, Vargas women decorating the planes of WWII bomber pilots, or the chaste American girls depicted on propaganda posters as being threatened by the enemy. Our actions against the Taliban quickly moved from retribution to a campaign for the liberation of Afghani women. Removing the veil was a turn-on.

In an essay that appears in the 1982 book *Women and Islam*, Fatima Mernissi addresses the Islamic obsession with virginity, noting its use as a weapon in an extended power play: "Virginity is a matter between men, in which women merely play the role of silent intermediaries. The concepts of honor and virginity locate the prestige of a man between the legs of a woman. It is not by subjugating nature or by conquering mountains and rivers that a man secures his status, but by controlling the movements of women related to him by blood or by marriage, and by forbidding them any contact with male strangers."

How greatly do they value virginity? Consider so-called honor killings, in which Islamic males have the right to murder sisters and daughters suspected of sexual misconduct. In the old patriarchal religions, virgins were serious business—as in property.

Lest you think this unfortunate situation is solely a claim of Islam, pick up your Old Testament. The Bible is filled with tales of virgins offered as the spoils of war or as distractions, such as when the host in Judges offers his virgin daughter to appease a crowd of ruffians. Lot did the same in Sodom. To see more of America's warped notions on the value of virginity, one has only to read an abstinence education textbook.

When will sex be delivered from the clutches of religion? When will religion embrace sexual equality instead of some ancient notion of male honor?

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

LESBIAN GIRL SCOUTS!

once again, the religious right targets gays in scouting

By DANIEL RADOSH

For years, fans of double entendres had a chuckle over the portrayal of Girl Scout life on the back of the old peanut butter patties box: "I just love water sports! Our teachers are complete pros! Jamila and I actually synchronized our strokes. We did the whole length of the pool on our backs. Girl Scout camp is the greatest!"

Now, cheered by the success of the Boy Scouts in ostracizing gay men, the religious right has decided that the possibility of lesbians in the Girl Scouts isn't a joke—it's a national emergency. In newsletters and action alerts, fundamentalists have raised the specter of sapphic indoctrination among America's preteens. They've even organized cookie boycotts. It's all designed to pressure the Girl Scouts of America to be more like the Boy Scouts, whose famously hard-won battle for the right to discriminate against homosexual men has made that organization heroic in the Bible Belt and an embarrassment to the rest of the country.

Other than the word scouts and a fondness for 'smores, the GSA and BSA don't have all that much in common. The two groups have never been affiliated. The Girl Scouts traditionally have been more socially progressive. Founded in 1912 on the principle that girls should have a life outside the home, the GSA is designed to help girls develop "strong values, a social conscience and the conviction of their own potential and self-worth."

To many on the far right, that sort of talk smacks of feminism, which is where lesbians hide out before they pounce. Indeed, the assault on the Girl Scouts is not limited to its alleged status as a gay recruitment center. "The Girl Scouts' leaders hope to make their youthful charges into the shock troops of an ongoing feminist revolution," Kathryn Jean Lopez decried in a *National Review* article that fueled the current attacks. The Reverend Donald Wildmon of the American Family Association, James Dobson of Focus on the Family and the usual gang of zealots chastised the GSA for its attitudes toward, among other things, gun control, affirmative action, abortion, environmentalism and auto repair (the Girl Scouts offer a badge for it; Lopez apparently thinks it's unladylike).

Of special concern to the anti–Girl Scouts movement is the organization's ruling in 1993 that belief in the Judeo-Christian God is not essential to scouting, and that girls reciting the official promise—which includes the phrase "to serve God and my country"—may substitute Allah, "my faith" or anything else that they feel comfortable with. In 1996 this caused one troop leader to accuse the GSA of condoning witchcraft.

AMANDA DUFFY

But time and again, the prophets of doom fall back on their most frightful incantation: America's lambs are being sacrificed to the lesbian agenda. "Girl Scouts are not vigilant about protecting girls from lesbianism, and they don't mind if it gets promoted under their aegis," asserts Robert Knight of the Culture and Family Institute.

Why this panic? It's not like there have been rampant stories of Girl Scouts leaders' being kicked out of the organization for eating Brownies. A search of local newspaper archives over the past 15 years turned up a single troubling incident—a 19-year-old Scout leader admitted to French-kissing a 12-year-old Scout. But the morality cops' fear isn't just shared sleeping bags. It's the idea that Girl Scouts might know that lesbians exist at all. The horror stories they drum up include tangential issues, such as a council in New Jersey that leases space once a year to a camp for "children of lesbian, gay, transgendered, biracial, adoptive, single-parent and other progressive families" and another in St. Louis that permitted a 17-year-old to earn a community service award for her work with a gay teen support group. (These decisions, like many in the Girl Scouts, are made at the local level.)

One particularly fertile source of material for the homophobes is an obscure, out-of-print book titled *On My Honor: Lesbians Reflect on Their Scouting Experiences*. In it, the *National Review*'s Lopez found chilling accounts of "butch" counselors who "wore men's clothes and had slicked-back short hair," as well as an offhand estimate by some Girl Scouts staffers—frequently repeated among the right as if it had scientific value—that one in three paid Girl Scouts employees is a lesbian. This figure is impossible to confirm—or even tally in the first place (did they pass out a survey?)—and seems wildly improbable. Meanwhile, GSA critics who have latched on to the book rarely discuss the sections in which women recount experiences of homophobia within the Girl Scouts. Nor do they mention that the book's editor also published a volume on lesbian nuns that led to diatribes against the Catholic Church.

Through all of this, the GSA has stood by its official position, a kind of "don't ask, don't tell" in kneesocks. "The Girl Scouts organization does not discriminate, but we do not endorse any particular lifestyle and do not recruit lesbians as a group. We have firm standards relating to appropriate conduct. We do not permit sexual displays of any sort by our members. We do not permit the advocacy or promotion of a personal lifestyle or sexual orientation. These are private matters for girls and their families to address. Girl Scouts volunteers and staff must at all times serve as appropriate role models for girls."

Finally, somebody who is actually thinking of the girls.

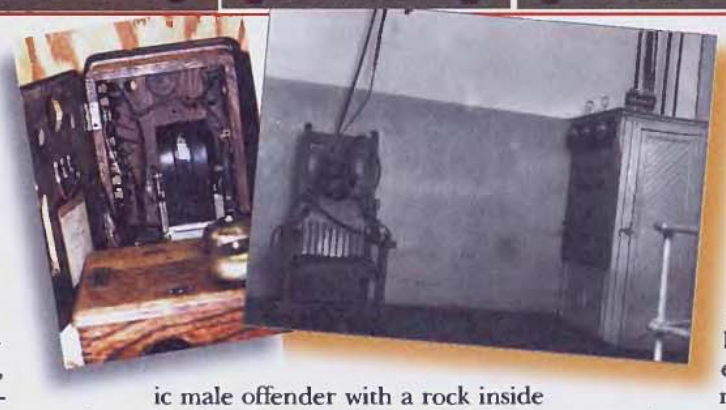
DEATH ROW ONLINE

a tour of some killer state sites

By JOHN D. THOMAS

The cell is six feet by nine feet. It has no windows. As you pace back and forth, everything looks cold: splotchy concrete walls and floor, a stainless steel sink, metal commode and single cot.

Unlike the inmates who actually live in these cages on death row, you can escape with a click of the mouse. That's because you're on a virtual tour, courtesy of the Florida Department of Corrections (dc.state.fl.us/oth/deathrow). You cannot yet watch an actual execution—the state believes that would be distasteful—but the site has a list of every inmate the state has killed, photographs of those still waiting to die and trivia such as the youngest (16 years) and the oldest (72) executed prisoners and the inmate who has been waiting the longest (Gary Alvord, since April 1974).



Many of the 37 other states with the death penalty have posted similar sites about their killer bureaucracies, but few have the depth and scope of the Sunshine State's (even Oklahoma, which this past year executed more people than any other state, devotes only a single online page to the topic). One exception is California, which tells its visitors the ingredients in the injection cocktail ("Five grams of sodium pentothal in 20 to 25 cc of diluent, 50 cc of pancuronium bromide, 50 cc of potassium chloride"—don't try this at home), the number of condemned prisoners who aren't dead yet (607) and the first person to die after the state switched in 1996 from gas to lethal injection (William Bonin, convicted of killing 14 boys). The site, at cdc.state.ca.us/issues/capital/capital.htm, also has an extensive set of color photos, including a shot of two holding cells at San Quentin, a peek inside the gas chamber installed there in 1938 and an image from the "female condemned exercise yard."

As you'd expect from a state that claims never to have executed an innocent person, officials at the Texas Department of Criminal Justice put a lot of sweat and pride into their death row site at tdcj.state.tx.us/stat/deathrow.htm. They list each of the 455 condemned men with a mug shot and synopsis of the crime. Here we learn that convicted murderer James Porter "fatally assaulted an adult Hispanic male offender with a rock inside a pillowcase, a homemade knife and his boots," and that Cathy Lynn Henderson killed a three-month-old boy in her care.

The Texas site also lets you mark your calendar with the dates of the state's upcoming killings or scan a list of final meal requests dating back to 1982. Jeffery Tucker, put to death last November, asked for half a dozen pieces of fried chicken, potato salad, macaroni and cheese, eight cinnamon rolls, a pint of vanilla ice cream, a pitcher of milk and ketchup. Gerald Mitchell, killed the month before, wanted a single bag of Jolly Ranchers, in assorted flavors.

North Carolina, a state with 207 men and six women on death row, could join the ranks of the best sites simply by adding more photos. For now, it provides only three poorly lit images (doc.state.nc.us/dop/deathpenalty), along with reams of facts that schoolchildren will find helpful for reports. The state breaks down the list of executed inmates by decade—a nice touch—and includes a handy update of the latest action: "executed," "stay," "commuted." The site also offers this glimpse into the condemneds' daily lives: "The day begins on death row when correction officers start the prison's count of inmates at six in the morning. The death row population spends nearly all their time in either their cells or the adjacent dayroom. They may stay in their dayroom from 7 A.M. until 11 P.M. While in the dayroom, they may view television. Death row inmates have at least one hour per day for exercise and showers. Correction officers escort the death row inmates in groups from each cell block wing to outdoor exercise areas, weather permitting, two days a week. The inmates can play basketball, walk or jog."

A gallery posted by the state of Arkansas (state.ar.us/doc/gallery2.html) includes photos of the prison system's first tractor and a 1969 Cummins Prison show by Johnny Cash, along with a sequence of images tracing the increasing efficiency of the state in killing prisoners (from gallows to Old Sparky to lethal injection). The highlight is a color photograph of the Tucker Telephone, which, the accompanying caption explains, was "used to torture inmates." Helpfully, the statement adds that the "practice ended in the Seventies."

READER

FALWELL'S FOLLIES

In December you published a transcript from *The 700 Club* in which Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson blame the ACLU and homosexuals for September 11. You called it "Assholes." I beg to differ. Unlike the religious right, assholes serve a useful purpose.

Wilmer Allman
Freeport, Texas

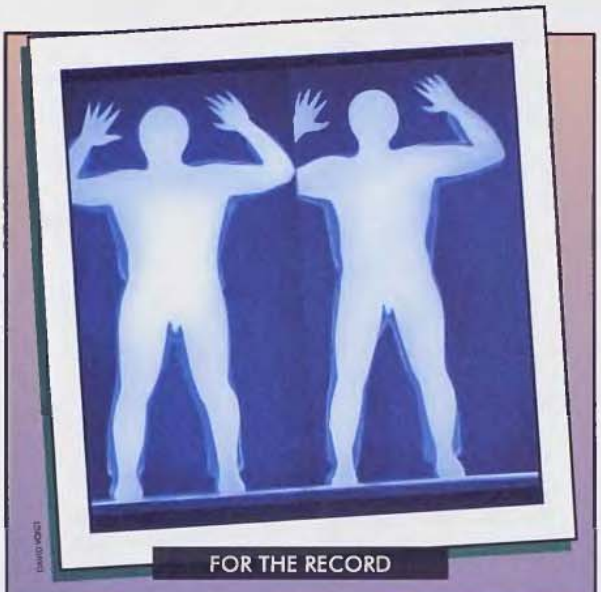
COPS AT YOUR DOOR

In December a reader criticized a statement by the Playboy Advisor that you should never let the police into your home without a warrant, even if you are innocent. In this case, the reader accused the Advisor of supporting child porn. How far from reality can this guy be? In this country, a person accused of dealing in child pornography is guilty until proven innocent, and then he is still guilty. I know from experience. I made the error of pissing off a federal informer. For reasons that will never be clear, a case of mistaken identity led this slime to inquire by e-mail if I wanted to buy illegal porn. My first mistake was to respond (my office mates thought it would be a goof), and my second was to flame the guy when he persisted. In retaliation, he told postal inspectors that I was a potential customer. A "sting" followed. We're talking Keystone Kops here, involving the wrong house, the wrong computer and, obviously, no illegal material. Despite this, and despite a standardized test that showed I have no sexual interest in children, the federal prosecutor managed to get an indictment. With my back against the wall, I agreed to a plea. My family (my wife and three-year-old daughter) and I were destroyed in many senses of the word. I know from researching this that I am not alone.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

As a police officer, the last thing I want is carte blanche to enter someone's home without judicial process. Imagine a country in which we are subject to random searches of our homes, computers and cars without probable cause or exigent circumstances, simply to appear tough on child abuse. It's important to catch the bad guys, but not at the expense of constitutional rights. I think most of my fellow officers would agree. They're always welcome in my home—for coffee, lunch or a friendly visit. But if they're looking for evidence of a crime, they'd better have a warrant.

Eric Francis
Beech Grove, Indiana



FOR THE RECORD

NICE PACKAGE

"If there is ever a place where a person has a reasonable expectation of privacy, it is under their clothing."

—An ACLU spokesman, criticizing a new radiation imaging technology that may soon be used in U.S. airports. The system allows security guards to see the outline of a person's body. The ACLU says the scanners reveal enough that a guard could tell you the diameter of a woman's nipples or whether a man has been circumcised.

PRAYING IN THE OVAL OFFICE

Christopher Hitchens' essay about George W. Bush and his colleagues' praying before their Cabinet meetings ("Faith," *The Playboy Forum*, January) nauseated me.

Hitchens begins by stating that the picture of Cabinet members with their heads bowed "did not prove they were actually praying." He quips that they might be thinking about rape. Clearly, Hitchens is trying to harm the reputations of a number of fine people.

Hitchens later asserts that the Bush administration's "new emphasis on values" is "a tired recycling of the election's propaganda." Like the rest of the Socialist elite, Hitchens does not like values, especially when they are associated with religion. His understanding of the Constitution is gravely deficient. The founding fathers made it clear that they were establishing a nation in which there would be freedom *of* religion, not freedom *from* religion. A small but telling comment: Hitchens states that "like Clinton, Bush goes to church to see and be seen. This is not a religious man." Where's his proof? An awful lot is riding on that suspicion.

Hitchens attacks Attorney General John Ashcroft in the most oblique way by suggesting that instead of starting the day with a Bible study, he should start it with a study of the Bill of Rights. Cute, but wrong. When the attorney general was in nomination hearings, he made it clear that he would enforce the laws of this land as written, even if he didn't care for them personally. I never doubted him, because I knew that like any genuinely religious man, he would keep his word.

This is no time to be attacking our nation's leaders. Would Hitchens have made the same remarks about Winston Churchill in 1939?

Michael Altfeld
Oakton, Virginia

I enjoy reading the *Forum* every month because the views expressed in your pages are so often diametrically opposed to mine. After reading Christopher Hitchens' assault on the right, I reflected on just how thankful I am that after September 11, George W. Bush, Colin Powell, Richard Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld were calling the shots. Can you imagine what would have happened if Al Gore and Joe Lieberman were in office? They'd probably invite the leaders of al Qaeda to sit down for a cultural tolerance session, with hand holding and incense burning.

Jim Kennedy
Indianapolis, Indiana

RESPONSE

PLAYBOY AT WORK

Your readers may be interested in hearing my story, both as an example of a modern farce and as a cautionary note to anyone who may find themselves in a similar situation. Until last year, I was a supervisor with Qwest Communications (formerly U.S. West). I had been with the company for nearly 30 years. In August 1999, I went to lunch with nine co-workers at a local Hooters. One of these co-workers is the stepmother of Kristi Cline, your September 1999 Centerfold. Kristi came to the restaurant, and most of my co-workers brought their own copies of the magazine for her to sign. Soon after this lunch, I happened to be promoted to a management position.

Then, in July 2000, I had lunch with Kristi's stepmother and Kristi, who gave me a signed copy of her PLAYBOY issue as well as an autographed 2001 Playmate calendar. After lunch I returned to the office and placed both items in the bottom of a locked desk drawer.

Both the magazine and calendar sat there, untouched, for more than six months. One morning in February of

It's that time again. This past December, London's *Literary Review* awarded its ninth annual Bad Sex in Fiction Award to the most "crude, tasteless and redundant" description of erotic coupling in a novel. Here are a few of the nominees, along with the winner:

"The wind thrust between her legs, its icy blast displaced by solid warmth as he covered her like a dog. The thing inside her jerked and threshed, a rising salmon, plunging home to spawn. 'Yes!' she shouted, relishing the scarlet pain in her knees as he kept grinding them against the barnacled surface of the groyne. She arched against him, picking up his rhythm—an angry, breathless rhythm—as he slammed and thrust against her, his barbarous nails clawing her bare back. The sea was joining in: slavering towards her; panting, foaming, gathering speed; one headstrong wave swelling up and up, sweeping her to treacherous heights before crashing, pounding down. There was a last frantic spasm, followed by a cry. His voice or hers? She couldn't tell."—Wendy Perriam, *Dreams, Demons and Desires*

"She confiscated the zapper and slid my hand between her thighs. It was wet and warm down there, which was only to be expected, but she might just as well have deposited my hand on a pizza for all the effect it had. I actually found myself wondering if I would be able to tell a pizza and my wife apart by touch alone, and my uncertainty saddened me immeasurably. She arched her body against mine, and I felt her desire surge over me like a tidal wave. In a moment it would break on the reef of my incapacity. . . ."—Doris Dorrie, *Where Do We Go From Here?*

"The night of Alfred's 75th birthday had found Chip alone at Tilton Ledge pursuing sexual congress with his red chaise longue. He was kneeling at the feet of his chaise and sniffing its plush minutely, inch by inch, in hopes that some vaginal tang might still be lingering eight weeks after Melissa Paquette had lain here. He worked his lips down into the chaise's buttoned navels and kissed the lint and grit and crumbs and hairs that had collected in them. None of the three spots where he thought he smelled Melissa was unambiguously tangy, but after exhaustive comparison he was able to settle on the least questionable of the three spots, near a button just south of the backrest, and give it his full nasal attention. He fingered other buttons with both hands, the cool plush chafing his nether parts in a poor approximation of Melissa's skin, until finally he achieved sufficient belief in the smell's reality—sufficient faith that he still possessed some relic of Melissa—to consummate the act."—Jonathan Franzen, *The Corrections*

And the winner:

"Her hand is moving away from my knee and heading north. Heading unnervingly and with a steely will towards the pole. And, like Sir Ranulph Fiennes, Pamela will not easily be discouraged. I try twitching, and then shaking my leg, but to no avail. At last, disastrously, I try squeezing her hand painfully between my bony thighs, but this only serves to inflame her ardour the more. Ever northward moves her hand, while she smiles languorously at my right ear. And when she reaches the north pole, I think in wonder and terror . . . she will surely want to pitch her tent."—Christopher Hart, *Rescue Me*

last year, I noticed that my desk had been broken into. The Playboy items had been removed, along with nine or so photos taken at an after-work party. I reported the break-in to my manager, who said he already knew about it. He also told me that an unnamed co-worker had filed a sexual harassment complaint against me, based on the discovery of alleged pornographic material in my desk. I was shocked, but he told me not to worry, that it wasn't anything serious.

The human resources department began an investigation. I thought the charge was absurd and would quickly be dismissed, so I admitted freely to keeping the PLAYBOY and calendar locked in my desk. However, I denied that either could be considered pornographic, and I reiterated the fact that I had never looked at or shown them to anyone. Qwest also claimed that my collection of personal photos had been of "an intimate nature," when they were nothing out of the ordinary. The most "intimate" of the photos showed me hugging a female co-worker.

About four weeks later, I was informed that I had been found in violation of Qwest's sexual harassment policy. It said that, as a manager, I am responsible for establishing and promoting a work environment free of sexual harassment. I was told I could either resign or be fired. That's not much of a choice, especially after 29 years of service. I resigned under duress in lieu of being fired. I also hired an employment attorney, Robert Martinez, who helped me file an age discrimination complaint against Qwest with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. I am 54 years old with a good work record, and I'm convinced that younger workers would not have been terminated on such ridiculous charges. If a PLAYBOY in a locked drawer is sexual harassment, what does Qwest consider the many bra and panty ads visible in daily newspapers that people read at their desks?

Thomas Mares
Albuquerque, New Mexico

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.

FORUM F.Y.I.

Before your next game of naked Twister, give Contraception: The Board Game a spin. Created by a university health lecturer in the UK, the game is designed to teach 13- to 16-year-olds about safer sex. Instead of a boot or a thimble, players move contraceptives around a board adorned with diagrams of the male and female reproductive organs. To advance, each teen must correctly answer questions about pregnancy and STDs, practice slipping condoms on a plastic dildo and learn about the services available at area sexual health clinics.

terrorizing the bill of rights
By JAMES BOVARD

Q: How do you find a needle in a haystack?

A: Set fire to the haystack.

Following the September 11 attacks, Congress joined the largest manhunt in history by passing a 342-page bill called the Uniting and Strengthening America by Providing Appropriate Tools Required to Intercept and Obstruct Terrorism Act. The bill's acronym, USA PATRIOT, revealed the depth of feeling, if not thought, that had gone into the measure. In support of the bill, House Judiciary Committee chairman James Sensenbrenner declared, "The first civil right of every American is to be free of domestic terrorism."

USA PATRIOT rewrote laws that had been put in place to curb past government abuses. It gave Attorney General John Ashcroft powers that would have been unthinkable a few months before. Lawmakers claimed they were bringing the Bill of Rights up to date, allowing law enforcement to operate efficiently in the age of the cell phone and laptop.

Thanks to USA PATRIOT and the flurry of executive orders that have followed, our government now can more easily conduct secret trials, listen to privileged conversations between prisoners and their counsel, imprison people indefinitely on minor charges without even confirming they are being held, eavesdrop on any telephone that a suspect may use (including those in public places such as airports), sort through thousands of private e-mails while promising not to read "content" (a term left undefined), conduct "sneak and peak" searches for physical evidence without notifying the suspect at the time, rummage through school records of foreign students and appoint bank clerks and employers as deputy counterterrorists (with no training). The CIA and other intelligence groups have been allowed back into the domestic arena. All manner of checks and balances, of oversight, have been tossed onto the bonfire.

In some cases, agencies seeking wiretaps in criminal investigations no longer need establish probable cause. A month after Bush signed USA PATRIOT, the administration went even further. It proposed "fill-in-the-blank"

BAIT AND SWITCH

wiretaps on suspects when federal agents do not know the person's name. The Bush administration also wanted to allow agents up to 72 hours after conducting an "emergency" wiretap or search to request ex post facto permission from a judge for the intrusion.

USA PATRIOT is a classic bait and switch. Although its stated purpose is to defeat domestic terrorism, the government's new power reaches far beyond box cutters. For starters, the law defines domestic terrorism as activities involving "acts dangerous to human life" that, among other things, may "appear to be intended to influence the policy of a government by intimidation or coercion." Perhaps the lawmakers saw only images of airliners flying into skyscrapers, but the language is broad enough to encompass many less-extreme activities. It may take only a few scuffles at a rally to transform a protest group into a terrorist entity. The new thinking would allow the government to drop the hammer on environmental extremists (even those who are not spiking trees), anti-trade fanatics (even those who don't trash Starbucks) and anti-abortion protesters (even those who don't attack doctors). Even if the violence at a rally is initiated by a government agent provocateur—as happened at some Sixties antiwar protests—the feds could still reap the power to treat all of a group's members as terrorists.

And it will not be necessary to have participated in a rowdy street demonstration to be indicted under this act. If you provide a demonstrator with a place to sleep, you could be found guilty of aiding and abetting terrorism. Likewise, if you donate to an organization that may in the future be classified as a terrorist entity—including Greenpeace, the Gun Owners of America and Operation Rescue—you could face prison. Are such concerns far-fetched? Unfortunately, no. *The Philadelphia Inquirer* examined terrorism prosecutions from 1997 to 2001 (before the definition of terrorism was expanded). Among the supposed acts of terror were a tenant who impersonated an FBI agent in a call to his landlord protesting an eviction, an airline passenger who got drunk on a flight from China and demanded more liquor in an unruly fashion and a guy who asked his shrink for medicine because voices were telling him to kill George W.

Many of the bill's provisions are not bound by definitions of terrorist. New powers can be used against those suspected of breaking a criminal law, be it wearing the fur of an endangered species or being less than truthful to an IRS agent. As for the roving wiretaps and e-mail surveillance, you don't even have to be a suspect to have your right of privacy sacrificed.

CLAY BUTLER

The idea that sacrificed civil rights are the price we pay for security in times of crisis is hardly new. Such thinking seeks to justify the perpetual detention of terrorist suspects and the incarceration of those who criticize homeland security or disagree with Ashcroft's designation of certain groups as terrorists. There are historical precedents. President John Adams used sedition laws to lock up dissenting newspaper editors and the occasional congressman. Abraham Lincoln suspended habeas corpus during the Civil War. World War I gave us the Espionage Act, which made it illegal to "willfully utter, print, write or publish any disloyal, profane, scurrilous or abusive language about the form of government of the United States." And the list goes on. How far will we go?

The Bill of Rights does not distinguish between citizens and immigrants; it protects individual rights, not those of a privileged class. But the Attorney General now needs only to certify that he has "reasonable grounds to believe that the alien is engaged in any activity that endangers the national security" to detain an alien. But, we were proud to learn, those who are in custody still have some rights. When the Justice Department refused to disclose the names of its detainees, Ashcroft explained that the silence was necessary to protect their privacy.

Speaking before Congress, Ashcroft defended the secrecy of military tribunals thusly: "Are we supposed to read them their Miranda rights, hire a flamboyant defense lawyer, bring them back to the U. S. to create a new cable network of Osama TV or what have you, and provide a worldwide platform from which propaganda can be developed?" Well, yes. Better that than taking them into a soccer stadium and executing them without a trial, without evidence—or, worse, with secret evidence. The Bill of Rights was designed to protect individuals (not just citizens) from such overzealousness—or is it arrogance?

USA PATRIOT treats every American as a potential suspect, every federal agent as an angel. It asks us to ignore such dark episodes as the surveillance of Martin Luther King Jr., Cointelpro, the murder of Black Panther Fred Hampton and the Red files of the McCarthy era. Ashcroft scoffs at criticism and says simply, "Trust me." But already, the definition of the enemy has changed. In the hearing before Congress, the attorney general chastised potential critics, saying, "To those who scare peace-loving people with phantoms of lost liberty, my message is this: Your tactics only aid terrorists, for they erode our national unity and diminish our resolve. They give ammunition to America's enemies and pause to America's friends."

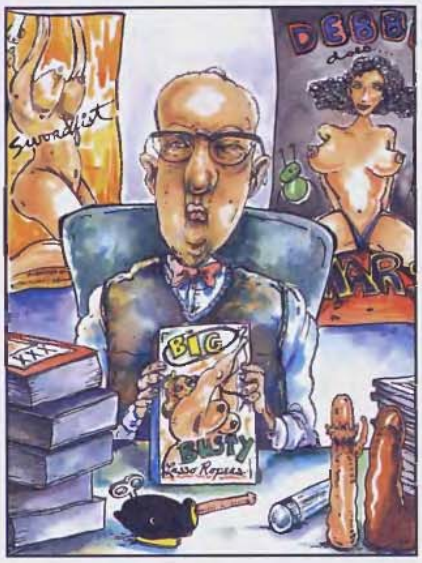
The Bush doctrine that "you're with us or with the terrorists" has come home.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PORN 404

TORONTO—*A radio producer with an interest in pornography—he owned 500 books, 800 magazines, 2000 films and videos, 300 computer disks of online materi-*



al and numerous studies and legal documents—donated the stash to the University of Toronto's Center of Criminology. Last April, a professor there received a $145,000 grant to catalog and research the newly named Sexual Representation Research Collection, but it has taken several months of bureaucratic wrangling for work to begin. "It doesn't surprise me," the producer said. "Whenever there's sex, there's trouble." The professor believes that a century from now, researchers will find that exploring the SRRC is "like going into the ruins of Pompeii."

DURANGO, COLORADO—*Last fall an English professor at Fort Lewis College announced that she would be teaching a course called the Poetics of Porn. Eighteen seniors—11 women and seven men—signed on to study the verbal and visual language of pornography. Predictably, not everyone embraced the idea, including Scott McInnis, an alumnus who is now the area's Republican in Congress. "I can save them a lot of money and time," he said. "Pornography is bad for people. It doesn't take an expert to figure that out." The professor, whose past courses have included Queer Theory and White Trash Poetics, responded: "The things people don't want to deal with can tell us a lot about how society views itself." A few days later, administrators canceled the course.*

FLOWER POWER

PITTSBURGH—*A University of Pittsburgh senior who hoped to win the election for homecoming queen had a friend take a photo of her topless and digitally place images of roses over her breasts. She hung 300 posters with the photo around campus. Soon after, the original, unaltered snapshot began appearing at online porn sites. The woman says she suspects her friend released the photo intentionally but that he's denied it. Despite the publicity, she lost the election. "I'm very popular on campus," she said, "so I thought if anybody could get elected this way, I could."*

CHRISTIAN PORN

LAS VEGAS—*Two youth pastors bought a booth at the annual Adult Video News trade show to convert souls and promote their new website at xxxchurch.com. The ministers, based in Los Angeles, boasted that they had the "No. 1 Christian porn site," which confused some passersby. The site doesn't have porn but instead allows visitors to post prayers asking God to protect their "integrity and safety" online.*

LAST HURRAH

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—*A 15-year-old boy in the final stages of terminal cancer had a dying wish: He wanted to lose his virginity. His parents are deeply religious and would have disapproved, so he confided in a nurse. She and her colleagues considered pooling their money to hire a prostitute, but the ethical and legal issues concerned them. Instead, a group of friends took the boy on a clandestine field trip to a professional who fulfilled his fantasy. A psychologist said the teen told him the experience was "everything he'd wished it to be." The boy died in December, a few weeks after the psychologist wrote anonymously to a radio program to discuss the ethics of the situation. "People talk about a trip to Disneyland being therapeutic," he said. "What's the difference? It was what he wanted."*

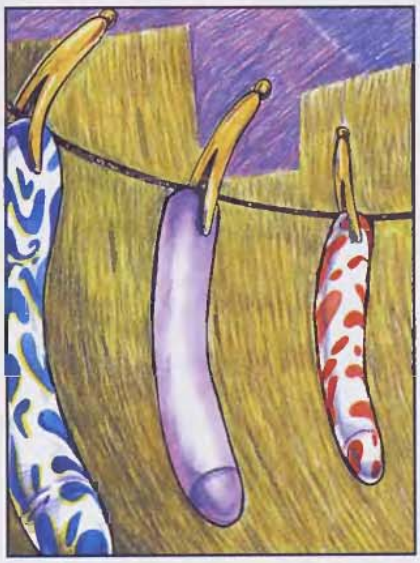
BLOW DOWN

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA—*A city crossing guard, frustrated because drivers wouldn't slow down, wrapped a hair drier with electrical tape and began aiming the fake radar gun at approaching speeders. "It's almost comical," he said. "People are slowing down, raising their hands at me apologetically." A city attorney said he couldn't find any statute that prohibits pointing a hair drier at a vehicle.*

ERECTING ART

BANFF, ALBERTA—*For his contribution to an exhibit at the Banff Center, Mexican artist Israel Mora ejaculated into glass vials every day for a week, then stored the samples in a white cooler. He titled the work Level 7. The center hung the piece between two trees with a label that read, in part, "In memory of a family without a memory. Warning: Contains six ml of semen extracted through masturbation, distributed among seven glass tubes." The center said the art caused no controversy until the National Post ran an article with the headline* BANFF ARTS CENTER PAYS FOR MEXICAN TO BOTTLE HIS FLUID.

BOULDER, COLORADO—*A protestor nicked an exhibit of 21 colorful ceramic penises dangling from a clothesline at the public library and replaced them with a U.S. flag and a note that read, "El Dildo Bandito was here." The thief confessed the next day, saying he was upset by the library's decision not to hang a 10'x15' U.S. flag over its entrance following the September 11 attacks. The man also said he feared his five-year-old daughter might*



see the "antimale" and "pornographic" art. The penis piece, Hanging 'Em Out to Dry, had been displayed as part of an exhibit called Art Triumphs Over Domestic Violence. Police charged the man with misdemeanor criminal tampering.

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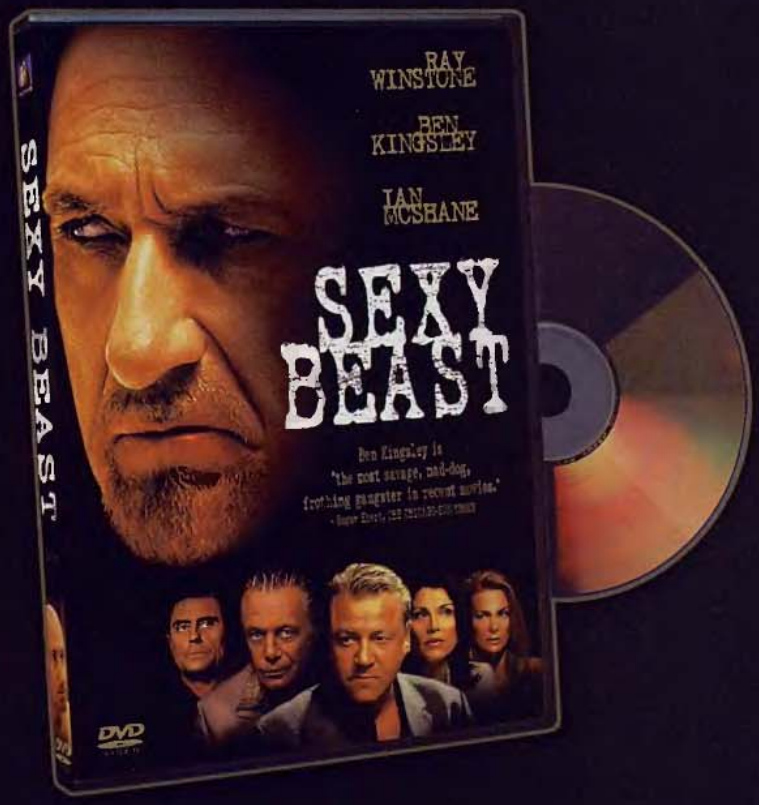

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LENNOX LEWIS

a candid conversation with the gentleman champ about fighting mike tyson, the before-and-after sex debate, getting knocked out and keeping his cool in a corrupt sport

The heavyweight champion is tall, buff and handsome. He is smart and often funny. (What other boxer accuses a foe of having a bad hair day?) He may be one of the best fighters ever. So why isn't Lennox Lewis the most famous jock on earth?

Maybe it's the accent. We expect the heavyweight champ to be a badass—a hard case with cruel intentions and lousy grammar, vowing to "destruct and destroy" the other guy. But Lewis isn't like that. The first British heavyweight champ in a century is a chess-playing, Bentley-driving gent who says he "'opes he acquits 'imself well." But Lewis' claim to greatness is legit. At 6'5" and 242 pounds he is bigger and stronger than his idol Muhammad Ali ever was. After earning a gold medal at the 1988 Olympics, Lewis has won 40 of 43 pro fights, with one controversial draw and 31 knockouts. He has ruled the heavyweight division off and on—mostly on—for four years, and if the showdown with Mike Tyson happens, Lewis might finally be seen as one of his sport's greatest champions.

Dempsey, Louis, Marciano, Ali—the names of his predecessors echo down the ages. Even their thug of a successor, the squeaky-voiced convicted rapist Mike Tyson, seems larger than life. Yet Lewis has never quite scored with the public. This is a champ who can walk down the street leaving puzzled looks in his wake: Who is that big dude with the dreads?

Now comes the night of his life—the last chance for the 36-year-old Lewis to join Ali and other immortals. Of course, that night got off to a shaky start when Tyson charged Lennox at their January press conference. While it put the future of the fight in doubt, it only heightened fan interest and underscored the differences between Lewis, the gentleman giant, and Tyson, who has said he wants to eat Lewis' children and put a bullet in Lewis' brain.

"He sounds a bit unhinged," says Lewis, who has no kids and no plans to let Tyson get near his head. The champ has a couple of surprises for Tyson: a long-limbed defense to keep the smaller challenger at bay, and a nuclear right hand that makes Lewis the most dangerous nice guy on earth.

"This is my destiny," he says about fighting Tyson.

Lewis' collision course with Tyson traces back to London's rough-and-tumble East End. His Jamaican-born mother, Violet, worked in a factory. His father took off when Lennox was little, and soon Violet took her boy to Canada, where she found work making Styrofoam. But money was tight, and Lennox was shipped back to London to live with relatives. He was 10. Two long years later, reunited with his mother, the fast-growing Lewis turned his energies to sports. He was a high school football and basketball star, but boxing was his specialty. At 18, representing Canada, he lost an Olympic bout to Tyrell Biggs of the U.S. Four years later, Lewis won gold at the Seoul Olympics. As a young pro he made his name with a 1992 knockout of Razor Ruddock, then gained a world title without throwing a punch: World Boxing Council champ Riddick Bowe, wanting no part of Lewis, threw his championship belt into a trash can. Bowe's WBC crown fell to Lewis, who became the first British heavyweight champ since 1897.

He defended his title three times. Then, before a hometown crowd at London's Wembley Stadium in 1994, Lewis walked into Oliver McCall's fist. He was quickly counted out, suffering his first pro defeat. It would be three years before he regained his title, stopping McCall in a bizarre bout in which McCall broke down in tears and quit fighting. Since then, Lewis' reign has been interrupted twice. In 1999 he beat Evander Holyfield but judges jobbed him, ruling the fight a draw. Muhammad Ali called it "the biggest fix in history." All three boxing organizations ordered a rematch. That fall, in Lewis–Holyfield II, Lewis won a unanimous decision and about $15 million. Then, after several

"You win a championship and they give you a belt covered with diamonds, rubies and crystals. But they're fake. It's like the Olympic gold medal—I took my gold medal home and scratched it and the gold came off."

"I have a secret. I can't tell you right now, but the world will know that night—I'll have a surprise for Mike Tyson. The fight will last as long as I allow it to last, and then I will knock him out. It's my destiny."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"Rage takes energy, and I want to keep my energy focused. If a man hits me, I'll think, Good for you, that's a good shot. Now it's up to me to hit you twice as hard. It's not rage that drives me, it's competition."

successful defenses, he walked into a Hasim Rahman punch last year and lost his crown. He flattened Rahman in their rematch, setting up Lewis versus Tyson, the ultimate heavyweight bout.

For all his skill and punching power, Lewis is often called a boring boxer, too cautious to electrify fight fans. Some say he's too cerebral. There have been rumors that he is gay.

Boring and gay—those are words nobody uses to describe Tyson. Yet it's Lewis, not Tyson, who holds the titles Tyson wants. We sent sports pundit **Kevin Cook** *to clinch with the heavyweight champ. Cook reports:*

"The first thing you note about Lewis is his calmness. He is big—6'5" and sculpted, with fists that could level small cities—but there's no menace to the man. He moves smoothly, observing his surroundings. He has a slow, easy smile and a soft voice, English-accented with a touch of Jamaica. He is a good listener. It was only when he jumped up to demonstrate a jab or uppercut that I remembered who and what he was: a man who could kill me with one punch.

"We spent hours talking at his training camp in the Poconos, and later at a hotel in Los Angeles. At one point, toward the end of our talks, he startled the hell out of me. While he took a bathroom break I stood at the window, looking outside. So I didn't see Lewis as he slipped up behind me, staying low and sneaking like a ninja. Feeling a tap on my elbow I turned—and saw a playful punch coming right at my eye.

"'Gotcha!' said the heavyweight champ, grinning like a kid."

PLAYBOY: What happened in your first fight with Hasim Rahman?

LEWIS: He got lucky. I was beating him, but then I made a mistake, and I paid for it. I didn't pay enough attention. He hit me hard, and down I went.

PLAYBOY: Your critics say you have a glass jaw. Did Rahman prove they were right?

LEWIS: That's hype! If he hit you that hard, you'd have a glass jaw, too. That was a hard punch. But it was a lucky punch, as I proved in the rematch. You saw him fall, didn't you?

PLAYBOY: You decked Rahman—and won back your championship belt—with a ferocious right hand. Was that the hardest punch you've landed?

LEWIS: It was one of the hardest. It was my mouth-shutter punch. I aimed for his mouth and shut it. You see, I was very motivated to shut him up. Rahman had been mouthing off. He never showed me the proper respect. I was determined to shut him up, to make him the Buster Douglas of the 21st century.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your rumble with Rahman on ESPN. We might call that bout Lewis–Rahman One-and-a-Half. You made a prefight appearance with Rahman and ESPN's Gary Miller, and suddenly you and Rahman were shoving, punching and rolling on the floor. Was that staged?

LEWIS: No. I was not planning to tussle with him while I was wearing a suit. But Rahman instigated it.

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PLAYBOY: What round?

LEWIS: [*Grinning*] The last round.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any surprises in store for Tyson?

LEWIS: I have a secret. Something new. I can't tell you right now, but the world will know that night—I'll have a surprise for Mike Tyson.

PLAYBOY: As we speak, it's still winter. The contracts aren't signed yet. Do you want to fight Tyson?

LEWIS: It's my destiny. I am training, working, planning for a fight on April 6.

PLAYBOY: You and Prince Naseem Hamed, the featherweight champ, train at a Pennsylvania honeymoon resort where some of the rooms have bathtubs shaped like champagne glasses——

LEWIS: Prince Naseem got one, but not me. I can't take a bath in no champagne glass.

PLAYBOY: Come clean about your place in history. Are you better than Muhammad Ali?

LEWIS: I have too much respect for the brother to put myself up against him. My mom and I used to watch Ali on TV and I wanted to emulate him. That's what got me going in boxing.

PLAYBOY: You have watched him. Surely you wonder how you would have matched up with him.

LEWIS: The sport has evolved. Back then, heavyweights were 6'1", 6'2", 210 or 215 pounds. I'm bigger. I am a 6'5" ultimate fighting machine. Ali was a great boxer of his era. This is a different era, the time of Mike Tyson, Evander Holyfield and Lennox Lewis. I reign supreme in this era. I make my own footsteps.

PLAYBOY: Tyson's camp once paid you $4 million in step-aside money—he did not want to fight you. Do you think he's ready now?

LEWIS: While he and his people were afraid of me I was learning my craft, and now I am better than him in every way. I don't think he's up to the task of boxing me.

PLAYBOY: You're quite a bit taller than Tyson is. Could that be a problem for you? Boxing people talk about a height disadvantage.

LEWIS: There's something to that, because it's harder to punch down than to punch up. Tyson punches with both hands, and he can get more force from

PLAYBOY: He called you gay.

LEWIS: I ripped the chain off his neck and showed it to him, and challenged him to come get it, but he wouldn't. And off we went to the floor——

PLAYBOY: Are you still pissed at Rahman?

LEWIS: Upset, I'd say. Yes, I am. There is a code of conduct. I was the champion. The champion deserves more respect than he showed.

PLAYBOY: Now you're the champ again, and he's a footnote.

LEWIS: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: What do you expect from Mike Tyson?

LEWIS: I expect a knockout. The fight will last as long as I allow it to last, and then I will knock him out.

his legs, punching up. But, then, I've been fighting short guys all my life.

PLAYBOY: What if he jumps up and bites you?

LEWIS: I do worry about his antics. This is the biggest purse ever, the fight everyone wants to see. I will feel bad if he does something stupid and it ends in a disqualification.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you should wear headgear, like amateurs do.

LEWIS: Then he'd probably pull my hair.

PLAYBOY: Is Tyson nuts, or is it an act? Does he rant like a crazy man because it sells?

LEWIS: Tyson is a train wreck waiting to happen.

PLAYBOY: He says there will be no need for a second Tyson–Lewis fight, because you'll be dead.

LEWIS: He has no couth. I think he's a bit unhinged, and he has taken the coward's way out——

PLAYBOY: You mean biting and ending up disqualified when he was losing to Holyfield.

LEWIS: Then he says he wants to eat my kids. But I don't answer, because it's like arguing with a madman.

PLAYBOY: You knew him when you were both teenagers, didn't you?

LEWIS: He was actually smart when we were amateurs. Back then I didn't see the evil side. We talked a bit and I thought he was cool.

PLAYBOY: You have said the Tyson fight is your destiny. Would you fight him alone—for nothing, if necessary—to prove you can beat him?

LEWIS: No, because I will need a referee. If Tyson is biting me and pulling my hair and trying to break my arms, who knows what could happen. But this is what you need to hear: I will beat Tyson in a fair fight.

PLAYBOY: People also want to hear about the rumors that you're gay.

LEWIS: Unbelievable!

PLAYBOY: Do the rumors annoy you?

LEWIS: I used to get upset. I mean, look at Ricky Martin. There's a rumor that he's gay, but he won't say one way or the other. Maybe he thinks people wouldn't buy his records. I say if you're not gay, say so! It's not that I'm against homosexuals. We all have to live on this planet together. It's just being truthful.

PLAYBOY: Many boxers abstain from sex before they fight.

LEWIS: I am one of them. I abstain as long as I'm in training camp. Seven weeks. I can't even imagine my girlfriend being there. Camp is serious, a place of discipline. There's no fooling around once I'm in camp.

PLAYBOY: Does the no-sex rule make you stronger or just angrier?

LEWIS: It gives you a little more quickness, better reflexes. More of an edge. You don't want to give up your energies before you go to war.

PLAYBOY: This is according to the London *Daily Telegraph*: "Lewis sometimes stands in front of a mirror and gazes at his naked body."

LEWIS: Well, I don't just stand and stare. Not for long.

PLAYBOY: Here's a "tale of the tape" question: When you're naked in front of the mirror, are we talking championship proportions?

LEWIS: [*Laughing*] Oh, we are, definitely. Absolutely!

PLAYBOY: After a fight, do you hurry to have sex?

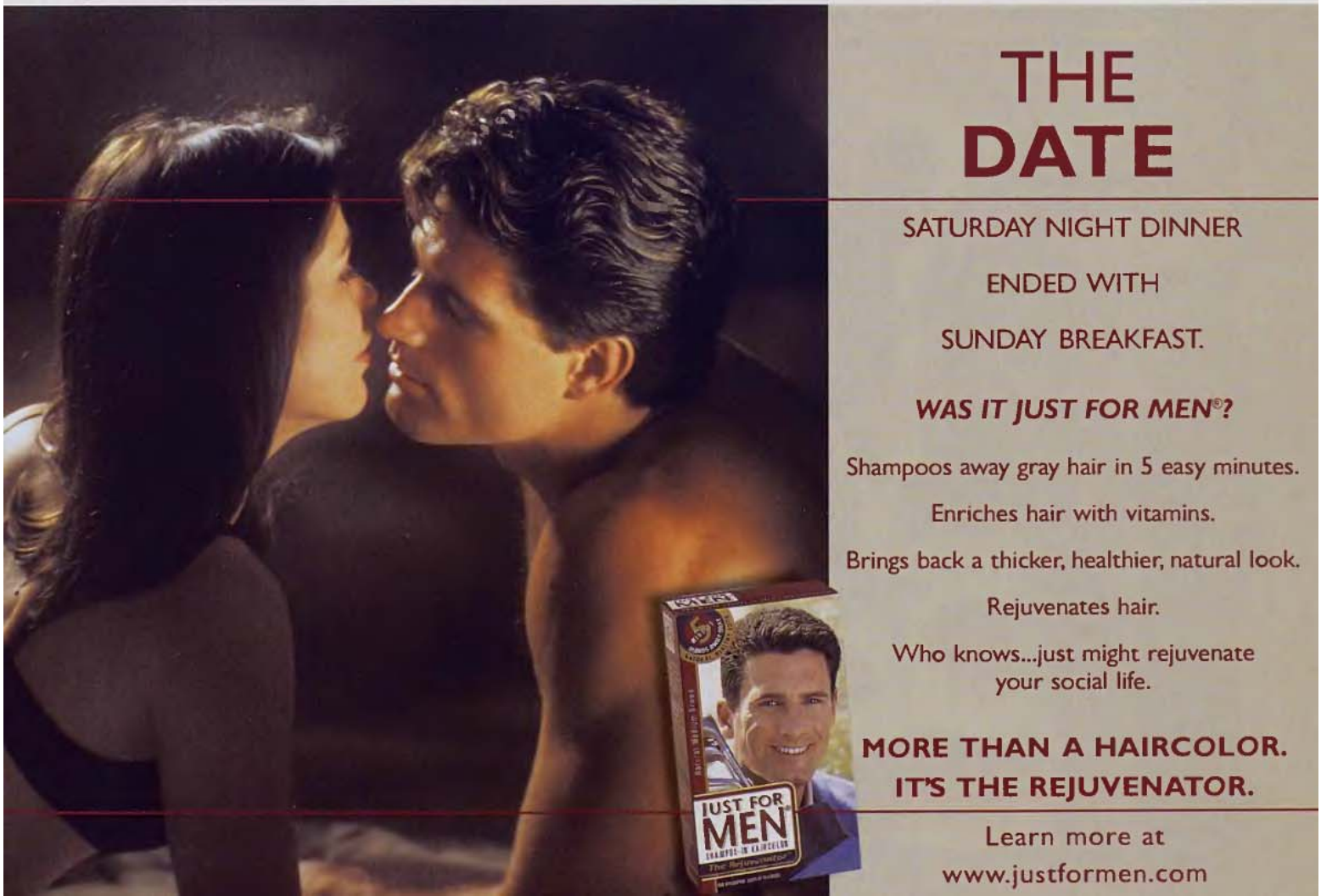
LEWIS: No. I don't let it control me. I control it. It's a natural act; you should let it happen naturally. Take it slowly or you'll get weak and end up with a cold.

PLAYBOY: So how do you celebrate?

LEWIS: After a fight I go out with friends, and I can't wait to get my hands on a glass of champagne. I used to be a Cristal man, but now my brand is Taittinger. It's cheaper. Why pay $600 for Cristal, a status symbol, when Taittinger tastes better and costs $300? They really turned me off when they upped the price of Cristal last New Year's Eve. I went into a store in Miami and suddenly it was $800 a bottle.

PLAYBOY: That was shortly after you beat David Tua. How much did you earn that night?

LEWIS: Seven million. But this is ethics. I



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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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won't pay an unfair price. It's funny how you can make $7 million, $20 million, $30 million, but you don't get to keep it all, and you always worry about money.

PLAYBOY: What else do you find funny about boxing?

LEWIS: The championship belts. You win a world championship and they give you a belt covered with diamonds, rubies and crystals. But they're all fake. It's like the Olympic gold medal—I took my gold medal home and scratched it and the gold came off. It's just gold-plated.

PLAYBOY: Your WBC and IBF championship belts—how much are they actually worth?

LEWIS: Maybe $60. I'm thinking, This is what we dream about, fellas! This is what we pay $400,000 in sanctioning fees to fight for.

PLAYBOY: One funny ritual is the prefight press conference. You're supposed to act fierce, like you might attack the other guy right then and there.

LEWIS: That can be humorous. Some guys you can play with—like Michael Grant. He was at a mental disadvantage at our press conference. I had watched his other press conferences——

PLAYBOY: You study your opponents' press conferences?

LEWIS: Yeah, and he was different at this one. Upset. Worried. He let the hype affect him. But I'm an old hand at that stuff, so I just looked at him and said, "My, my, Michael's a little upset today." He was upset, and I let him know that I knew it.

PLAYBOY: What bothers you? Could another fighter get under your skin?

LEWIS: Most of them don't even try. They let their managers or promoters talk for them, and that's just rhetoric. I want to hear what the fighter has to say to me. And if he says he's going to knock me out in a minute, I'll look him in the eye, man to man, and say, "Knock me out in one minute? Please, talk some sense."

PLAYBOY: You're thinking of Holyfield, aren't you?

LEWIS: Holyfield! He knew I was going to be the toughest opponent of his life, but he said he'd knock me out in three rounds. Preposterous!

PLAYBOY: But it worked. It made you mad.

LEWIS: It did, actually. But I made it work for me. At the start of the fourth round I spoke to him. I said, "I'm still here." In the fifth round I said, "I'm still here." He got the message. Another thing that bothers me about Holyfield—that Christian thing of his. It helps psych him up, because he walks into the ring with God. But is he right? Does God want him to knock me out? It's the same mistake Michael Grant made—I watched Grant in the changing room before our fight, and he had a man in there praying for him: "Oh please, God, please help Michael to beat Lennox Lewis." But what sort of religion is that? These guys who think God is in their corner have it wrong. They're

going against the balance of life—and you saw the results when I boxed Grant and Holyfield.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't your mother pray before your fights?

LEWIS: She prays for both fighters.

PLAYBOY: Is Holyfield a hypocrite?

LEWIS: Before our first fight he kept talking about God, but he wasn't living up to his talk. I told him, "You're not real."

PLAYBOY: You pointed out that Holyfield has fathered some children out of wedlock.

LEWIS: And he got so upset! I guess the truth hurts.

PLAYBOY: You clearly won your first fight with Holyfield, but the judges ruled it a draw—the most controversial draw in recent history.

LEWIS: The whole world knew I won. Holyfield knew, too, but he didn't accept it. He knows he'll never beat me in the ring.

PLAYBOY: You beat him in the rematch. Finally you were the undisputed heavyweight champ, but not for long.

LEWIS: No. He went into a courtroom and he begged the judge to take my WBA belt away.

PLAYBOY: Holyfield demanded a third title fight with you. When you refused, he went to court and won the right to fight John Ruiz for the WBA title. He won that bout—and the WBA belt—but soon lost to Ruiz. You kept the other two major heavyweight belts, which you lost in Lewis–Rahman I and then won back in Lewis–Rahman II. And today, while everyone considers you the heavyweight champ, Ruiz still holds the WBA title.

LEWIS: Don King controls the WBA belt. King's lawyer is president of the WBA, so that's just politics to me. That's why I say I'm the undisputed champion, because you can't win the heavyweight title in a courtroom. You have to win it in the ring. Holyfield knew that, and he still knows he can't beat me in the ring.

PLAYBOY: You and Holyfield battled for 24 rounds in your title fights. How well do you know a man after all that?

LEWIS: I know him well, and he's the biggest cheat I know. He threw an elbow at me. But it was more than that—it was the blatant head butting that really bothered me. Now I see why Tyson bit his ear.

PLAYBOY: You mean that was OK?

LEWIS: No, no. It was the worst thing I've ever seen in boxing. Head butting is one thing—that's been done all through the sport's history. You know you have to watch out for the other guy's head. But to bite off a man's ear? Tyson took boxing down to an animal level.

PLAYBOY: At least nobody doubts Tyson's killer instinct. Some people say you lack that instinct.

LEWIS: I love the sweet science of the sport. It's not me to run out and say, "*I'm gonna kill you!*" At the amateur stage it's not even about knockouts. You're trying to achieve points. It's only when you turn professional that you have to think about knockouts, because that's how you gain popularity and respect. Killer instinct? I have developed it. It comes out when I need it.

PLAYBOY: Could you kill a man?

LEWIS: Yeah, man, I could. I don't think that I will, though. These are pretty good boxers I fight. They're athletes who realize what can happen, who are prepared for that kind of sacrifice but who have worked at the sport for years and have learned to protect themselves. Now, if I hit somebody on the street—which I wouldn't do—that's different. With the power I generate, he could definitely be dead.

PLAYBOY: What is your advice to a regular guy who wants to throw a powerful punch?

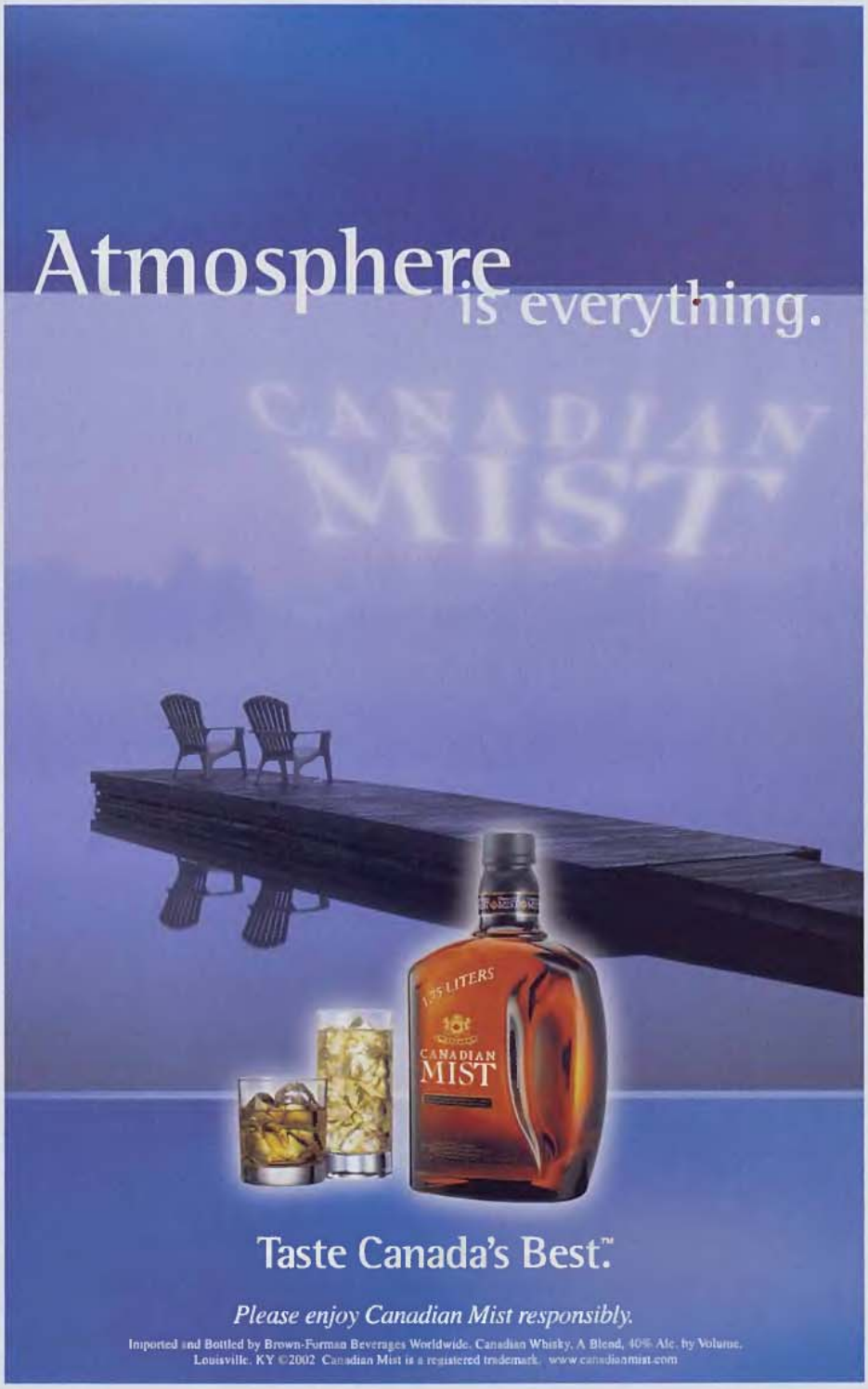
LEWIS: Don't let the punch stop at your target. Punch through the target.

PLAYBOY: Do you get angry in the ring?

LEWIS: No, I'm too much of a professional for that. Rage takes energy, and I want to keep my energy focused. If a man hits me, I'll think, Good for you, that's a good shot. That puts you above me. Now it's up to me to hit you twice as hard. It's not rage that drives me, it's competition.

PLAYBOY: Do you study your opponents on tape?

LEWIS: [*Nodding*] It helps me visualize the fight to come. I get so deep into it I can't see or hear anything else. It's like when I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was young—my mother would snap her fingers while I was watching a movie, snap her fingers and say, "Don't you hear me?" But I was too focused to hear.

PLAYBOY: Watching tape before the Frans Botha bout, you spotted something you used against him.

LEWIS: I saw he had a rhythm to his fighting. He would dance around—one, two, three—and come back with a combination. Dance around and stop—boom, boom, boom—combination. So when he came to attack me and I saw him go into that rhythm, I knew what was next. I thought, He won't touch me. I'll knock him out quicker than Tyson did. And that's what happened.

PLAYBOY: You floored Botha with a perfectly timed flurry of punches.

LEWIS: Jab, right hand, then a left uppercut. Now I see him react, and I readjust. I wait just an instant while he reacts, while he moves into just the right spot, and then *boom!* I throw the punch.

PLAYBOY: You nearly knocked Botha through the ropes into the crowd.

LEWIS: [*Smiling*] That would have been spectacular. When I watch that fight on tape I'm thinking, Oh man, one more punch and he'd fly right out of there. A little more biomechanics behind that last right hand. But it's all right. The people got what they wanted, a knockout.

That was a good night. I love going through a fight where a man doesn't touch you. That takes skill to make all that money and never get touched.

PLAYBOY: Why did it matter that you beat Botha faster than Tyson did?

LEWIS: You can see I'm a perfectionist. I'm a Virgo—it's in my sign. But all boxers make these comparisons. Our egos make us do it. There are other reasons, too. When I boxed David Tua, I knew Tyson might be watching and thinking, If Tua hurts Lennox with body shots, I can, too. So I couldn't let that happen.

PLAYBOY: Describe your style in the ring.

LEWIS: I am a pugilist specialist. A boxer and puncher. I fight everybody differently. With Holyfield, who is technically gifted, I was a technician. With Michael Grant I couldn't say, "Oh no, he's 6'6" and he's coming at me with the same advantages I have!" Grant's not a good mover, so I used movement against him.

PLAYBOY: Last year some people picked Grant—another huge, athletic boxer—to beat you. He's a couple of inches taller than you are. Never had such big men squared off for the heavyweight crown.

LEWIS: But who's Grant? He just came along the other day. I've been in this game awhile—two Olympics, an extensive amateur career. I've boxed Russians, Germans and Cubans. He hasn't been through what I've been through, so I'm stronger mentally.

PLAYBOY: He's strong physically.

LEWIS: Yes, and you have to beware. Before that fight I said to myself, Nobody my size can be better than me. But he could've caught me with a lucky punch. There are miscellaneous things, Murphy's Law things, that can hurt you.

PLAYBOY: Were you at all surprised when Grant came rushing at you, trying to knock you out right away?

LEWIS: He had no choice. His trainer [Don Turner] was feeding him a line: "Lennox is not that tough. He's got a glass chin." Trying to psych him up. He realizes Grant isn't technically gifted like me. He can't outbox me, so what can he do? Go in throwing punches, try to get rid of me fast.

PLAYBOY: You finished Grant with a savage uppercut——

LEWIS: He had his head down, and I put my hand on top of his head. Just to make sure he didn't move. Then I went *whoop!* The hardest punch I've landed yet, but it could have been harder. I could have made it more dramatic.

PLAYBOY: They'd have found his head in the third row.

LEWIS: I didn't really set myself and dig my knees into the punch. And he got his left hand in the way of the uppercut, so it didn't have full effect. It was less than 90 percent of maximum power—more like 60 percent.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel sorry for Grant?

LEWIS: He's still young. He can come back. I will say that some trainers don't worry about the athlete—they're just out to get their money. Realizing this is the most money Grant is going to make his entire career, why not accept the fight, so the trainers and managers get their money? They think maybe their guy will get lucky. But he didn't.

PLAYBOY: Beside abstaining from sex, do you have any prefight rituals?

LEWIS: I put on my right glove first. Starting with the hand wrappings. I am going to war and these are my bandages of protection. It's always the right hand first—the wraps and then the glove, which goes on when the wrapping tape is still wet, so it won't loosen.

PLAYBOY: What are you thinking immediately before a fight, while fireworks are going off and you're headed for the ring?

LEWIS: Visualizing. This is my last walk, these are the last seconds before I go to war. I'm seeing the fight playing out in my head. With me winning, of course.

PLAYBOY: Do you hear the crowd?

LEWIS: I heard booing during the Tua fight. But when I threw a combination, they cheered. I realized they were booing Tua for not mounting an attack.

PLAYBOY: Between rounds you have 60 seconds to rest and to think. How long does that minute feel?

LEWIS: Long enough. I'll listen to Manny—Emanuel Steward, my trainer. He talks really fast, but I listen fast. I comprehend everything. In the Tua fight I didn't say anything in the corner until after the 11th round. One round to go, and I said, "It ain't over," making sure I stayed focused until the end. Don't let Murphy's Law get loose.

PLAYBOY: Are you able to rest much in 60 seconds?

LEWIS: If you train your body. For me it feels like a long time, because when I train I only rest 30 seconds between rounds.

PLAYBOY: Other boxers do that, don't they?

LEWIS: I don't know. But here I am giving away my guarded secrets. This has to stop.

PLAYBOY: Some boxers are trash talkers. Do you speak to the other guy while you fight?

LEWIS: I don't, and if a man talks to me, it motivates me to shut him up.

PLAYBOY: Who talks?

LEWIS: Ray Mercer spoke in a clinch. He said, "You don't punch hard. You punch like a baby." I came out of the clinch hitting him and saying, "Oh, yeah? How do you like that?" He didn't talk for the rest of the fight.

PLAYBOY: Are there other ways boxers communicate?

LEWIS: I'll smile, to let a man know his shots don't hurt me. Sometimes it's an act. If he catches you, you can't let him know you're hurting. So you smile like, "Shit, that's nothing."

PLAYBOY: In 1994 Oliver McCall knocked you out. Until Rahman got you last year, it was your only pro defeat. That one had to hurt.

LEWIS: Just like with Rahman, I helped facilitate that punch. He was throwing it just as I was moving forward, and, boy, that made it hit me a lot harder.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to take a full-force heavyweight punch?

LEWIS: Everything goes in slow motion. Then you hit the canvas and it all wakes up again—lights and sound and a referee in your face, going, "One two five four!" You're trying to stand up. Things are getting clearer, but now it's, Hey, what's up with my legs? I know I have legs. The signal from your brain isn't getting to your legs.

PLAYBOY: After that loss you hired Manny Steward, who had trained McCall. Had Steward figured out how to beat you?

LEWIS: It's more like Manny won the lottery that night. I ran into that punch.

PLAYBOY: People said you cried that night.

LEWIS: Not true. I know there are girls who think a true man should be able to cry, but I don't play that. Maybe it's because I cried a lot as a kid.

PLAYBOY: What made you cry then?

LEWIS: Any little thing. I was a crybaby. Then one day it stopped. I was 16, and I fell off my bicycle and broke my arm. I remember looking at the bone. It hurt, but all I thought was, This is weird. I have broken my arm. But I didn't cry, and have not cried since.

PLAYBOY: McCall can't make that claim. In your bizarre rematch, you were ahead when McCall quit fighting. He'd been treated for drug and alcohol problems; now he wept and ran out of the ring. Do

(continued on page 147)

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PINKY!

a last call from

the burning tower

PINKY

sent abel on a

desperate quest

fiction By Walter Mosley

I was stuck at Norfolk International Airport for seven hours on September 11. I had flown down there the night before to give a Tuesday-morning talk to an important group of educators about the reading habits of teenagers in the inner city. I had been working as a researcher, studying adolescent school behavior and doing postdoc work at NYU for the past six years, but this was the first time I had been called upon to discuss my findings.

The conference was canceled, of course. Thousands dead and the world on the brink of war; no one seemed to care about much other than the television news reports.

Everybody was talking about the World Trade Center and the number of bodies, about terrorists and the Middle East, as if the Middle East had never existed before that day. Pictures of men and women in traditional Arabic and Islamic dress appeared now and then on the airport TV screens. The president spoke and everyone listened closely, and afterward they discussed his innuendos and the possible ramifications.

But mostly they talked about the dead and expressed shock that terrorists could be so cunning and evil. People cried and held on to one another. I saw the towers fall dozens of times on CNN.

"Terrible, terrible," a woman sitting next to me said over and over.

I finally had to move away from her.

I've lived in New York for 13 years, but I couldn't think of anyone I knew who worked in the towers, or even near them. The spectacle was terrifying—the jet almost languidly gliding until it exploded

PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS

into a fireball against the tower.

I was upset about the death and devastation, but I was also upset that the conference had been canceled. This was going to be my big chance. There were people in attendance who might have given me a good job in one of the larger school systems, or maybe even a tenure track at a university. I really didn't see why one tragedy should stop a whole nation from functioning.

"You look so sad," a gray-haired woman said to me. "Did you have someone in the towers?"

"No," I said. "I don't think I did. I mean, I don't know of anyone. No."

I excused myself because I was ashamed to admit I was worried about a job I might have lost because of the terrorist attack.

To get away from her pitying eyes I went to the ticket counter, hoping there might be a cleared flight going near New York.

I stood in line behind a young woman who wore a shark-gray business suit with a short skirt and dark stockings. She was weeping and kept touching her heart and her head with delicate, restless hands. I tried not to make eye contact with her. Every time it seemed as if she might turn in my direction I glanced up at the departures board or concentrated on the flight schedule in my hand, pretending to be absorbed in its numbers and lines.

"Excuse me," she asked nonetheless. "Excuse me, sir."

"Me?"

"Is your cell phone working?" she asked in a strained tone. "I keep trying to call Kim, but I can't get through on mine."

She held the phone out in a helpless gesture. I handed her my Nokia and opened the timetable again. It afforded me a kind of solace, the certainty of flights scheduled to take off and land with regularity. I yearned for a world like that, a world where I could give my talk and take my plane, get to my destination without delays and grief-stricken, slim-waisted girls.

"This damn phone doesn't work, either," she said, thrusting the sleek little knob back into my hand. "Nothing fucking works."

I shrugged. "I'm sorry," I said.

She started crying again, grabbing my jacket. I put a hand on her shoulder and she seized me around the waist. I felt uncomfortable, but didn't know how to stave her off. Her need was so great that I was paralyzed by it.

"It's your turn," I said to her when the ticket counter was free.

She went toward the woman standing there but didn't let go of me. She pulled me along like I was an aluminum walker.

"My name is Lenora. My sister works in the towers," the young woman was saying. "I can't call her and I have to get back there. I have to look for her. I . . . I. . . ."

The attendant began crying along with Lenora. She was tall with yellow hair. She had color in her face, whereas Lenora was dark-haired and pale. The attendant came out from behind her post and folded the sad girl in her arms. The embrace included me, at least the arm that Lenora still held on to.

They cried together, and, for a moment, I yelped and cried real tears. But that was over as soon as it started. I didn't have a sister named Kim in the fallen towers.

"There won't be any flights, honey," the attendant said. "Every airport in America is closed."

I didn't believe that. Nothing could close down America, I thought.

"If you want to get back you'll have to drive or take the train," the attendant said.

"I don't drive," the young woman said. "Kim is the one with the license."

"I could drive you," I said, surprising myself. "I could."

We were able to get the last car in the last lot we visited. It was a Jaguar convertible for $300 a day, but we could return it in New York and Lenora told me she'd pay half the expenses.

We took Highway 64 to I-95 and that to the Jersey Turnpike. All the way, Lenora talked about her sister, listened to the news, tried to call New York and touched her heart and head.

"Kim is my big sister," she said. "She always took care of me. When I decided to leave Oakland and come to New York, my parents tried to stop me. But Kim called them and said, 'Are you crazy? There's more crime in the Bay Area than there is in New York. And anyway, I can look after her here. She'll be safer with me than anywhere else.'

"Do you think she's OK?"

"Sure, I bet she is," I said. "The way it sounds, most people got out. And she was in the south tower, right?"

"I think so. I'm not sure. I couldn't visit her because of my job at Landers and Landers. It's a really good job. Kim even said so. But I have to work a lot and then I'm on the road."

"Yeah," I said. "Sounds like a really good job."

"What do you do, Abel?" she asked me after four hours of driving.

"I study teenagers, their general habits. Reading, sex, popular culture."

"You're at a university?"

"NYU. I have a research position."

"Can't you drive faster?" she said. "The cops won't stop us. Not tonight. They have to protect the airports. How could anybody do that? How could they kill so many innocent people without even knowing them?

"Could you put the top down?" she asked then. "Please."

"It'll be cold," I argued. "With the wind and all."

"I need open space. I'll go crazy if I don't get it."

After a while the cold didn't bother me much. Lenora wrapped herself in a sweater and mumbled about her sister.

I wanted to ask her what floor her sister worked on. But then I worried that she might be on an upper level. I couldn't bear it if Lenora got any more upset.

We had to go up to the George Washington Bridge because the tunnels were closed for fear of more attacks. The wait at the bridge was long because many of the cars were being searched for weapons and bombs.

"Where you coming from?" a big cop with a red nose asked me.

"Norfolk, Officer," I said. "We were stranded at the airport there."

"Why do you have the top down?" he asked.

"It was warmer down South," I said meaninglessly.

He didn't argue and waved us on.

I let Lenora off at 89th and Broadway. She left without saying goodbye or leaving me a number. I was almost home before realizing I couldn't call to get her half of the expense—I didn't even know her last name. I drove to my neighborhood and parked on the street. I figured that alternate-side parking would be suspended, and it was too late to hope that the car rental office would be open.

From the fire escape of my apartment on Sullivan I could see the great wraithlike cloud of smoke in the gap left by the towers. The cloud was illuminated by the lights of the rescue effort and in stark contrast to the blackness of the sky. There was an acrid odor in the air, and people wandered aimlessly down the street. I fell into my bed fully dressed and was immediately asleep.

The next morning I watched the news for three and a half hours. After that I played music and watched the Cartoon Network. I read a book by Platonov called *Happy Moscow* that a grad student named Nina Trivet had loaned me. The rental company said on the phone that they weren't taking back cars that day; they said I could bring the car in free of charge at the end of the week. I knew then that America had been deeply wounded. When businesses throw away their profits, you know that in their hearts they feel the end is near.

(continued on page 112)

"Give the peasants a tax rebate and they behave like naughty little children."

SPRING BREAK

suds? mandatory. duds? optional. why road-trip? babes, beaches and beer

At left: We're not big on four-wheeling, but we con olways go for a Hummer. Here's the crew whose antics we followed (clockwise, from for left): Taro Mia Grosso, Wendy Rosprim, Heather Christensen and Heother Phelps. Above left: Heathers Christensen (left) and Phelps hit the beach. In the street-legal golf cart ore Wendy (left) ond Taro. Facing poge: A girl sports a monokini during a bikini contest. She wosn't disquolified.

THERE ARE DOZENS of popular spring break party locales jostling for the titles of best, biggest and booziest. The prize for longest spring break goes to South Padre Island, Texas, where the annual festivities start weeks before parties anyplace else. That's because Canadian spring break kicks off in mid-February, and South Padre is where the ice princesses go to thaw out. There is no better way to warm up than in round-the-clock bikini and wet T-shirt contests. After spending the year expanding their minds, college girls are ready to blow your brain. Most of the action is on the bay side of the island. There are seven miles of sand and legendary bayfront bars, such as Tequila Frog's (voted having the best wet T-shirt contest in town), Louie's Back Yard and, at the north end, Parrot Eyes. Bars auction off the right to douse T-shirt contestants—and the winners use fire hoses, not plant spritzers. Booze cruises head out from many of the bars and hotels, too. Wanna-Wanna and Boomerang Billy's push the envelope on the gulf side, where thunderous waves crash ashore. South Padre is every dorm-room fantasy come to life. These days, even the mousiest girls peel off their clothes at the pop of a beer can—and the resulting rush is addictive. So, too, if we can believe our eyes, are girl-on-girl action, public sex and threesomes. The whole point of spring break is, after all, to break some taboos.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RIC MOORE AND DAVID RAMS

The party runs all day, every day. Many cities allow drinking on the beach. In thase that don't, hotels and clubs have pool decks with bars and DJs. (For the budget conscious, some hatels allow you to BYO keg.) And, of course, bikini and wet T-shirt contests run round the clock. Below left: Tara Mia Grosso likes the way Wendy Rosprim sucks a beer bong. Tara and Wendy proved to be absolute hell-raisers—and became inseparable bosom buddies after a few 24-hour party sessions. Above, a bikini contestant works the beachside crowd like a rock star. The goal is more than applause, thaugh there is plenty of that. As at Mardi Gras, collecting bead necklaces has become a big-time spart at spring break. Above right, Tenby Turner tries to earn more beads behind the main stage. Below right, contestants line up for another bikini contest.

Above: The cheers ot the contests produce a sexually charged rush of adrenoline. Anything can happen. Here, Wendy (left) and Tara share an intimate moment backstage. Above middle: Our gang greets the assembled throngs—in thongs. Below them, two revelers break out whipped cream and create a spring break sundae. Above far right: The Heothers, who also spent a lot of time partying as a duo, forge a bond.

Below: Tenby Turner os she drops drawers—and jaws—during her star turn onstage. Left: Getting down in front of the crowd, Tenby and Tara do a little dance, make a little love. Belaw left: Playmate Suzanne Stakes, Miss February 2000, gets up close and personal with the audience. They like her, they really like her.

Rule bacchanalia. This page, above left: The sun never sets on Suzanne Stokes. Above: Wendy and Heather Phelps have saris but no regrets. Below right: Amy Miller (top left) and Lorrie Stewart (top right) head out for another marathon party night. Their favorite drinking game? Hands, Fingers, Bunny Ears. Below: Our party posse turns a pool into a hot tub. That's Heather Christensen (far left), Heather Phelps (top), Tara (right) and Wendy (bottom). Bottom left: Heathers at play again. Here, Heather Phelps takes a licking from Heather Christensen. Rest assured, she keeps on ticking. At left: Amy Miller shows off her huge, perky ears. (She is a Playboy Cyber Girl now.) Opposite page, top: Our incorrigible crew lines up for another chance to flash the masses. Heathers Christensen (left) and Phelps wait with Wendy in the wings as Tara brings down the house. Watching Tara's back are Tenby Turner (left) and Rochelle Loewen. Opposite page, bottom: A final trip to the beach winds up the festivities. From left, Heather Christensen, Heather Phelps and friends. Spring break inevitably has ta end, but the good part is that the memories will last much longer than the hangover.

THERE'S MORE WET AND WILD SPRING BREAK ACTION AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

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how to date the women of your dreams

ARTICLE BY COREY LEVITAN

She was so far out of my league, she was playing a different sport. She was dining at the table next to mine, with long black hair, perky breasts and the eyes of a jaguar. Souls have been bartered for less. I was on a date with someone else. But even if I hadn't been, my natural inclination is to gawk and do nothing. Instead of seizing moments like this, I seize during them. Besides, jaguar-eyes was sitting with a pack of three equally gorgeous friends, kryptonite to even a Superman of pickups. My evening at the restaurant was the work of my friend Roy Silverberg, who was dating a Chinese woman and suggested we double with one of her co-workers. He'd checked out my date beforehand. "Dude, she's hot," he assured me. A blind date is like a rubber in your wallet. It's a good idea that never pays off. So I devised a code with Roy. If my date was as hot as he said, we'd take the girls to a nice sushi place. Otherwise, I'd suggest Lucky Cheng's. Even a bad date can be salvaged by Lucky Cheng's, a New York City theme restaurant where rude transvestites warble show tunes while serving cheap Chinese food. It's so loud two people can go an entire dinner without addressing each other. When Roy and I picked up our dates, a beautiful Asian girl opened the door to greet us. I could not believe my luck. Then she walked over and kissed Roy. Right behind her was my date, who looked like *Star Trek*'s Mr. Sulu in a skirt. I didn't even have to say it. "Lucky Cheng's it is!" Roy announced. "I'm sorry," he whispered, laughing, as we walked to his car. "I guess I didn't get that close a look at her." At my recommendation, he has since had Lasik surgery. Even the 13 sakes I downed could not make Mr. Sulu attractive. But they had an unintended effect, as I discovered when the goddesses and their jaguar queen took the table next to ours. Regular Corey would have

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVÁN BANYAI

said nothing. But I was now 13-sake Corey. I began strategizing a hit under Sulu's radar. (When you're on a date, you can't just ask the stranger sitting next to you what her sign is.) I grabbed a matchbook and scribbled on the inside cover.

"Remember *Titanic*?" I wrote. "I'm Leo, on your left. Meet me at the bar in five minutes." I discreetly asked our waiter (Ethel Merman in a bustier and garter belt) to deliver the note.

I had somehow tapped into the part of the male brain that works only when it's too late to matter. It's the part that tells you exactly what to say to the cop while you're reading the ticket on the drive home. Getting crocked was my key to this vast tactical warehouse.

I flashed queen jaguar a look after she read my message. She got up when I did, and her heels clicked behind me. Was she RSVPing, or had coincidence placed me directly in her path to the ladies' room? Was this actually happening, or was I about to see my dead grandmother at the end of a tunnel?

Once at the bar, I suavely swiveled to face the moment of truth. "Hi," I said, beaming and looking up four inches. "I'm Corey."

"Monica," she answered, offering a finely manicured hand. She was 22 years old, 5'8" without heels, and modeled for Elite. She had moved to the Big Apple only six months before from San Antonio. I could not have ordered a more perfect girl from a catalog. And don't think I haven't tried.

Me, I'm 35 years old, 5'6" and remind people of David Spade without the fame or money. But the fact that my head was level with her breasts didn't freak me out. I was 13 sakes tall. Besides, a lofty woman is a short man's only shot at normal-size offspring. After talking a bit, I found Monica to be really nice. Actually, come to think of it, she was a little selfish, spoiled and bitchy. But she was a tall model who didn't appear to think that sex with me was out of the question. That's nice enough for me.

"Come downstairs," I told her, grabbing her hand like DiCaprio whisking Kate Winslet to the third-class section. "It's haunted down there."

The basement of Lucky Cheng's is an old bathhouse from the 1800s. One of the original tubs is still there, converted to an aquarium. Years ago, I read about the resident ghosts, former patrons who allegedly died while bathing. Monica and I peeked into old bathrooms and tried opening locked doors. Just because people are dead doesn't mean they can't help a guy get laid.

"Yes, I've heard whispers late at night," said the bartender (Cher with a potbelly and hairy arms). "I definitely detect a presence here."

Monica was excited. The occult was her thing. I detected a presence in my Levi's.

"There was a reason I was supposed to meet you here," Monica gushed. "You're the first guy I've met who's open to this type of stuff."

What followed was a dam burst of declarations about auras, chakras and crystals. I smiled and nodded—whatever Monica believed in, so did I. The loonier the girl, the more of a chance she'd do me.

Because I was still 13-sake Corey, I reached up and planted a kiss on Monica's full red lips. Hard. She kissed back. Was this my life, or had I fallen asleep and woken up in Matt Damon's?

"Ah, straight love," commented the hostess (Buddy Hackett in silk panties and a push-up bra).

•

For a few days, I stuck with the premise that it was the matchbook note that got me in with Monica. Or perhaps it was the haunted-mansion tour. So I began asking friends for their best pickup gimmicks. Their suggestions included card tricks, fake British accents and a childhood candy dispenser.

"What's more innocent than Pez?" said Hollywood movie producer Chris Boehm. "You can choose different heads and be any Looney Tunes or DC Comics character, depending on your mood. It's all about how you want to project yourself in the form of Pez."

Obviously, these gimmicks were ridiculous. The reason they worked, I realized, is the insane confidence required to pull them off. I had that confidence during my entire first meeting with Monica.

"I'm on a bad blind date," I told her. "I need to go back upstairs. But give me your number. Next time I'm in New York, we're going out."

I left no room for her to say no or ask for my number instead. I told her that although I lived in LA, I return to my hometown at least twice a month (only my first in an intricate web of falsehoods). In fact, I come back only for July fourth and New Year's, and whenever a relative dies. But Monica would probably find a boyfriend if I waited longer than two weeks to act. And I would cross the country naked on an emu for a date with a girl half as hot as she is.

She grabbed my cell phone and programmed in her number. The first available storage slot was #37 (a relief, since I appeared to have 36 friends).

Guys, if you think the secret to scoring with the world's hottest women is anything other than confidence, please send me a portion of the money I'm going to save you on sports cars, gym memberships and Rogaine. A man can go weeks without a shower and let the hair from his nose grow into dreadlocks. As long as he is confident, beautiful women will give him the green light.

Like me, you may require alcohol to reach your confidence zone. And that's fine. But let me share some tips to remember once you're there, courtesy of the babe magnets I know.

(1) *Stay focused.* No woman wants to commit to a babe-gawker. If you're surrounded by loads of women, pay exclusive attention to the one you're most interested in. Even if Pamela Anderson bounces by, you must pretend to be less interested in her than you were in your junior high school lunch lady—the one who spooned string beans onto your plate.

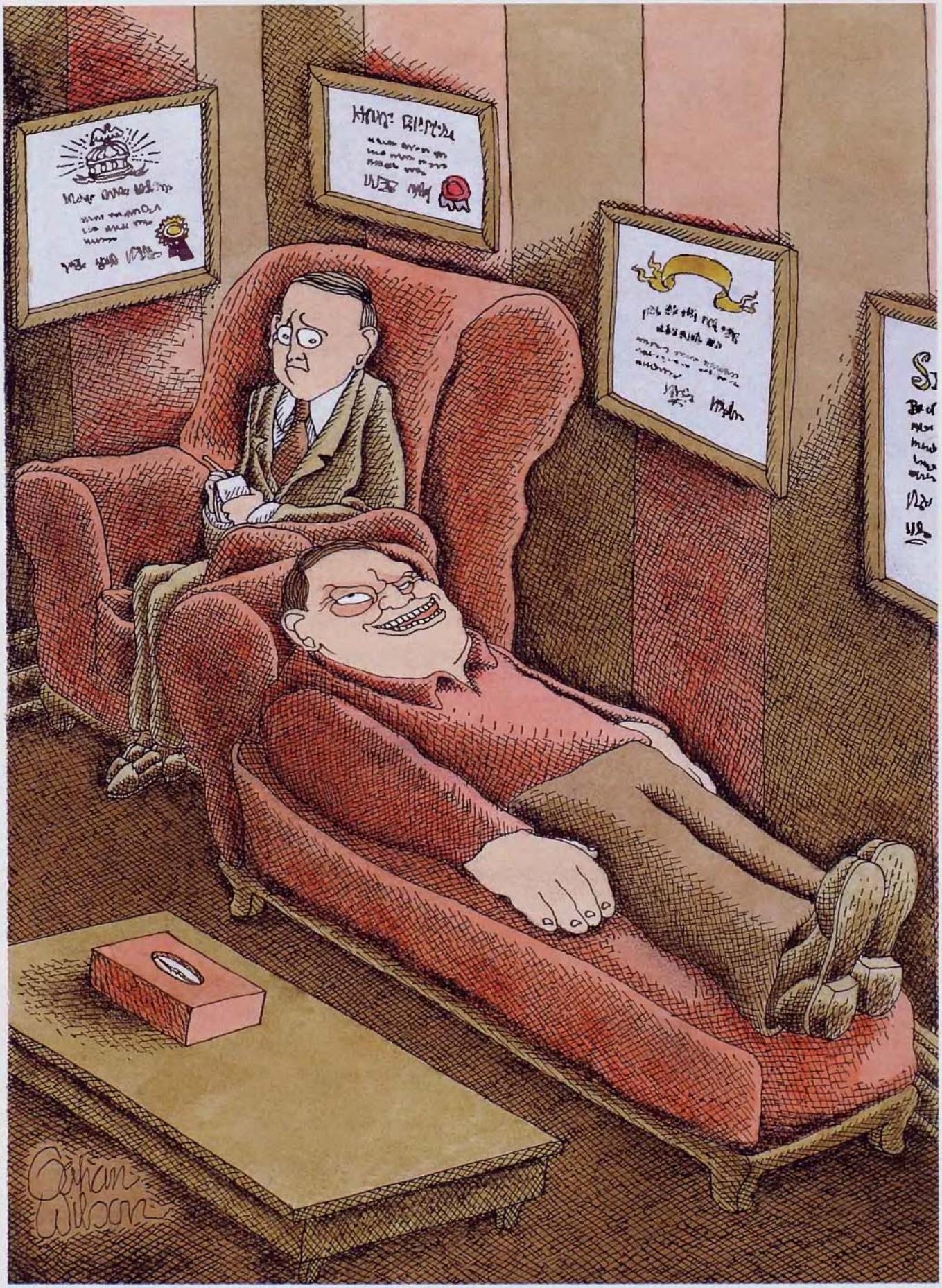
"Think of yourself as a lion," says Ross Kuflik, a New York chiropractor. "You're after that one antelope in a herd of 50. You have to focus on that one. You're not going to let it get out of your sight or be confused by all the other antelope running across your field of vision." Ross recalls one particular hunt. It was about five years ago on Fire Island (the heterosexual part). "I was at an outdoor bar during happy hour," he says. "I saw a girl sitting at the bar, surrounded by hundreds of people. Something about her face and figure attracted me. From the moment I walked into the place, I kept my eyes on her eyes. I walked over—crossing through all these people—and introduced myself." Ross and the girl dated for a few months. "The reason I know that my approach worked is because of what I found out later. One of the friends she'd been with—someone I hadn't even noticed—told her, 'Wow, when that guy came in, he didn't care who else you were with. Nothing distracted him.' They considered that very flattering."

(2) *Seize the moment.* Two ships passing in the night will probably never see each other again, even if one ship gets the other's phone number. If the chemistry is there, push for a moment right now. Have your first date and first kiss the same night you meet.

My friend Jim, a Los Angeles software designer, was in San Francisco recently. He checked out of his hotel room and walked into a Taco Bell to grab a bite. Before he ordered he went to use the bathroom. He knocked on the door and a voice responded, "Someone's in here!"

"It turned out to be this incredible girl," Jim says. "I apologized for

(continued on page 159)



"So, do you think this Soprano guy will end up whacking his shrink or what?"

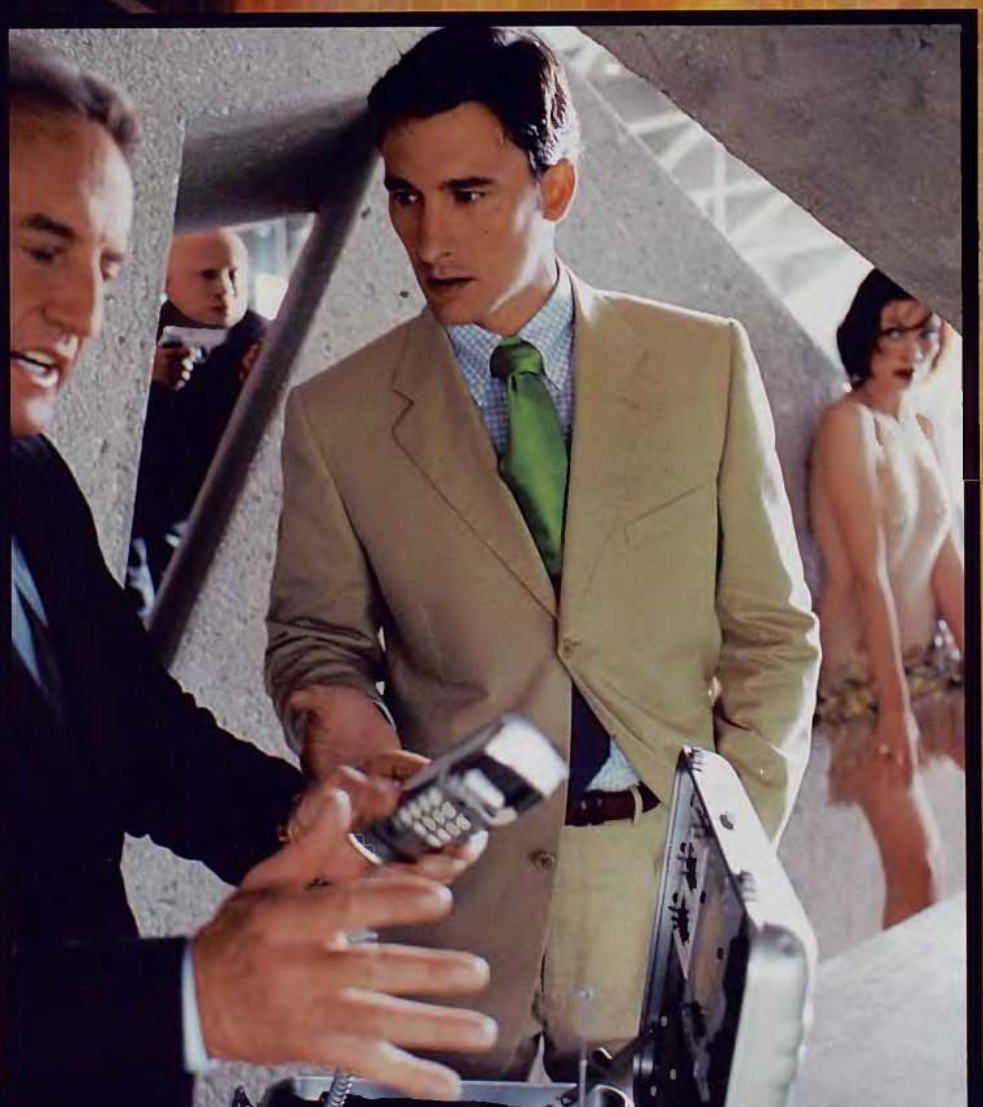
DRESSED TO KILL

PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTOINE VERGLAS

PRODUCED BY JOE DOLCE



"ANY LAST WORDS, AGENT 57?"

AT A TIME WHEN ESPIONAGE IS A MATTER OF NATIONAL SECURITY, IT HELPS TO KNOW THAT THE NEXT BEST THING TO GOOD WORK ON THE GROUND IS A GREAT SUIT. CALL THEM THE JAMES BOND RULES OF WARFARE. FOR OUR HOMAGE TO THE KING OF STYLE, WE RECRUITED JOLENE BLALOCK ("STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE"), JENNIFER KROLL (THIS FALL'S "DRACULA RESURRECTION") AND VERNE TROYER (OF MINI-ME FAME) TO JOIN AGENT 57 AND THE REST OF OUR GOOD-LOOKING OUTFIT. AT LEFT, AGENT 57 GETS DE-BRIEFCASED BUT NEEDS NO TIPS ON HIS TAN SUIT. IT'S BY DAVIDE CENCI, AS ARE THE SHIRT, TIE AND BELT. GADGET GUY WEARS A SHIRT, TIE AND SUIT BY GIORGIO ARMANI. ABOVE, THINGS GET TENSE AS JENNIFER AND THE BOYS DEMAND TO KNOW WHO DID OUR MAN'S CLOTHES. THE SUIT, SHIRT AND TIE ARE BY JOHN VARVATOS. THE BELT IS BY THIERRY MUGLER. SPEARGUN NICK HAS ON A SHIRT AND TIE BY DAVIDE CENCI. THE SUIT IS BY CANALI. IN THE MIDDLE, GREG IS DRESSED IN KITON FROM HEAD TO TOE.

"HAVE YOU EVER BEEN SHAKEN AND STIRRED?"

EVER ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE INTERNATIONAL FASHION VILLAIN FRANÇOIS FAUXPAS, OUR AGENT STANDS TOUGH IN A SUMMER SPORTS JACKET, FLAT-FRONT TROUSERS AND COTTON SHIRT, ALL BY ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA, ACCENTED NICELY WITH A TIE BY TOMMY BAHAMA, A BELT BY THIERRY MUGLER AND A WATCH BY HAMILTON. BACKING HIM UP IS

Numchuck Nick. His shirt, jacket, belt and pants are all by Thierry Mugler. He's wearing shoes by Gordon Rush. His watch is a Rolex Daytona. Shortly after, things turn bad as an angry Jennifer throws Agent 57 into the drink. blame the fight on Jolene; Hugo Boss is responsible for the suit, shirt and tie.

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY: THE GANG ASSEMBLES IN BLACK TIE TO PLOT WORLD DOMINATION. NO MORE WRINKLED SHIRTS! NO MORE RENT-A-TUX! NO MORE CRAZY BOW TIES! AND, FOR NOW, THERE'S NO DOUBLE-BREASTED DOUBLE-CROSSING, EITHER. PROCEEDING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, GADGET GUY SLAPS FIVE IN A CHARCOAL-STRIPE WOOL SUIT BY GIORGIO ARMANI, THE PERFECT ALTERNATIVE TO TUXEDOS. HIS SHIRT AND TIE ARE ARMANI ALSO. ON

THE RECEIVING END, MR. NICK GOES DEEP IN AN ARMANI TUXEDO AND MATCHING BLACK ARMANI SHIRT AND TIE. MEANWHILE, AGENT 57 SAUCES IT UP WITH JENNIFER. HE'S DRESSED IN A COMPLETE TUXEDO OUTFIT BY BRIONI. SITTING, GREG LEANS BACK IN A TUXEDO WITH LEATHER TRIM BY HUGO BOSS. THE SHIRT AND TIE ARE BOSS, TOO. STANDING AT RIGHT IS EDDIE FURLONG ("PECKER"). HIS TUX IS ARMANI, HIS SHIRT IS HUGO BOSS.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

ARE YOU A SEX GOD?

A 23-PART SEXUAL MIND-SCAN TO HELP YOU FIND OUT

BY WILL LEE

Attention, sex gods of the world, we have news for you. Most guys, no matter how unfortunate, can recall an occasion when some woman told them they were the best lover ever. Women are sly that way. Sure, you have tales of baby-oiled Tri-Delts wriggling in a hot tub in Cabo, garter-belted secretaries being wheelbarrowed over a conference table or braless dental hygienists getting a good flossing themselves. They don't count.

What we're talking about is whether your Rodin hands and your Coltrane tongue induced unique bouts of shivering and areolar erectility. There's only one way to tell, and it's time to test your knowledge. For that, we've developed a quiz much like the standardized tests you've been taking all your life. It's scientific—definitely not the namby-pamby shit other magazines play with. This quiz will help you discover your sexual sixth sense. Sharpen your pencil. Set your watch. Go.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA

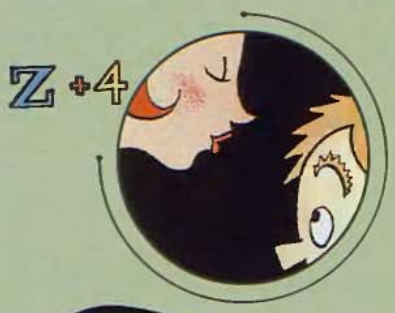
(1) You're on a first date with Caroline, the cute brunette from marketing. Incredibly, things have gone well and she welcomed your initial, tentative goodbye kiss. Now you're five minutes into a tongue tango, and goodbye feels like a hello. What's your best strategy for turning your make-out session into a full-blown sex extravaganza?

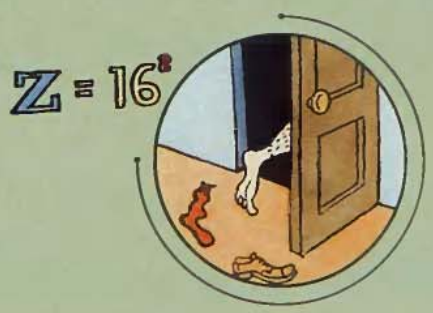
(a) At first opportunity, you demonstrate your amazing tongue-sucking trick.
(b) With a great display of nervous excitement, you let your hands travel to her breasts at five-minute intervals and persist in trying to cop a feel until she whispers "No" the third time. You follow this strategy at all stations of the cross until you're bare-ass naked and bouncing away, always sticking to the rule of three noes for each body part.
(c) At the first sign of resistance to your next move, you back off, exchange numbers and immediately plan date number two.
(d) After kissing for a while, you ask her if she wants to "make love."

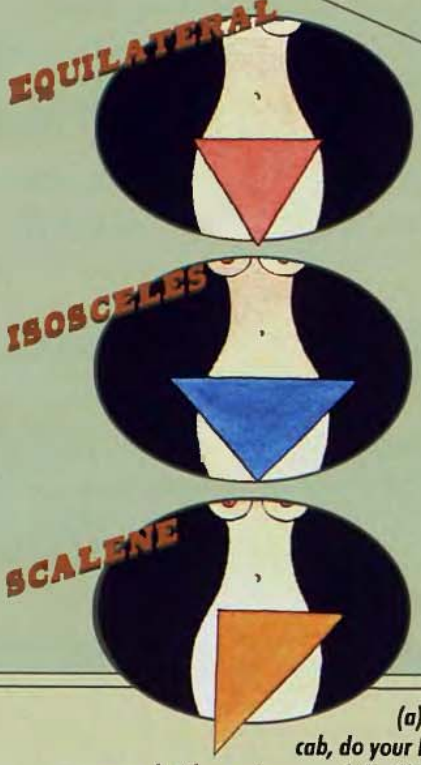
(2) When having a second-date dinner with tight-bodied personal trainer Dana, she tells you a disaster story. Apparently, some yabbo tried to get some under-the-table head between courses by snatching her glass of Rioja, pouring the wine onto his crotch and sneering, "Lap it up, baby." In response, you:

(a) ask, "Did you do it?"
(b) exclaim, "That's horrible! What a pig!"
(c) make up a story about a wild woman you once knew who was forever trying to get you to have sex with her in public but succeeded only in making you feel incredibly uncomfortable.
(d) hold up your glass and jokingly threaten to spill wine on her lap.

(3) While fooling around drunkenly in the back of a cab with buxom blonde bridesmaid Brooke and burrowing hungrily into the ripe cleavage spilling out of her strapless gown, you suddenly have to puke. What to do?







	a	b	c	d
1	○	○	○	○
2	○	○	○	○
3	○	○	○	○
4	○	○	○	○
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21	○	○	○	○
22	○	○	○	○
23	○	○	○	○

(a) Ask the driver to stop the taxicab, do your business where you can't be seen and pick up where you left off.
(b) Stop the cab, do your business, apologize and bid her good night.

(4) Talisa, that slim, twitchy sophomore redhead two doors down the hall, gave your palm a naughty little stroking when you handed her an Amstel at the Phi Psi party last weekend. Now, under the pretense of studying, she's curled up on your futon in a flimsy, fraying long-sleeve T-shirt that barely reaches the southern border of her ass—and she's teasing you into a neurosis. Drawing on your knowledge of the typical college girl, what type of undergarment are you most likely to find cradling her cleft notes?

(a) Girlie Calvin Klein briefs that go high up on the hips.
(b) An all-purpose thong.
(c) Bad, bad Talisa: no panties at all.
(d) Full cotton coverage, and Muppet-potterned, to boot.

(5) Wielding your Nikon, you say, "Give me sexy." Your girlfriend, sitting on your couch, slides her skirt up slowly to reveal her thigh-highs. Wielding your Nikon (and a stiffy), you say, "Now give me dirty." Which of the following poses is she most likely to strike?

(a) A slightly more elevated skirt and a couple of blouse buttons undone, but no more.
(b) Lying back on couch fully nude, legs spread, hand acting as fig leaf.
(c) The stirrups-ond-speculum special.
(d) A scowl and, in the foreground, an uproised middle finger.

(6) Which of the following combinations of your mouth, your fingers, their movement and their positioning is most likely to induce guttural moaning in your woman?

(a) Tongue on navel, thumb in pussy, middle finger extended to anus, other hand tickling behind the knee.
(b) Tongue deep inside pussy, thumb pressing on clit, fingers gently brushing pubic hair, other hand massaging ass.
(c) Tongue wide, flat and rolling against clit, two fingers in easy beckoning motion inside pussy, middle finger of other hand slowly circling nipple, other fingers massaging breast.
(d) Tongue tensed and flicking maniacally at clit, three fingers pumping vagina, middle finger circling anus rapidly and occasionally slipping in, thumb and forefinger of other hand pinching nipple, pinkie extended to tickle ear.

(7) She has marvelous cascades of curly black hair, a D-cup rack soft as goose down, an extensively talented Jolie-esque mouth that becomes virginally tight when she blows you—but Maya simply won't take it up the ass. Which of the following might she do to compensate?

(a) Threesome.
(b) Rim job.
(c) Go down on you in a crowded theater.
(d) Let you and your boss eat sashimi off her.

(8) On your third date, having fucked your brains out for seven hours straight (including two stints in her condo pool and one in the shower with her roommate watching), Diane asks you how many women you have slept with. The actual number is 16, which is

(continued on page 156; answers provided on page 158)

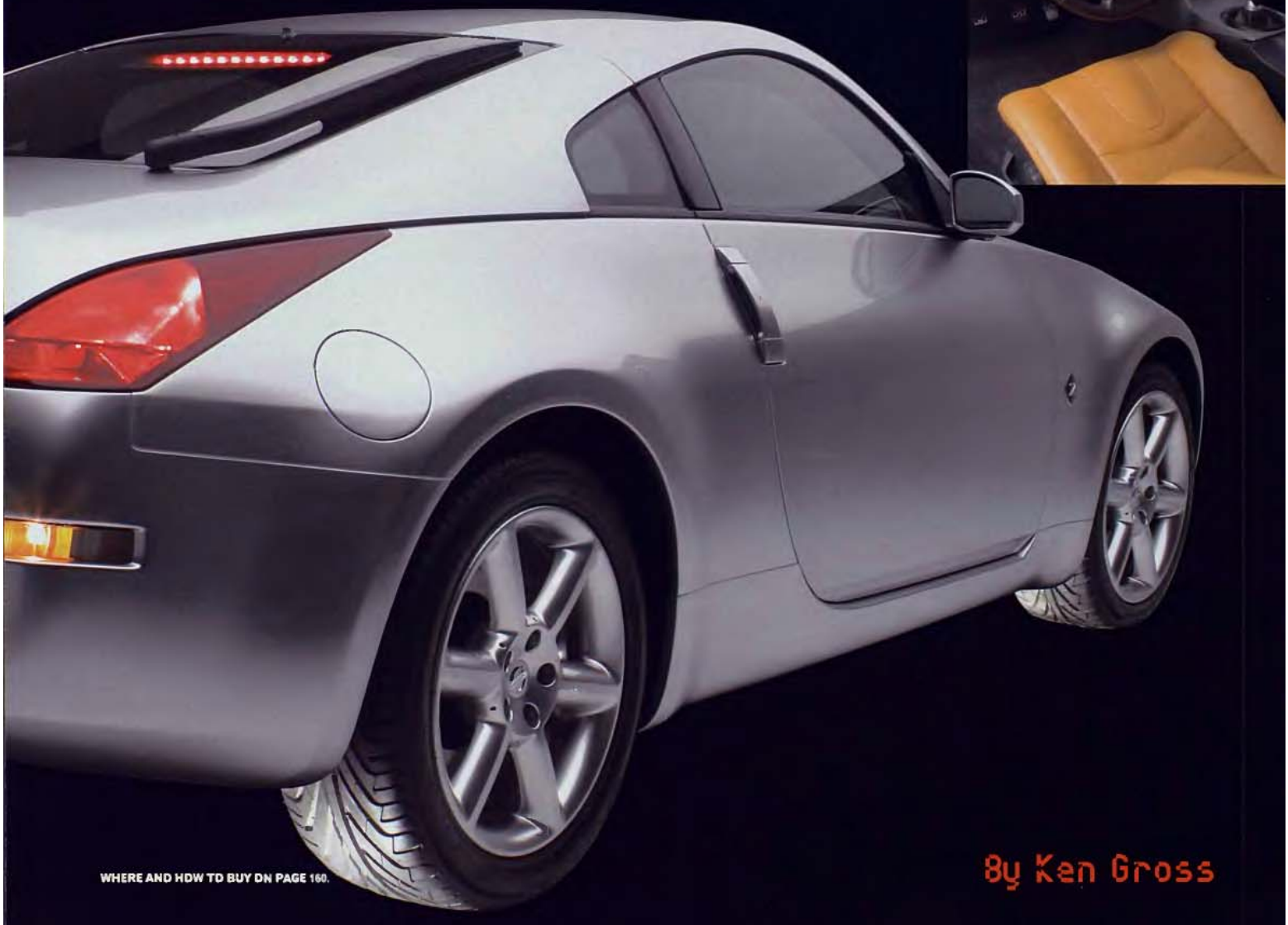
ZZOWIE

nissan's legendary two-seater is back. better hurry if you want to catch this z

Zero in on this. Nissan's new 350Z may look like a million dollars, but it costs thousands less than a Porsche or Jaguar. That's right, for less than $30,000 you get a 280-horsepower V6 coupled to a six-speed transmission, independent multiple suspension, disc brakes and 18-inch alloy wheels. Did we mention the car's slick design and rich interior? If all this sounds familiar, it should. Years ago, ads for the Datsun 240Z boasted "the looks of a Jaguar and the handling of a Porsche for the price of an MG." Datsun delivered what it promised. But, over time, Zs became ponderous and overly sophisticated. When the last twin-turbocharged 300ZX ended the model's run in 1996, even enthusiasts agreed that Nissan had way overpriced its $46,000 model. Journalists also made the case that Nissan's decline in new-car sales was correlated to the Z's demise. With nothing to offer except Toyota clones that lacked pizzazz and personality, Nissan, some pundits predicted, might declare bankruptcy. All that has changed. Nissan's product line is packed with hot sellers. So it makes sense for the company to resurrect its legendary Z car and once again compete with Jaguars and Porsches. *(continued on page 161)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

Inside, the 350Z's fascia is a modern update of the classic 240Z. There are three aluminum-ringed instruments: an 8000-rpm tachometer, flanked by a 160-mph speedometer and a fuel-pan temperature gauge. A trio of supporting dials tops the center of the dash, just as in the original 240Z. The race-style aluminum-accented steering wheel complements the stubby, short-throw six-speed shifter, which features a shock-absorbing function that makes shifting and gear selection easier. Deeply sculpted bucket seats, a between-the-seats fly-off hand brake and an exposed brace behind the seats make this a serious sports car. The trunk will accommodate a couple of weekend bags.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

By Ken Gross

as tony soprano's hair-trigger kinsman,

michael imperioli helps hbo's blockbuster bad guys

outgun the competition

LOOSE CANNON

BY KEVIN COOK

He felt like he'd been shot. Standing on the sidewalk near his apartment in lower Manhattan, six blocks from the burning north tower of the World Trade Center, Michael Imperioli thought he was a witness to a gruesome accident. Then came a deep bass note as a ball of fire shot out of the south tower, so close he could feel the boom in his gut. "That's when I knew—we all knew," says Imperioli, who plays Christopher on *The Sopranos*. "This was no accident. We were being attacked."

He ran closer to the fires—to a grade school where kids huddled inside—to fetch his 11-year-old daughter. They hurried home, gathered up a few toys, a little money. Imperioli, with his wife, Victoria, daughter Isabella and her two little brothers, fled the neighborhood just ahead of a 40-foot tsunami of smoke that left windows white with dust, ash, asbestos and aerosolized metal.

Suddenly the fourth season of *The Sopranos* didn't seem so important.

During the next few days Imperioli worked with a medical unit, helping search-and-rescue workers at ground zero. Firefighters clasped his hand: "Hey, it's Christopher! Bada-*bing*!"

"That was awkward," he says, "being recognized and thanked when I was just taking them some dry clothes." One night he stood at the edge of the rubble, paying his respects, staring for long minutes at the remains of the towers that appeared in *The Sopranos*' opening sequence. Then he turned and walked uptown. For the living, the show goes on.

After a couple days' delay, shooting resumed in Queens, Manhattan and on Tony Soprano's New Jersey turf. James Gandolfini roared and snorted animal noises—the star's offscreen ritual—while Imperioli got ready by pacing like a caged panther. Then cameras rolled on the new season of TV's greatest soap opera, which hits the home screen soon. "It's going to be the best season yet. Seriously," says Imperioli. "It's strong stuff." That might mean another Emmy nomination for the 36-year-old Imperioli, who lost the 2001 trophy for outstanding supporting actor in a drama series to Bradley Whitford of *The West Wing*. Not that Imperioli gives a spit, as long as *Sopranos* knocks off *Wing* for the heavy hardware. When *The Practice* beat out Tony's crew for outstanding drama series in 1999, Imperioli called the other show "awful. Mediocre. It's a show about lawyers! How interesting can it be?" Imperioli could get a piece of the outstanding writing action, too. He wrote "From Where to Eternity," a screwy, religion-tinged episode that became a second-season classic, and he has two new scripts coming up this year.

With his neighborhood almost cleared of debris and his schedule packed—a film script in the works and commercials to direct, including one featuring Gandolfini—things are looking up for Imperioli, who was a survivor even before September 11.

Born on the first day of 1966, he grew up in hardscrabble Mount Vernon, New York, just up the cratered street from the Bronx. His parents were immigrants from Sicily, his father a Bronx bus driver. Michael skipped college for acting school and cofounded experimental theater troupes that haunted ratty playhouses downtown. Gigging by night with Lili Taylor and other young actors who would become indie-movie icons, Imperioli spent his days as a fry cook. "And a bad one," he says. "My eggs looked . . . deflated. Most of the stuff I cooked was hard to identify as food." His acting went unrecognized, too, largely because Mr. Headstrong Junior Pacino could be a pain to work with. He played every role his way, even if it meant he was practically in his own play—and one night he was. After getting confused during David Mamet's *The Woods*, Imperioli began acting the play's ending about an hour too soon. His leading lady tried to signal a warning to him, but he waved her off. She's totally lost, he thought. When he finally realized his error (the audience stayed put after his finale), he did what any true *(concluded on page 118)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

BOXING BEHIND BARS

What happens when you put a cellblock full of thugs in a padded ring? They punch the shit out of each other—and one emerges a pro. By Michael Kaplan

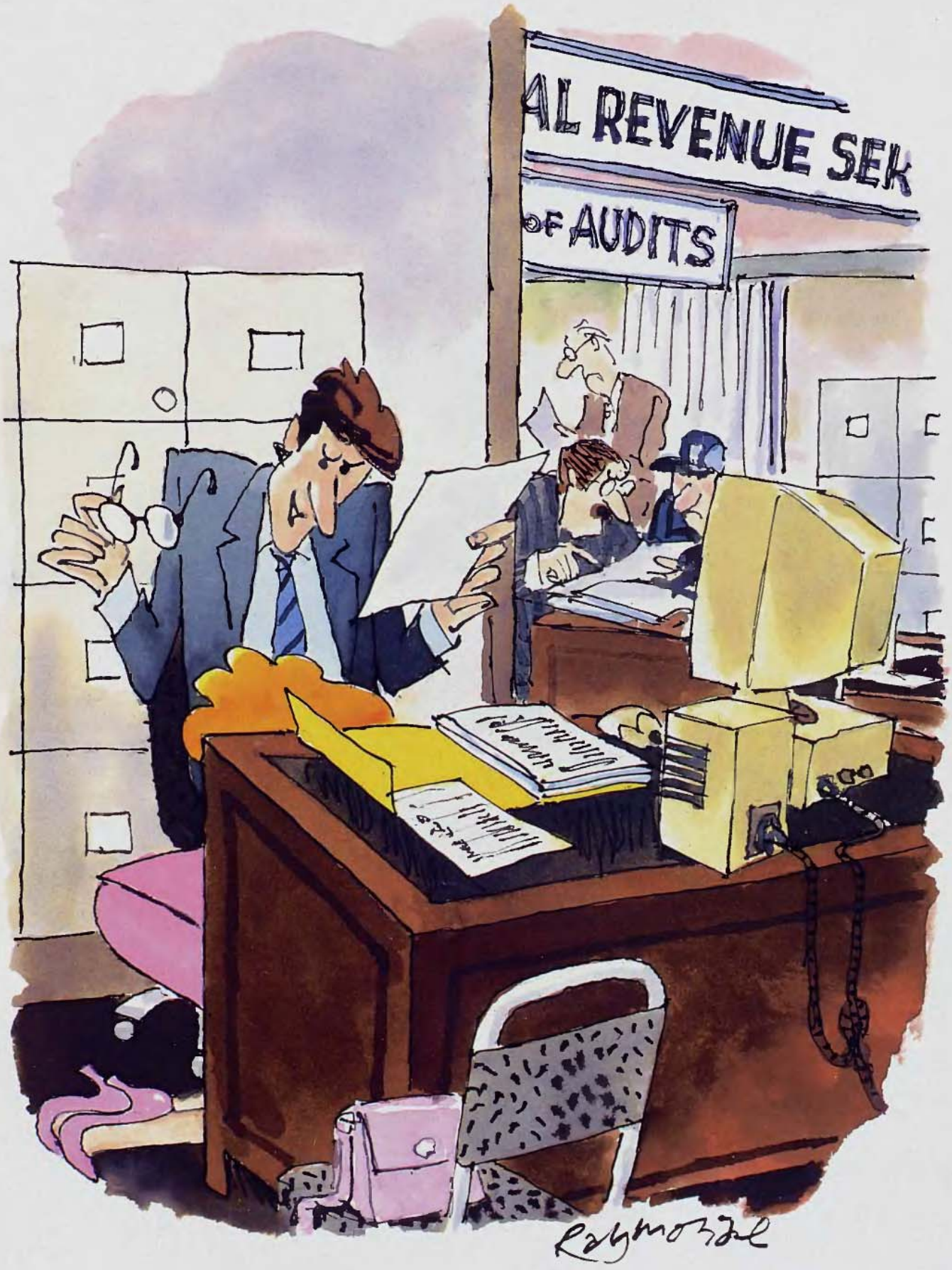
He calls himself the Black Rhino, and I'm not arguing. He's 6'2", 220, dark-skinned, pure muscle. When his half-buttoned shirt blows open in the Louisiana breeze, I spot the head of a rhino tattooed on his right pec. Clifford Etienne could kill me with one fist, and he's got two. I've seen him fight, and he throws punches with the ferocity of a prison-yard brawler.

He's not far from one. At the age of 18, while hanging out with friends in Lafayette, Louisiana, Etienne pulled a gun on a man and demanded money. When the victim resisted, Etienne shot him in the arm. Earlier that summer he had taken two men at gunpoint to a soybean field, forced them to strip and robbed them of $1000 and a gold watch. A high school senior with Division I football talent, Etienne couldn't explain his crimes except to say he wanted to prove his toughness. The judge gave him 40 years.

It was in prison that Etienne took up boxing. (He's featured in Simeon Soffer's documentary *Fight to the Max*, from which most of the images on this page were taken, and at far right defeating Lawrence Clay-Bey.) Louisiana has a unique rehabilitation program in which inmates square off in monthly officiated three-round fights. Some wardens open their doors to locals, who pay three bucks for an evening filled with a dozen or more *Spartacus*-style bouts. Etienne became known for bruising torsos, busting noses and handing out concussions. He throws 100 punches per round, twice the norm for a heavyweight but right in line with how you fight in the pen. Lifers still talk about the fact that Etienne twice soundly beat the much-larger Stacey Frazier (distant cousin of Joe's). "I'd step into the guys and let 'em have it," the Rhino says. "I figured I would fight my way out of jail."

Paroled in 1998 after serving 10 years, Etienne has since gone 22–1 as a pro, with 15 knockouts. His one defeat came in March 2001, when a punch to the ear threw off his equilibrium and a weaker fighter knocked him to the canvas seven times in eight rounds. Following the loss, the Rhino began training with Jack Mosley, father and trainer of welterweight champ Shane Mosley. He was scheduled to fight again in February and has two bouts remaining on a three-fight, $1 million deal with Showtime.

Louisiana's prisons are home to hundreds of amateur boxers who dream of following Etienne into the pros. The likelier scenario is that they will die behind bars or be released to frustration. They lack the discipline, character and/or *(concluded on page 152)*



"Why do I have the feeling you are trying to influence the outcome of this audit, Miss Wilcox?"

Heather

miss april isn't the life of the party, she is the party

HEATHER CAROLIN has the mantra to kick a party into high gear. "Sex, drugs and rock and roll, baby!" she chants. "I can get a little rowdy, but I live my life so I don't regret anything. I lost some friends a few years ago in a car accident. They were only 14—a blonde and a redhead, just like my best friend and me. It made me realize that you have to live for the moment." The 19-year-old wild child from California started to rock out at an early age. "My parents are old hippies, and I listened to their records when I was growing up," she says. "We're good friends and they support my decision to appear in PLAYBOY. And I'm all natural—not just the red hair." Now she's thinking about moving to Los Angeles, but she can't keep the car under 65 when she travels there. "It takes me five and a half hours to drive to LA, but I think it's supposed to take seven," she giggles. "My dream car is a 1967 Camaro. I'll have to start with a frame and have a new engine put in. I want to be a race-car driver and take classes at Laguna Seca." Miss April isn't afraid of getting her hands dirty, either. "I don't like girly girls," she says. "My best friend is a girl and I have 20 guy friends. They're more fun and like to party all night with me. Most girls come off as too prissy—they

Miss April is a serious shutterbug. "Since I got my camera, I've been taking pictures everywhere I go," she says. "I've taken hundreds and hundreds of photographs on road trips. My favorite place is San Francisco."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

whine about spilling a little beer on their shirts. I don't understand them at all. I love four-wheeling in a field with lots of mud."

Heather is considering college but admits she needs to get grounded first. "I have no idea where I'll be tonight, let alone five years from now," she confesses. "Psychology interests me because I want to know what motivates people. I had a boyfriend with a lot of problems, and many of his characteristics are the result of his dad's dying at a young age. I need to understand the patterns in people's behavior and how past events influence them." So what kind of guy captures Heather's attention? "There's something about tattoos and rock music, guys in bands," she says. "I want someone who will go to a concert with me and go crazy in the mosh pit. I'm always going somewhere—spur-of-the-moment stuff. I'm just not a stay-at-home kind of girl." Heather's favorite outdoor activities are skiing in the winter and kayaking in the summer, and she shows no signs of slowing down. "How Jim Morrison lived is how I want to: for the day and for the moment," she says. "It all happens for a reason, so I'll take a chance. Why not? That's my attitude."

The *Moulin Rouge* fantasy theme of this pictorial complements Heather's looks, but don't compare this redhead to prim-and-proper Nicole Kidman. "I didn't see the movie," Heather says. "I wanted to be photographed with Harleys and race cars."

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Heather Carolin

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Heather M. Carolin

BUST: 34 B WAIST: 22 HIPS: 30

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 98 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 08-15-82 BIRTHPLACE: Harbor City, CA

AMBITIONS: I might pursue modeling or acting, but otherwise psychology.

TURN-ONS: Confidence, men in uniform (esp. firemen) and nice pecs.

TURNOFFS: Egotistical & superficial people, bad hygiene and negative attitudes.

THE SEXIEST MAN THAT EVER LIVED IS: Jim Morrison.

MY FAVORITE BANDS: Metallica, Korn and AC/DC.

IN FIVE YEARS: I hope I am happy & successful in whatever I do.

IF I HAD MORE TIME, I'D PURSUE: Photography, scuba diving, boating and traveling.

I WISH I HAD: A 1967 Chevy Camaro SS.

IF I COULD CHANGE ANYTHING: I would want a bigger lung capacity.

my last known innocent pic!

senior portrait 17 yrs. old.

me & my kitty.

SEE MORE PHOTOS (PLUS VIDEO)
OF HEATHER AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

How is being in the military like a blow job?
The closer you get to discharge, the better you feel.

A man standing in the back of a crowded hotel elevator shouted out, "Ballroom, please."
The woman in front of him turned around and said, "Oops, I'm sorry. I didn't realize I was crowding you."

Why did God give women nipples?
To make suckers out of men.

Mothers have Mother's Day and fathers have Father's Day, but what day is dedicated to single guys?
Palm Sunday.

A car salesman tried to influence a senator by giving him a new automobile. The senator declined, claiming that accepting such a gift would be unethical. The salesman thought for a moment, then offered to sell the senator a car for $20. "It's a deal," the senator said. "I'll take two."

A wife came home unexpectedly one day and found her philandering husband in bed with a midget. The wife screamed, "You promised me two weeks ago you would never cheat on me again."
Trying his best to calm her down, the husband said, "Take it easy, dear. Can't you see I'm trying to taper off?"

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A husband was involved in a terrible accident that cost him his manhood. But his doctor reassured him that modern science had made it possible for his penis to be rebuilt. He had three choices—small for $3500, medium for $6500 or large for $14,000. The man wanted a large, but the doctor suggested he discuss it with his wife before making a final decision. The doctor left the room and the man called his wife to inform her of their options. The doctor returned and found the man looking very sad. "Did you make a decision?" the doctor asked.
"Yes," the man said. "She said she'd rather remodel the kitchen."

BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: What did the blonde shout after having multiple orgasms?
"Good work, team!"

What does the bride of a Polish man get that's long and hard on her wedding night?
His last name.

All the knights in the kingdom were leaving for the Crusade. One knight told his trusted servant, "My bride is the most beautiful woman in the country. If I die, I do not want such beauty to be wasted. I am leaving you the key to her chastity belt to be used if I do not return from my journey."
The knights had gone only a short distance when they heard a horse charging up behind them. Thinking it might be an important message, the men halted. The horseman who approached was the knight's servant. "Hey," he said. "You gave me the wrong key."

Three men and a pretty woman were sharing a train compartment. The woman noticed that the men were staring at her, so she said, "If each of you gentlemen gives me a dollar, I'll show you my legs."
The three of them complied and the woman pulled her dress above her knees. "If each of you gives me $10," she said, "I'll show you my thighs."
Each man paid her $10. She hiked her dress higher. "If you each pay me $50," she continued, "I'll show you where I had my appendix taken out."
The men promptly paid her. She pointed out the window. "See that?" she said. "That's the hospital where I had the operation."

The man hadn't been feeling well, so he went to a doctor to get a complete checkup. "I'm afraid I have some bad news," the doctor told him. "You're dying, and you don't have much time left."
"That's terrible," the man said. "How long have I got?"
"Ten," the doctor said.
"Ten, Doc?" the man asked. "Ten what? Ten years? Ten months? Ten weeks?"
The doctor looked at his watch, shook his head and said, "Nine, eight. . . ."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.

"I figure they're putting their lives on the line. This is the least we can do."

PINKY

(continued from page 72)

"Are you there, baby? I have to talk fast, honey. There's been an explosion or something."

There were messages on my answering machine, but instead of retrieving them I called my mother's number in Atlanta——27 times before finally getting through.

"Hey, Mama. It's me, Abel."

"Thank God. Are you OK?"

"Fine. How are Carter and Mary?"

"They're out buying groceries and bottled water. Are you OK?"

"Yeah. Yeah, fine. I was stuck in Norfolk, but I rented a car and drove home."

"You should have come down here," she said. "They say New York is on fire."

"Just the WTC."

"It's terrible, terrible. How could anyone do something like that?"

"I don't know, Mama. It's really bad. I guess it could have been worse, though. It was early enough that not everybody was in and the south tower had already begun evacuating——"

"Terrible," my mother said. "Do you have fresh water?"

"I should go," I said. "I'll try to call back tonight."

"I'm glad your stepfather didn't live to see a day like this."

"Bye, Mama. I'll call later when Carter and Mary get back."

I had 17 messages, most from acquaintances in the city. Alan Cartier, the director of the education program, called (actually his secretary did) to tell me the center would reopen Friday. Nina Trivet wanted to know if I could get together for coffee—to talk. My friend Alex Sartell had volunteered for the rescue operation and asked if I'd go, too.

I didn't hear all of the messages because of the eighth one. It was a man's voice with lots of noise in the background—people calling to one another and something like static.

"Pinky? Pinky, are you there, baby? I have to talk fast, honey. There's been an explosion or something like that, and there's fire and smoke rising through the building. The exits are blocked and, oh God, Pinky. Whatever else I ever did, I love you, baby. I'm gonna try and make it down, but it doesn't look good——"

I couldn't tell if he'd hung up the phone or was cut off. I played the message again. His voice was strained, but he wasn't yelling or even desperate. I figured that he had to be in the north tower because he didn't refer to the first explosion.

I replayed the message. The noise in the background was probably the wind coming through shattered windows. The people I'd heard talking were actually shouting. They were dying, I thought. I was afraid to hang up, worried that the message might be lost because of some aftereffect of the collapsed towers. I found a pencil and notepad and wrote down the message word for word. I had to listen to it 11 times before I was sure it was right.

The only name the man mentioned was Pinky. He didn't say his own name or where he was calling from. I didn't know the company he worked for. He'd probably misdialed. My message was the one automatically provided by the answering service—maybe Pinky had the same one. If it were just one digit off, there were 70 possible configurations, and some of those were impossible—like making the first digit a 1 or a 0. I called all of the valid numbers. There were 48. Twenty-six people answered. There was one fax machine, four calls went unanswered, and the rest were answering services or machines. I asked for Pinky at every number, but no one who answered even knew anyone by that name. I left my number on the answering machines, saying I had an important message for someone named Pinky.

I wrote down all the numbers in a spiral binder with a turquoise cover. Next to each number I scribbled a note such as MACHINE ANSWERED, LEFT MESSAGE, or DIDN'T KNOW PINKY OR ANYONE IN WTC. It took more than two hours to make the calls. Somewhere in the middle of that I wondered if the caller had misdialed two or more numbers. How many variations could there be? Every number in the 212 area code.

I wondered if Kim had survived the collapse, if Lenora was sitting with her sister now, smiling or crying, planning to move back to Oakland.

I waited by the phone for the rest of the day, the Cartoon Network playing in the background. Every now and then I'd turn to the news. Calls had come in from the downed planes. The Pentagon was still on fire. The jet in Pennsylvania might have been taken over by some of the passengers before it crashed. Thousands were feared dead but less than 100 bodies had been recovered. Most of America was closed for business.

At five the phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Mr. Garnett?" a woman's voice asked.

"Yes?"

"You called Pinky," she said.

I realized that all the years of my life my mind had been filled with nonsense and chattering. I became conscious of it because for the first time the background noise ceased. It was as if my entire life had been leading toward that moment, when I could pass a dying man's words to someone he'd loved and reached out to in the last minute of his life.

"Yes, I did."

"Well, um, she doesn't work here anymore, but I would be happy to take your order. You realize, of course, due to the situation, we wouldn't be able to make delivery until after the emergency has subsided."

"What?"

"What kind of computer would you be needing, Mr. Garnett?"

"Computer?"

"Yes," she said. "You were calling Computer Leasing Associates, weren't you?"

"I wanted to talk to Pinky," I said.

"But we don't have a Pinky here, sir. I'm calling you from my home. I picked up your message off the office machine——"

I slammed the phone down so hard that the plastic guard popped off the receiver. The phone still worked, but now the metallic insides were jabbing against my ear. I had to tape the guard back on.

I went to the market later that night and bought bottled water and NyQuil.

The next morning I woke up a little hungover from the cold medicine. I had to take it four times during the night in order to stay asleep. I kept waking up, thinking about the man who'd called Pinky. I also wondered about Lenora.

Later that day, I made my way down to ground zero, as the news was calling it. Policemen were standing guard near the disaster. I don't know if they would have let me in as a relief worker. I didn't ask.

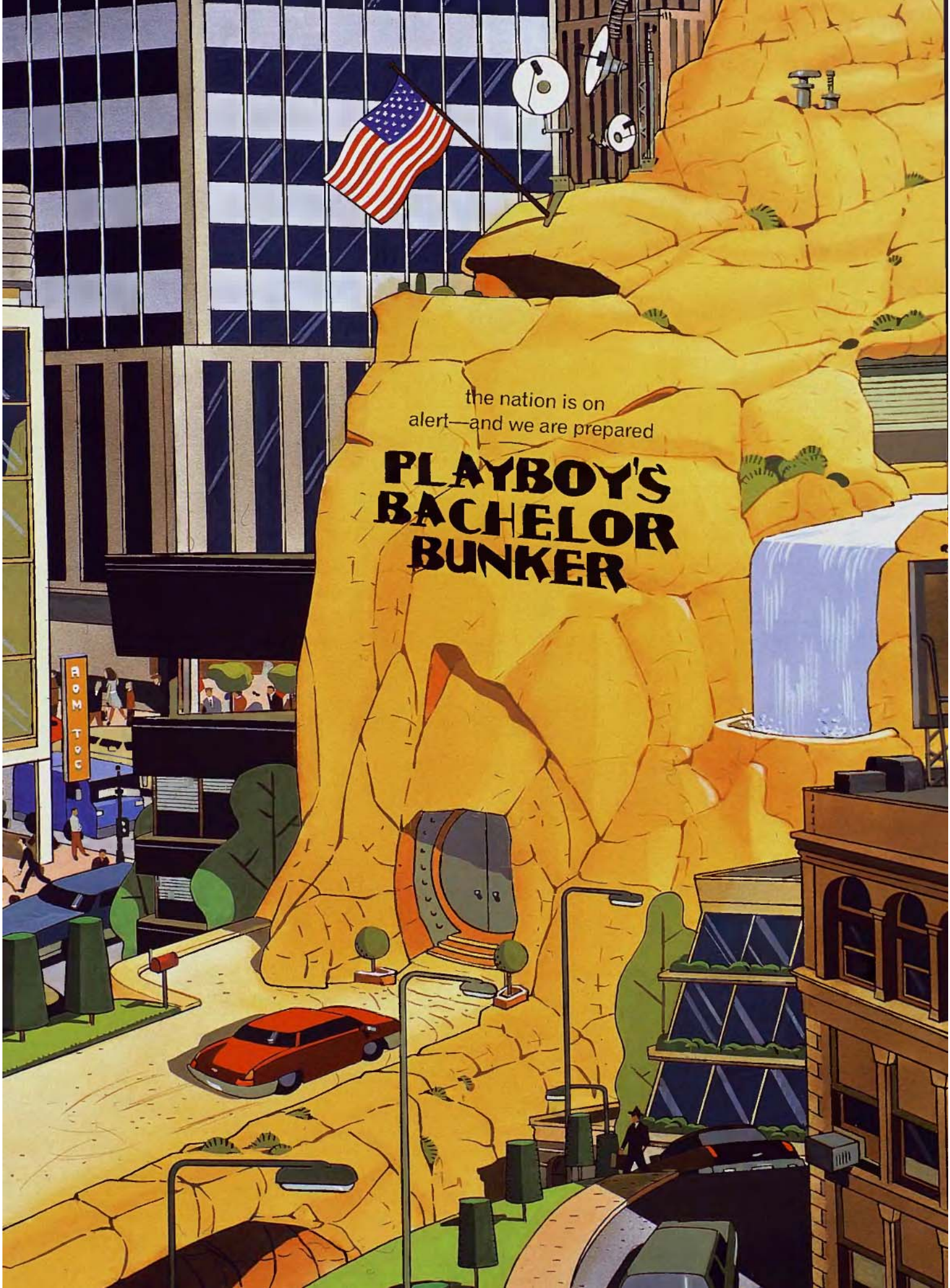
I stopped at a phone booth and called the operator. After a long time, someone answered.

"I got a phone message yesterday from a man who was in the north tower, I think," I said. "I'd like to know if I could trace it back to the phone that made it."

"Why?" she said, not unkindly. "The tower's down now."

"But it was a wrong number. I want to find out who he was so that I can tell his family what he said."

(continued on page 144)


the nation is on
alert—and we are prepared
PLAYBOY'S
BACHELOR
BUNKER

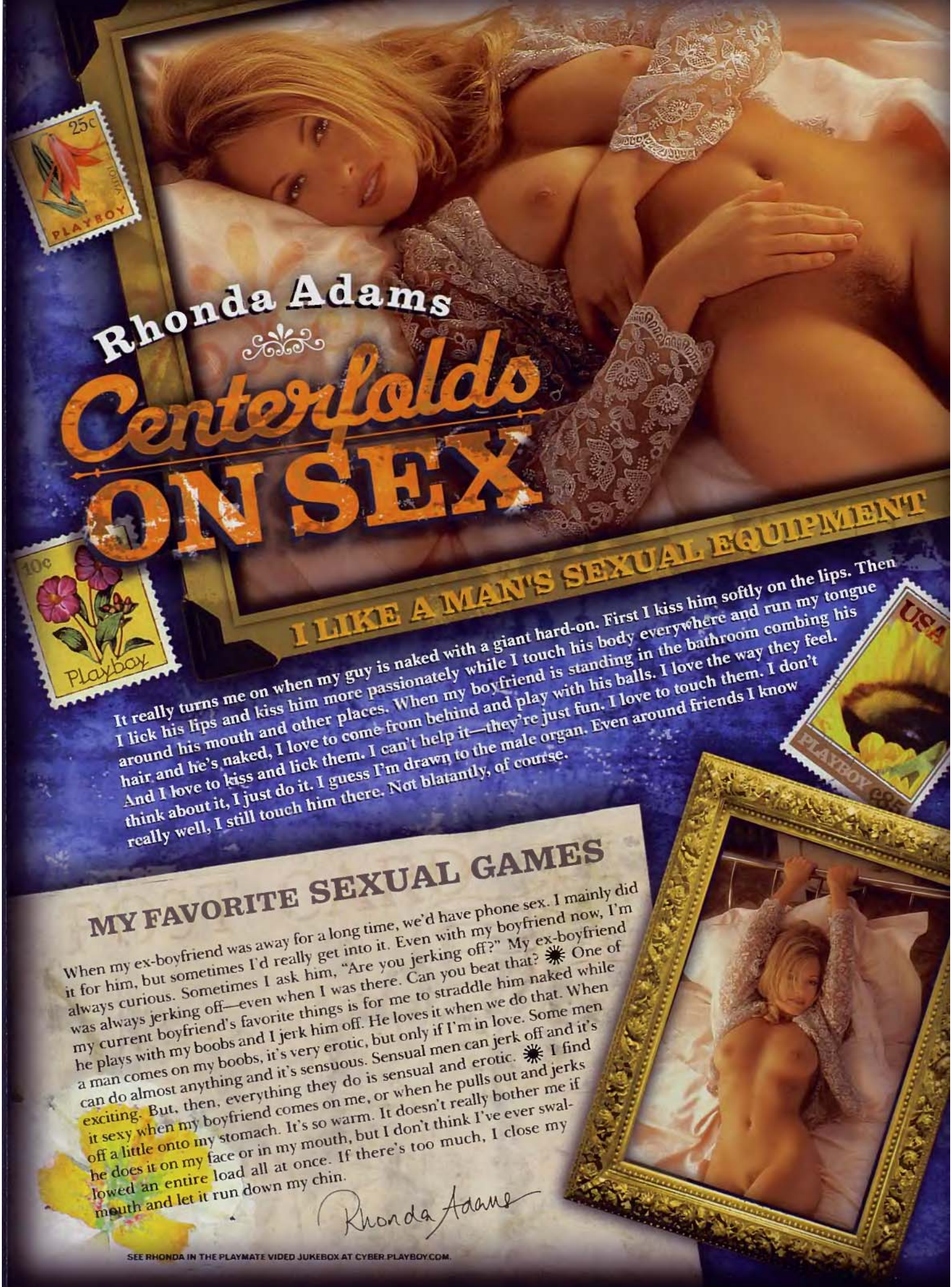
The Office of Homeland Security has urged us all to be on heightened olert, but our president—bless him—says to go about our lives ond don't forget to hove fun. OK, we con do thot. We've never been good ot hiding behind thick walls, but we know how to porty in the dark. Did you see those Tora Bora caves? They were so dreory. No style, no groce, no threesomes. Who wants to live like thot? Not us. Here's our ideo of o secure home thot rocks.

At the entrance to our Bachelor Bunker (1), we pass through reinforced steel doors. They keep out terrorists, junk mail and crazed ex-girlfriends. Once inside, hang your coats in our patented Lewinsky closet. It scans for biological contaminants and lipstick stains. For added security, you're welcomed by an enthusiastic robatic dog (2)—a great icebreaker with the ladies as long as you shut off the leg-humping program. The kitchen (3) is stocked with food, but to arouse the maternal instincts af your overnight guests, we've alsa thrawn in fossilized containers of Chinese takeout. The nearby wet bar features effective Taliban repellents—premium gins, vodkas, single malts, patriotic saur mashes and burka-shedding quantities of chardonnay. The living room (4) is a haven of thoughtful tranquility. Notice the portrait of Dick "Bunker Boy" Cheney, signed with a warm personal message from his "undisclosed lacation." The computer is bookmarked with terrorism, biochemical and game sites. The DVD library af the home theater includes everything from *Patton* to *Girls Gone Wild Goes to Kandahar*. The waterfall-fed grotto (5) is continually purified and, with its 5 percent Astroglide content, provides a welcome haven for biochemical-free cavorting. Second floor: The bathraom (6) includes a medicine cabinet that actually contains medicine (enough ciproflaxin, Zyvox, doxycycline, amoxicillin and Zovirax to neutralize any biological threat). The shower doubles as a decontamination chamber à la *Silkwaad*. It adjoins the master bedroom (7), where the ceiling mirror serves as a surveillance device. A computer records your companion's biometric details. You may forget her birthday, but never her bra size. There's also a fireman's uniform in the closet—an apt costume for patriotic pole-sliding. For further bed play, there are night-vision goggles and antibacterial baby oil. A sea tank (8) and salarium (9) provide all manner of sustenance. The raof (10) has a small patio and dining area and a twa-seat helicopter (11). In the basement (12), we have the wine cellar with important vintages of Bordeaux, Burgundy, port and madeira. The food lockers are stocked with beef and game, faie gras and caviar, and freeze-dried meals secretly developed by NASA in conjunctian with Alain Ducasse. Finally, a daor (13) leads to a tunnel, should your love life get completely aut of contral.

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL TORRES

10
11
7
8
9
4
5
13
TO NORAD

"There are some things money can't buy. Fortunately, I'm not one of them."



Rhonda Adams

Centerfolds ON SEX

I LIKE A MAN'S SEXUAL EQUIPMENT

It really turns me on when my guy is naked with a giant hard-on. First I kiss him softly on the lips. Then I lick his lips and kiss him more passionately while I touch his body everywhere and run my tongue around his mouth and other places. When my boyfriend is standing in the bathroom combing his hair and he's naked, I love to come from behind and play with his balls. I love the way they feel. And I love to kiss and lick them. I can't help it—they're just fun. I love to touch them. I don't think about it, I just do it. I guess I'm drawn to the male organ. Even around friends I know really well, I still touch him there. Not blatantly, of course.

MY FAVORITE SEXUAL GAMES

When my ex-boyfriend was away for a long time, we'd have phone sex. I mainly did it for him, but sometimes I'd really get into it. Even with my boyfriend now, I'm always curious. Sometimes I ask him, "Are you jerking off?" My ex-boyfriend was always jerking off—even when I was there. Can you beat that? ✷ One of my current boyfriend's favorite things is for me to straddle him naked while he plays with my boobs and I jerk him off. He loves it when we do that. When a man comes on my boobs, it's very erotic, but only if I'm in love. Some men can do almost anything and it's sensuous. Sensual men can jerk off and it's exciting. But, then, everything they do is sensual and erotic. ✷ I find it sexy when my boyfriend comes on me, or when he pulls out and jerks off a little onto my stomach. It's so warm. It doesn't really bother me if he does it on my face or in my mouth, but I don't think I've ever swallowed an entire load all at once. If there's too much, I close my mouth and let it run down my chin.

Rhonda Adams

SEE RHONDA IN THE PLAYMATE VIDEO JUKEBOX AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

IMPERIOLI (continued from page 94)

"Hey," Imperioli says, "if you can't handle a few bruises, you're on the wrong show."

New Yorker would do: He made up his own ending to Mamet's play, and then took a bow.

Imperioli's next stage role paid so well that he thought he had made his bones as an actor. But after less than a week, he was fired. His major movie debut was a bit part in *Lean on Me*. "I had one line. It was, 'Hey, I'm gonna be a star.' But every time they turned on the camera, I panicked. I mumbled so much that they cut my line." His break came in 1990, when Martin Scorsese cast the 24-year-old Imperioli in *Goodfellas*, a job that paid $1500 for two days' work. The kid had burned his last omelette.

As Spider, the dim-bulb bartender, Imperioli annoys Joe Pesci, who shoots him in the foot. In his next scene Spider pisses off Pesci again and dies in a hail of bullets. "*Goodfellas* put me in the hospital. I was holding a drinking glass when I got shot and fell, and the glass broke. It sliced open two of my fingers," says the actor, who has the scars to prove it. "So now I've got fake blood all over me, with real blood running down my hand. I look up and see Scorsese and De Niro shaking their heads like *Tsk, tsk, tsk, poor kid*."

But the director and star had other scenes to shoot. Imperioli was packed off to the hospital by a production assistant, who dumped him there and went back to work. "Now the emergency room doctors and nurses see all this fake blood, and it's like code blue. They're strapping me down, rolling me away. I was yelling, 'This is fake blood. It's my hand that's hurt—my hand!' They thought I was delirious." When the ER doctors prepared to clean his chest wounds and found wires and blood packets instead, everybody had a laugh. Everybody but Imperioli, still leaking blood from his fingers, waving his hand at the doctors.

Cut from the lacerated kid to a sight on the *Goodfellas* set that blew him away as much as Pesci's bullets: De Niro preparing for a scene. Imperioli was mesmerized as he watched the star sit at a table and settle himself in his chair before slowly reaching for his silverware. De Niro would turn a fork over in his hand, feeling its heft, and put it down again, moving it half an inch. "Feeling out the space," Imperioli calls it. "Because his character lives in that space. I couldn't stop watching it. This isn't a man who comes to work and tries to entertain everyone on the set. This is not a man who dissipates his energy."

Imperioli brought better focus to his own work after *Goodfellas*. He won roles in *Jungle Fever*, *Malcolm X*, *Clockers* and *Girl 6* from Spike Lee, who became a friend and collaborator. There were small but vivid turns in *The Basketball Diaries* and *Dead Presidents*, and in *Summer of Sam*, which he co-wrote. And four years ago, Imperioli read for a part in the story of a middle-aged Mob boss who starts to see a shrink. Yes, he auditioned for *Analyze This*. But it turned out that he couldn't be in the De Niro–Billy Crystal comedy because there was this new cable show——

"We all loved *The Sopranos* from the start," he says. "We had a great cast and special writing, like Mario Puzo rewritten by John Cheever. We were surprised that reviewers got the idea right away—that this was classic gangster stuff but with a nuanced view of suburban life. And we were shocked that millions of people ate it up."

Who could resist? The show was in your face from the jump, with its scatter-cuts of Manhattan's skyline receding as Tony pays his Jersey Turnpike toll with a handful of blood money. This was America through a windshield, darkly. "A denigration of American culture," Imperioli calls the saga of a suburban dad who happens to be an executive of Murder, Inc. *Sopranos* creator David Chase, who fought off HBO's plan to name the series *Family Man*, could have called it *Killer Knows Best*, but this stuff is nastier, funnier and closer to the truth than any sitcom. Christopher, bemoaning the erosion of the crime biz, dreams of scoring as a Hollywood screenwriter—though he can't spell. "Mob stories are always hot," he says, tapping away at a keyboard. Zoom in on his computer, which reads I MUST BE LOYLE TO MY CAPO.

Imperioli's shifty-eyed, short-fused Christopher makes a fine foil for Gandolfini, who plays Tony with such sly perfection you want to swear loylety to him yourself. "Jimmy's such a strong actor," Imperioli says. "When he gets angry, you can feel it in the room—a palpable, physical force." So physical that when Tony gets pissed, grabs Christopher around the throat and shakes him, Imperioli goes home with marks on his neck. "But hey," he says, "if you can't handle a few bruises, you're on the wrong show."

Along with Edie Falco (Carmela), Dominic Chianese (Uncle Junior) and the others (including Steve Van Zandt, a.k.a. Silvio, a.k.a. Little Steven, whose second-season duties included scoring Bruce Springsteen tickets for the whole gang), Imperioli has been pleased, amused and enriched by the pop-cult creature they've created. He suspects David Chase may keep the series fresh by putting it on ice after five seasons. "Then we might make a movie together, or come back to TV again after a few years, like *Absolutely Fabulous*," Imperioli says. Meanwhile, nothing *Sopranos* surprises him. "I hear there might be a line of *Sopranos* apparel." If so, he hopes it'll be realistic—maybe jogging suits with extra pockets for weapons.

Ambition, talent, luck, stones—Imperioli's rise called for all these, but just as vital was learning to relax, take a break, look around and occupy the moment. A decade after watching De Niro get acquainted with props, he looks back on his prima donna youth and says, "I worried constantly: Am I full of shit? Am I even an actor? I kept getting fired, and I deserved it. But I worked and watched and got better. You work with people like Martin Scorsese, Spike Lee, Robert De Niro and Jimmy Gandolfini and you keep your eyes open, you can't help learning."

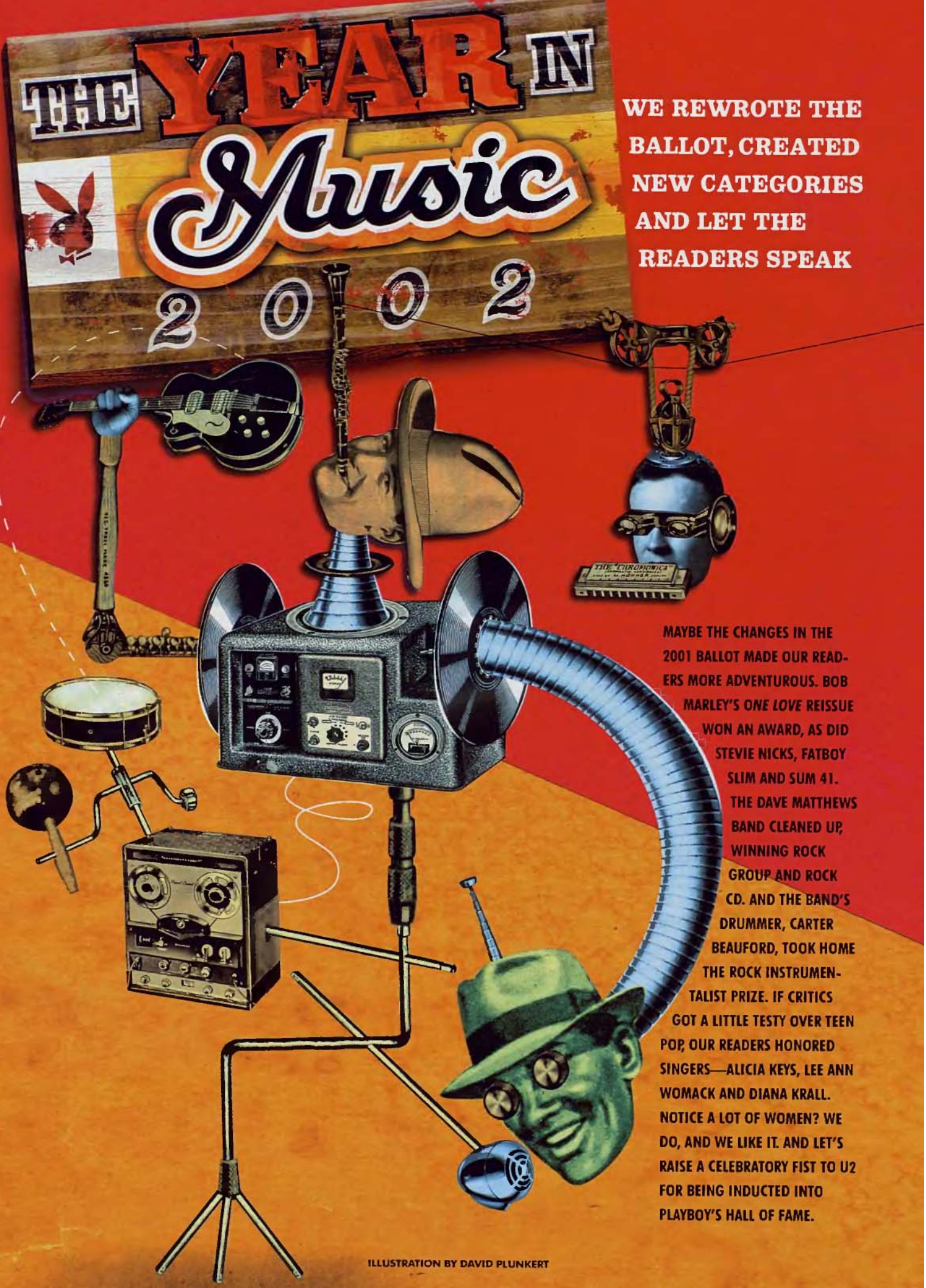
Imperioli even learned to drive. An early *Sopranos* episode called for Christopher to drive Tony around, but Imperioli, a lifelong New Yorker, didn't know how. He had no license, no car, and there he was as Chase's cameras rolled, pumping the gas pedal while actors ran for cover. The bang that followed wasn't a gunshot; it was Imperioli backing into a tree. "It was not my slickest moment." Today the 1999 graduate of Manhattan's Grand Prix Driving School has a New York driver's license in his wallet. "But still no car. I only drive on TV," he says. "It's much safer—they clear the streets for me."

The Sopranos changed everything for Imperioli, whose fans run the spectrum from the heroes of September 11 to the guys who break real knees. "I've heard from some of them," he says. "I mean, I can't prove it. They don't wear IDs." But a Sicilian can, you know, kind of tell. Not long ago a thick-necked, pinkie-ringed gentleman buttonholed Imperioli on the street, demanding a moment of his time. "I got something to say to you," the man growled. "Love the show. Keep it up."

What do you say to your fan the mobster? If you're not a killer but you play one on TV, you smile, say thanks, shake the man's hand—and try not to wonder where that hand has been.

THE YEAR IN Music 2002

WE REWROTE THE BALLOT, CREATED NEW CATEGORIES AND LET THE READERS SPEAK



MAYBE THE CHANGES IN THE 2001 BALLOT MADE OUR READERS MORE ADVENTUROUS. BOB MARLEY'S *ONE LOVE* REISSUE WON AN AWARD, AS DID STEVIE NICKS, FATBOY SLIM AND SUM 41. THE DAVE MATTHEWS BAND CLEANED UP, WINNING ROCK GROUP AND ROCK CD. AND THE BAND'S DRUMMER, CARTER BEAUFORD, TOOK HOME THE ROCK INSTRUMENTALIST PRIZE. IF CRITICS GOT A LITTLE TESTY OVER TEEN POP, OUR READERS HONORED SINGERS—ALICIA KEYS, LEE ANN WOMACK AND DIANA KRALL. NOTICE A LOT OF WOMEN? WE DO, AND WE LIKE IT. AND LET'S RAISE A CELEBRATORY FIST TO U2 FOR BEING INDUCTED INTO PLAYBOY'S HALL OF FAME.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PLUNKERT

The Grammy-nominated rocker opens his CD case

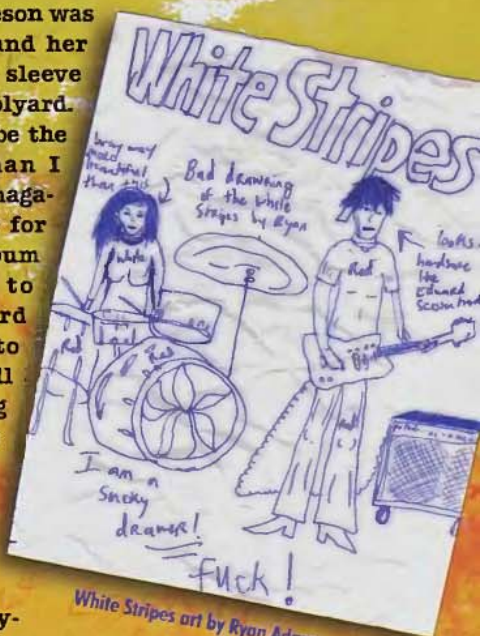
It's not every day that a singer-songwriter receives a fan letter from Elton John. Ryan Adams was in London when he got such a note. Understandably, he was floored. "At first I was like, 'Fuck off! No way!'" Adams says. "Loving *Honky Château* as much as I do, being so down with him, it was cool. The letter was genuine and sweet. I sent him a letter back and a week and a half later he called." ***Thus began the much discussed Elton John–Ryan Adams mutual admiration society,*** in which they chat on the phone, thank each other in liner notes (John credits Adams for making him do better) and jam together (they played *Rocket Man* at Adams' Troubadour gig in Los Angeles). "We get along on a lot of different levels," Adams says. "I feel like he has my back. I know I have his."

We caught up with Adams in Los Angeles shortly before he appeared on *The Tonight Show With Jay Leno*. We asked him to name the bands and musicians that move him. Then we asked about his hit single *New York, New York*.

Playboy: The video for *New York, New York* features you performing in front of the World Trade Center and is dedicated to the victims. People are clinging to it for solace. When was that filmed? ***Adams:*** Believe it or not, we shot it on September 7 and 8. I've been writing records about New York for four years, since I was in the band Whiskeytown. I've lived in New York, fallen in love there and moved away. Now I live in New York again, and in Los Angeles. I can't not write about it. I was doing press in Paris when someone told me, "Your country is being attacked. The towers are gone. The Pentagon has been hit." I thought it was a joke. They were like, *(concluded on page 155)*

The White Stripes: rock and roll's future

There is a brutal storm of American rock and roll tearing ass across the United States and Europe. His name is Jack. Her name is Meg. You may know them as the White Stripes. ✹ The first time I saw them was in Austin, Texas on a hot night in a small club where I prayed I wouldn't pass out. I did the opposite. I woke up from the longest sleep. I wanted to explode. I wanted to eat crack pipes and dance with the voodoo bones of the dead. The White Stripes do weird shit to you. They make you want to get fucked up and make out. I made my way to that river that runs through Austin and smoked a joint and thought about how to become a better musician, and if there was any way I could achieve anything close to the greatness I had witnessed. Since then, I never looked at my guitar the same. Hell if I've ever touched a drum the way I've wanted to. The White Stripes changed my life, and that means they changed the world. ✹ The next time I ran into them was at the London Astoria. The crowd was wired. The Von Bondies opened and blew minds. They were the Stooges and the X-Ray Spex blasted backward through a jet engine. ✹ Showtime: Enter the White Stripes. Opera. Riot. Exit the White Stripes. ✹ I made my way backstage and was greeted so graciously by Jack that I blushed beyond recognition. He said he couldn't believe I had made the show. I was shocked he knew who I was. I thought they'd think I was cheesy because they're so hip. We spoke of Emmylou Harris and Son House. Then, there she was. Hidden behind a pile of couch and Jameson was Meg. My heart sped and her friends tugged at her sleeve like we were in a schoolyard. I had called her "maybe the most beautiful woman I have ever seen" in a magazine and thanked her for saving rock on my album credits. No reason to be shy. After awkward glances I motioned to leave and she stood, all five-foot-something and total badass. We spoke. Midwestern. Patient. Unbearably cute. ✹ The White Stripes don't have to do a single thing to move the walls anymore. They shake my house. They break my hurricane. —RYAN ADAMS



White Stripes art by Ryan Adams

BANDS & MUSICIANS TO WATCH: ★ VON BONDIES. THEY'RE COMING IN LIKE THE SECOND WAVE THAT TAKES DOWN THE SWIMMER, CORAL WOUNDS AND ALL. ★ LOW. TASTES LIKE MEDICINE, SOUNDS LIKE SLEEP. ★ LEONA NAESS. MMMMMM. ★ BEACHWOOD SPARKS. HIPPIE ROCK FOR JUNKIES. ★ DANDY WARHOLS. HEY, COURTNEY, FUCK OFF. COME ONS ★ DETROIT COBRAS ★ GO ★ VOLEBEATS ★ YAYHOOS

CDs of the Year

Reissue

ONE LOVE—THE VERY BEST OF BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS

Rock

EVERYDAY: DAVE MATTHEWS BAND

R&B

SONGS IN A MINOR: ALICIA KEYS

Hip-Hop

COUNTRY GRAMMAR: NELLY

Jazz

THE LOOK OF LOVE: DIANA KRALL

Country

I HOPE YOU DANCE: LEE ANN WOMACK

Soundtrack

ALMOST FAMOUS

HALL OF Fame

"I THINK THAT EDGE IS THE HEAD OF THE BAND, I'M THE HEART, AND ADAM AND LARRY ARE THE FEET," SAID BONO. PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER AND THEY MAKE A HELL OF A ROCK BAND.

U2

BEGAN PLAYING TOGETHER AS SCHOOLMATES AT DUBLIN'S MOUNT TEMPLE HIGH SCHOOL IN 1978. THE TEENS MADE A NAME FOR THEMSELVES LOCALLY, AND BY 1980 AN IRISH ROCK MAGAZINE GAVE THEM THE BREAK THEY NEEDED. NOW, 20-PLUS YEARS LATER, THEIR FANS AND THE CRITICS ARE STILL AS PASSIONATE. PLAYBOY SALUTES U2 FOR ITS ARTISTRY AND CELEBRATES A HALL OF FAME FIRST—NO BAND HAS EVER BEFORE BEEN INDUCTED.

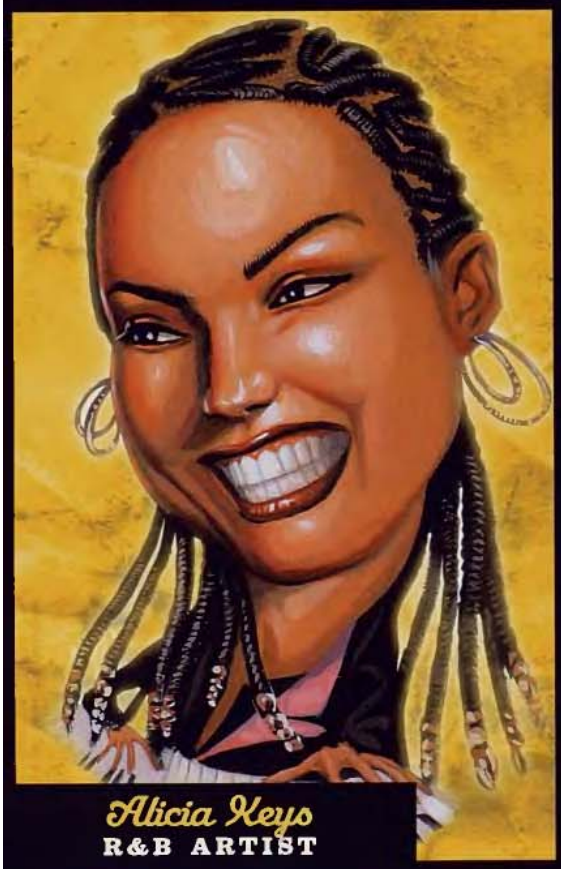
SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEDNICK

2002

PLAYBOY

Music Poll WINNERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHARD CLARK



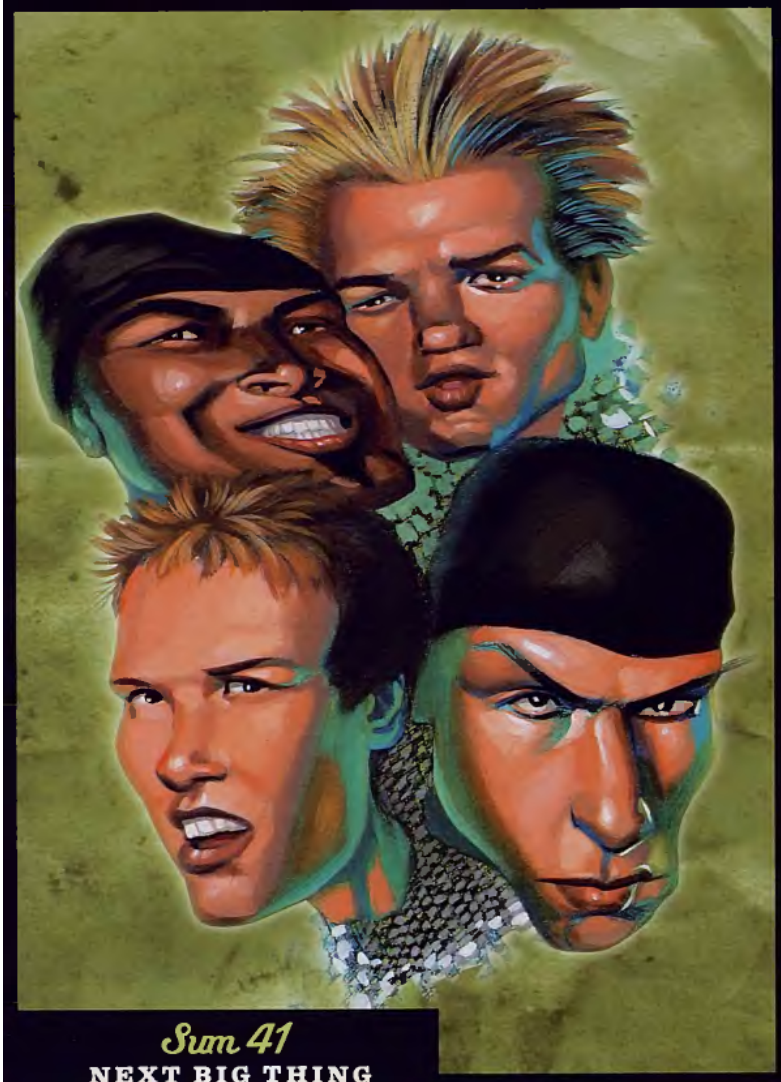
Alicia Keys
R&B ARTIST

Dave Matthews Band
ROCK GROUP

Carter Beauford
ROCK INSTRUMENTALIST

Stevie Nicks
ROCK ARTIST

Outkast
HIP-HOP ARTIST



Sum 41
NEXT BIG THING

Fatboy Slim
ELECTRONIC

Faith Hill
COUNTRY ARTIST

Béla Fleck & The Flecktones
JAZZ ARTIST

Princess ★ Superstar

the princess takes off her glass slipper

by anaheed alani

Under the name Princess Superstar, Concetta Kirschner makes genre-crushing music that she calls flip-flop—best described as a mix of hip-hop, punk, techno, funk and electronica. Her new CD, Princess Superstar Is, is smart, funny and playfully pornographic. We called her up with some questions.

PLAYBOY: You're always compared to someone else—you're called the female Eminem, the white Lil' Kim. What would you rather be known as? **PRINCESS SUPERSTAR:** The hip-hop Iggy Pop, or the hip-hop Martha Stewart. **PLAYBOY:** Pick one: Whitney or Mariah? **PRINCESS:** I gotta say Whitney, because she is fucking insane. **PLAYBOY:** But Mariah was just in the mental hospital. **PRINCESS:** I know, but she doesn't get onstage and slur and be on drugs in front of millions of people—and get a billion-dollar deal. And Mariah has got to stop dressing like a teenager. **PLAYBOY:** Tony Soprano or Homer Simpson? **PRINCESS:** Homer! The Simpsons has inspired my art. I don't know if you remember the episode where Mr. Burns goes crazy about killing animals to make clothes—he sings a song that goes, "See my vest, see my vest!" and the vest is a gorilla's chest. I put that in my song Love/Hate to Be a Player: "See my vest, see my vest, take it off, see my chest." **PLAYBOY:**

"Next time you see Vicki, the spot'll be sticky 'cause I sucked his dicky."

In Bad Babysitter, you sing: "All right, kid, you gotta go to bed/I know it's only six, but my boy just came over, and he wants me to give him head/Sit his bare ass on the couch where you watch Small Wonder/Next time you see Vicki, the spot'll be sticky 'cause I sucked his dicky." That is a bad babysitter! **PRINCESS:** Actually, I was quite a good babysitter. I always made sure the kid was in bed before I did the more naughty stuff. **PLAYBOY:** Is there anything you'd like to say now to the kids that you babysat? **PRINCESS:** You're lucky you were babysat by Princess Superstar. How many other kids could say that? **PLAYBOY:** Britney Spears' new thing is that she's "not a girl, not yet a woman." Do you have any advice for her on how to grow up? **PRINCESS:** I think Michael Jackson probably feels the same way—not a girl, not yet a woman. Maybe they could get together and . . . just go somewhere far away. **PLAYBOY:** What do you care to say to the young men of America about your sex life? **PRINCESS:** I need a date! I'm so busy, and it's been difficult for me to find the one. Somebody with a huge . . . brain. He's got to be into what he does, creative, sexy and not afraid to take risks—in life and in the nasty.

"Well, I see they finally responded to my request to change the elevator music."

TAKE YOUR BEST SHOTS

BELLY UP TO THE BAR, GUYS. THE DRINKS ARE ON OUR PLAYMATES

Body shots? People have been doing them south of the border since the days of the Incas. The ritual is simple. A woman chooses a place on her body where she'd like to be salted. She then clenches a wedge of lime in her teeth. A lucky guy licks the salt, downs a shot of tequila and bites the lime, all followed by a kiss. Kind of sexy but pretty tame compared with today's sport—now the beverage of choice is consumed directly from the woman's body. This cultural phenomenon clearly called for additional study, so we asked some of our more convivial Playmates to name their best shots. Nicole Narain, who started our year right by posing as Miss January, painted a tantalizing image of how she would like a body shot. Nicole said she'd lie on her stomach and take it on her back. For her shot, Nicole would be inclined to go "all the way" and choose a screaming orgasm (Baileys Irish Cream, vodka and Kahlua). "It would be more fun if you had a crowd watching, unless you were with Brad Pitt." If she were standing up downing shots, Nicole says she would pick sex on the beach—the same drink Tishara Cousino chose on page 153. Stacy Fuson (Miss February 1999), pictured here, admitted she's never done a body shot but loves posing "with tequila running down my neck and shoulder and then dribbling on down my body. On a hot day, it's actually quite refreshing." Although she sees the upside to downing body shots in a party setting, Stacy is more inclined to explore the sensuous promise in a romantic situation. Think of it as pourplay. "I'd try it in my belly button, lying down. If I were doing the sipping, I would choose Baileys Irish Cream. If someone were sipping it off me, maybe I'd call for a shot of Bacardi rum." The possibilities are bottomless, and that's what makes body shots so much fun. Read on for more Playmate hot spots. *(text concluded on page 153)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIS FACTOR/
aRT miX (the agency)

sarah silverman

the potty-mouthed comic spouts off on poker, porn and her love affair with the vagina

Sarah Silverman always knew she wanted to be a lady of the evening. "Comedians work nights," she says. And she's never had a day job. As a 17-year-old high school student, the New Hampshire native traveled south to regular stand-up dates in Boston. A year of college followed, but at an age when most young people are settling into entry-level jobs, Silverman landed a position at the top of the business, as a writer on Saturday Night Live.

The job lasted one season. Was her mouth the reason her contract wasn't renewed?

Silverman hazards unconventional opinions on issues such as abortion, and she's not always politically correct. She is vocal about her fascination with erogenous zones (she says her vagina is a favorite one). Did she expose herself or masturbate onstage at a Montreal comedy festival? The consensus is that she did neither, though she left that impression.

Silverman's television appearances include Star Trek: Voyager, The Larry Sanders Show (where she drew on her SNL experience to play a writer) and Seinfeld. On the big screen she opened Way of the Gun with a memorable foul-mouthed sequence. She currently plays a network executive (she describes her character as "neurotic") on the new Fox show Greg the Bunny, which depicts a workplace—a television show—where people and the puppets who supposedly work for them engage in bare-knuckle office politics. And Silverman insists she remains true to her stand-up roots by mouthing off regularly at the Los Angeles Improv.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker caught up with Silverman in New England. Kalbacker recalls, "Before we met she warned me she'd probably say vagina often during our conversation. And she did. But at one point she became quite sentimental. She confided how much she missed her dog, and then she brought out snapshots of him."

1

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had your mouth washed out with soap?

SILVERMAN: No. I didn't get punished because my dad thought it was funny to teach us to swear. Some of the first things he taught me were bitch, bastard, damn and shit. I was probably four or five and I'd scream them in the local market. He thought it was hilarious. I was the innocent vessel through which he was able to say anything. My dad says fuck, like, every other word, but my mom swears once in a blue moon. She'll not swear for years and then one day go, "Come on, fucker!" and everyone is slack-jawed.

2

PLAYBOY: We can't resist borrowing from the Playmate Data Sheet. Please tell us about your ambitions, turn-ons and turnoffs.

SILVERMAN: I want to have a million kids and be happy but also be a model. My turn-ons are my boyfriend, teddy bears and fast cars. I like chubby guys—smart and funny chubby nerds—because I feel I can rock their world. I don't like liars or closed-minded people, nor those who judge others, racism and pink with red. There is one thing more. I'm one of the rare women who's attracted to men who adore me. And it always impresses me when a man believes he deserves love. It's a total turn-on. So many women and men I know are turned off by anyone who truly adores them. I'm surrounded by self-loathing comics. You can't appreciate being loved when you're that way.

3

PLAYBOY: Do you and your sister, the one who is a rabbi, discuss the fact that in many religious traditions old men tell the rest of us when—and mostly when not—to have sex?

SILVERMAN: I associate that kind of sex-hang-up stuff with Catholicism. My last boyfriend—whom I love—is Catholic. We'd have sex and then afterward I'd say, "What we did was a good thing, right?" I'd try to get to him before he quailed into himself in shame. I talk about sex with my sister the rabbi. She's super-duper crazy Reform. All my sisters kibitz about sex. We tell each other everything. If any guy has an affair with a Silverman sister, the three others know everything that goes on, beat by beat. We can tell each other any intimate, graphic detail about what's going on sexually.

4

PLAYBOY: Not long ago you were cited for an infraction of the political correctness code. Is it the duty of comics to irritate politically correct types?

SILVERMAN: I think so. I got nailed last summer for saying Chink on Conan O'Brien's show. I have two feelings on political correctness, which are opposite of each other. Political correctness is good on the one hand because it's an attempt at awareness and racial fairness. It's not just that people badmouth a group, it's the ideas behind it that propel hurtfulness. On the other hand, political correctness can end up being closed-mindedness. Sometimes the reason people are uptight or self-conscious about political correctness is not others' skin color—we're all the same underneath—but because they ask, "What are people going to think of me?" Or, more important, "I'm going to get letters!" The fact that NBC immediately apologized after I said the word Chink on *Conan* was not because they stand on a high moral ground, but because they were responding to letters and advertisers. That kind of political correctness is sickening. It's founded on nothing but money and superficiality.

5

PLAYBOY: As someone who has voiced admiration for sex workers, do you view the recent publication of several

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

call girl and stripper memoirs as evidence of a new respect for these women's choice of occupation?

SILVERMAN: I've wanted to be a stripper ever since I was molested. There isn't anything I don't love about strippers—except that their butts have a metal-pole smell. There is a lot of power in stripping. The cliché about strippers being molested is true, and stripping gives them their one chance to have control over men. Women really run the porn industry. They make the most money. It's the opposite in the rest of the world. Prostitution and stripping are direct forms of whoring, while almost every other job is an indirect form. I have to believe that it's the same in any kind of business—in offices and certainly in show business. There's the ass-kissing and the lack of individual opinions out of fear. You know the way fear motivates people who have higher-ups. That kind of stuff is a lot grosser than stripping.

6

PLAYBOY: Count any strippers among your friends?

SILVERMAN: Yeah. Comics and strippers have a close bond that I would guess goes back to burlesque. Most of my friends are comics, and guy comics are always going out with strippers. I don't think it's just because strippers are hot—there's other common ground. They're both night jobs. The kinds of people you're entertaining are similar. I've been a comic since I was 19 and I've also been exposed to a lot of porn. Lots of my guy friends have porn stacked to the ceiling, and it's hard to not indulge in that every once in a while. I have a friend who has so much porn he's had to go to Brazilian gay porn just to keep up the intrigue. And he's straight. He made me promise that if he dies I will break into his house and take out all the porn so his mom won't find it. I also have a friend who wrote some porn scripts, and he took me to a porn set in LA. It's funny how quickly it seems just like any other set. You can watch actual sex happening 10 feet in front of you, but you end up loitering around the craft service table, the treat table. That's where you get the doughnuts, and on this particular set, there was also a bowl of condoms.

7

PLAYBOY: You were hired several years ago as a writer for *Saturday Night Live*. Tell us a true tale of the writers' room.

SILVERMAN: I was there in 1993 and 1994. I still watch *SNL* and root for it. Monday we would pitch to the host. Usually you'd just pitch a one-line thing that would get a laugh in the room and then write something else. What's funny as a one-sentence pitch is not necessarily funny as a full-length sketch, and you've probably seen evidence of that on many *SNL* shows. Then you write all day Tuesday and through the night. I just loved staying overnight, that feeling of being in the building with people in the hours when you're usually sleeping. My office was right next door to a writer named Ian Maxtone-Graham. Ian went to Brown, so he got teased by the Harvard guys, but he was still a big university snob to the comics. He had a drawer full of fresh boxer shorts and rolled-up socks. I was such a bully. Halfway through Tuesday nights I'd break into his office and take fresh shorts and socks and change into them because they were more comfortable. And never did we exchange acknowledgment of that between us. I would walk down the hall and he would see me in his big boxer shorts and tube socks and I would look at him like, Say something! And he never did. I think I secretly liked him.

8

PLAYBOY: You've appeared on Conan O'Brien's show a number of times over the past few years. He doesn't seem to mind when you put your feet on the furniture. Is there something that we should know about you and Conan?

SILVERMAN: This is what a cocky motherfucker I am. I love Conan and we're friends and I love all the writers there. He's special and really cool, but I always had a boyfriend. My boyfriend and I were taking a step back the last time I did the show. My girlfriend Heidi, who I always take to Conan's show, called and said she was going with me. And I told her, "Heidi, you can come along, but after the show we may go to dinner and I think I might make out with Conan, so you may want to make yourself scarce." So I'm in my dressing room and I'm trying to look hot, and Conan comes in and I'm, like, totally flirting. You can take some of these totallys out, by the way. And he says, "Guess what? I got engaged." And I immediately say, "That's great." It wasn't sincere. And Heidi was sitting right there, her body shaking with happiness over how humiliated she knew I was. But I really am happy for him. Totally.

9

PLAYBOY: If you suddenly decided to switch careers from comedy to serious TV journalism, would you be worried that someone might uncover embarrassing Sarah Silverman photographs?

SILVERMAN: There are some naked pictures of me and a roommate in a bathtub. Our third roommate took them. I think we were on acid. We believe she has them, but we're pretty sure she's dead. She was a crack whore. She went from this preppy, Midwestern Asian girl who used a curling iron in the morning to a total coke-whore horror. She was still Asian, though. She had boyfriends who were coke guys, and we'd come home and she'd be passed out naked in the bathroom, or the cops would carry her home after she passed out in the street.

10

PLAYBOY: We've heard you described as the kind of woman who acts like "one of the guys." Are you fed up with that phrase?

SILVERMAN: Yeah. It feels cheeseball. I do play basketball, and I like sports. My last couple of boyfriends have described me this way: as dykey as you can get without being a lesbian. But I'm totally a girl. I just don't wear it as a badge. I love fashion and outfits and go through the magazines. I read *In Style*.

11

PLAYBOY: You've played poker for years. Are you ahead or behind?

SILVERMAN: I'm probably even. I have played my entire adult life. My dad has played every Tuesday since before I was born, so I picked it up through osmosis. It's a bunch of guys and me, and there are a couple of women who also play. One time I was playing poker in New York and it was all old boyfriends and my current boyfriend around the table. I'm the best host because I have the best treats. I tend to lose when I host, because I'm so scattered and focused on hosting. I deal pretty well. I know how to call the cards. I set up the table with chips in $40 amounts, because people usually buy in 40. And I have a separate table where there are always red vines—licorice—and green spearmint leaf candy, Jelly Bellys, Hot Tamales and Good & Plentys. I always have popcorn, and we order a couple of pizzas. Dealer calls the game. I tend toward three, two, one, which is a form of Anaconda where you get seven cards and you pass three to your left and then two to the next person and then one to the third person over—all the time receiving the ones passed from the other side. It's a high-low game. Joints go around. I usually get really stoned. You have to keep yourself in check when you're high, because you tend to stay in way too long.

12

PLAYBOY: Was high schooler Sarah Silverman a prom date from hell?

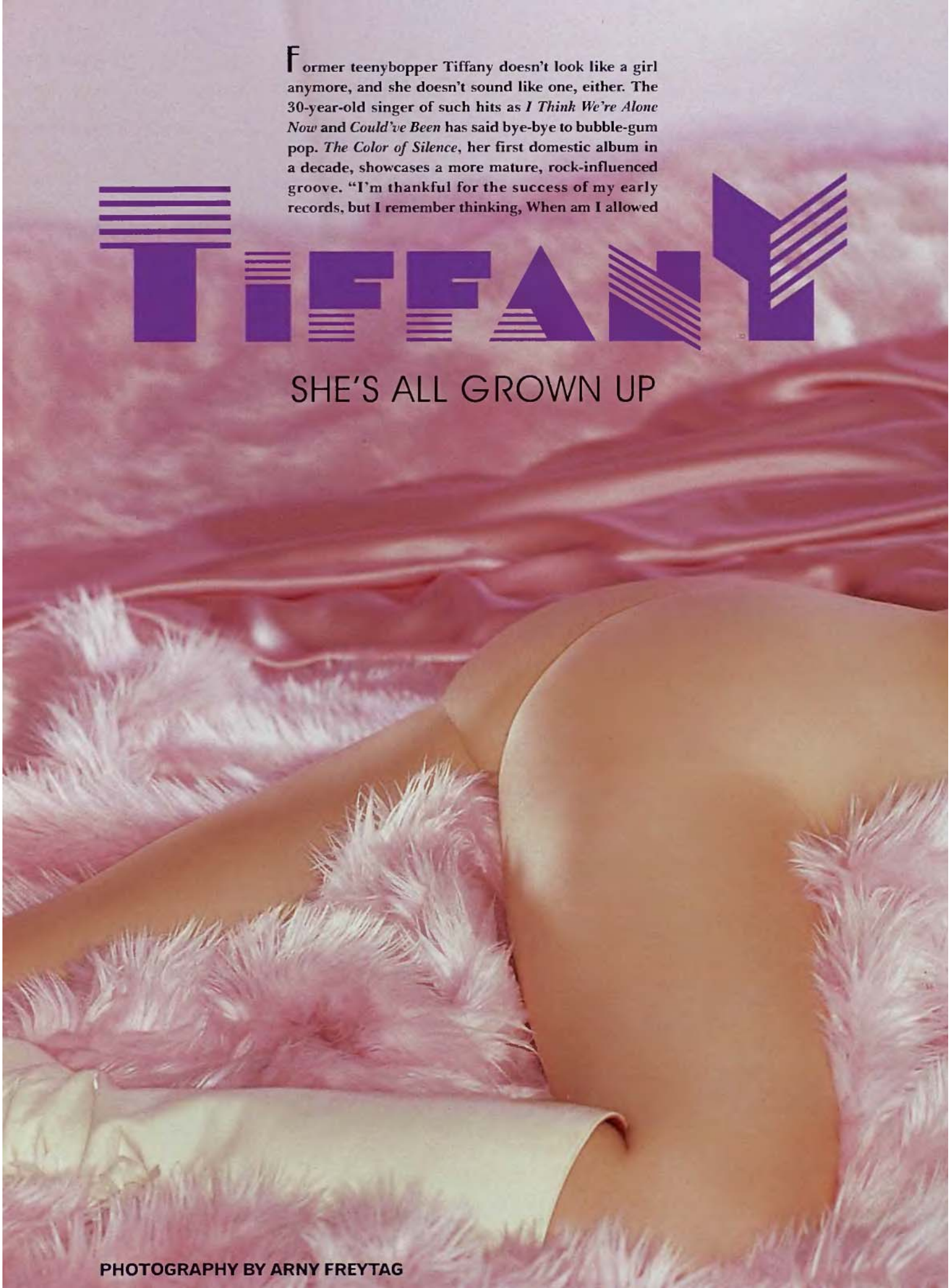
(continued on page 154)

"You can dry off and go home now, dear . . . he just signed the lease."

TIFFANY

SHE'S ALL GROWN UP

Former teenybopper Tiffany doesn't look like a girl anymore, and she doesn't sound like one, either. The 30-year-old singer of such hits as *I Think We're Alone Now* and *Could've Been* has said bye-bye to bubble-gum pop. *The Color of Silence*, her first domestic album in a decade, showcases a more mature, rock-influenced groove. "I'm thankful for the success of my early records, but I remember thinking, When am I allowed



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Tiffany's self-titled debut in 1987 sold more than 4 million copies and included the hits *I Think We're Alone Now*, *Could've Been* and *I Saw Him Standing There*. Her second record, *Hold on Old Friend's Hand*, went plotinum, fueled by the hit *All This Time*.

Tiffony voiced daughter Judy in *Jetsons: The Movie* after her 1989 ond 1990 tours (above) and wants to try more acting. At right, she's all dressed up for the 2000 Grammy awards, and below, she gives her approval at 'N Sync's *Celebrity* porty lost July.

to get back to where I envisioned myself?" she says. "I was on tour for two years in the late Eighties and noticed that music was changing, becoming more R&B and dance oriented. I come from a country background, but my dream was to be a rock singer. I used to twirl around in my room and pretend to be Stevie Nicks. It became very frustrating for me as a young adult because people saw me as the sweet and innocent girl next door. I knew my peers were growing up—girls wanted to look sexier, and I didn't know how to make that transition. I had personal problems with my family and management, so I decided to bow out gracefully and go home for a while."

Tiffany used the time to start her own family and mend the relationship with her mother, whom she'd sued for emancipation when she was a teenager. "My mom and I are incredibly close now," she says. "She's much more accepting of me as a person since I became a mother." Tiffany lives in a Los Angeles suburb with her nine-year-old son, Elijah, and her husband, makeup artist Bulmaro "Junior" Garcia. "Elijah is a great kid and student, and I want him to have stability and a normal life," she says. "He sees pictures and videotapes of me, but I don't know if he really puts it together—I'm still just Mom. I would never push him into the music business or acting. But if he wanted to do it, I couldn't stop him. It's in your blood. As a child, I was always putting on shows in my backyard. My friends would come over and we'd line up all our teddy bears and perform." After Tiffany's appearance on *Star Search*, MCA signed her, and the southern California native embarked on the shopping-mall tour that made her a star. "I thought it was a great idea, because when I was 11 the mall was where my girlfriends and I hung out," she says. "We'd take 10 bucks, split fries and a soda, and walk around and look at guys. When I first started performing there, it was awkward because I'd go on at noon and a lot of kids weren't out of school yet. I'd get onstage in front of a lot of older ladies and start singing, and they would get pissed! They were like, 'Why are you doing this? Who are you? You're too loud!' A

couple of times I broke down in tears, but then radio stations started playing *I Think We're Alone Now* and I really worked it. More and more of my peers started to come, and I'd talk to everybody and sign each album. No one was ever turned away."

After a decade of soul searching and a brief relocation to Nashville for inspiration, Tiffany released *The Color of Silence*, which finds her more in the company of Sheryl Crow and Alanis Morissette than teen queens Christina Aguilera and Britney Spears. Tiffany and Debbie Gibson were the Christina and Britney of their time, but now the former rivals are friends who get together to chat about today's pop landscape. "I'm not interested in resurrecting Tiffany from the past," she says. "I feel confident standing on my own two feet as an adult, a woman, a mother and a musician." She wrote or co-wrote seven of the album's bluesy rock songs, including the ballad *If Only*, a heartfelt tribute to her longtime bodyguard Frank D'Amato, who died of cancer at 34. "He became like my big brother," she says. "I think he was sent to watch over me. God gives you little blessings in life, and he was one of them. It feels so strange not to have him here now." Other songs, such as *Piss U Off* and *Open My Eyes*, sound as if Tiffany is washing that teen queen right out of her hair. "I wrote about things I've seen and felt over the past 10 years," she says. "One song is about a bad, abusive relationship I was in before I met my husband. You realize that you have chipped away all of your character—the way you look, the way you talk, the way you act, you've even changed your friends—and this person still has a problem with you, and you don't know why you need the relationship so badly. One day you just wake up and say, 'I'm done. It's not even about me—*you* have a problem.'" On the track *Silence*, she reflects on the simpler days, singing, "Everything was different when I was 17/The world was so much brighter/Now I finally found the truth/Of what they hid from me/That world was so much kinder."

Spend a short time with Tiffany and her disarming frankness makes you feel like you've known her for years. "As you grow up, you see people going through things, and I am definitely more well rounded," she says. "I tried things and fell on my face, but I'm comfortable with who I am now. Success to me means

STYLING BY LANE W.
MAKEUP AND HAIR BY ALEXIS VOGEL

mainly as a person—having good people around me, being a great mom, being accepted. I would love to sell millions of records, but I don't look at my music and say, 'Well, it didn't sell like this other artist's did, so there must be something wrong with it.' I know *The Color of Silence* is a solid album, and for what I have to offer right now, that's my best. I'm hoping to get better, but I know I gave 110 percent. I don't sweat at night. I'm trying to have fun and enjoy my career—just promote and enjoy the album. At the end of the day I want to say, 'I feel pretty good. Let's all bounce together.'"

The Vampires Bite Back

Vampires rock. Especially Lestat, who has risen from a decades-long slumber and reinvented himself as a contemporary American rock star in the movie *Queen of the Damned*, a sequel of sorts to 1994's *Interview With the Vampire*. Instead of Tom Cruise, Stuart Townsend bares fangs this time as Lestat, whose music awakens the queen mother of vampires, Akasha, from her supposedly eternal slumber. Played by beloved R&B singer Aaliyah, Akasha uses all her malevolent power to make Lestat her main man, and the world's vampires are biting mad. So is a young London woman named Jesse who is drawn to the dark side and wouldn't mind a little neck biting with everyone's favorite immortal player. She must stand with the vampires against Akasha before the queen manages to unleash hell on earth and wipe them all out. —ROBERT B. DESALVO

Interview With the Vampire Writer
Anne Rice

Best-selling author Anne Rice is best known for her *Vampire Chronicles*, which unfurled in 1976 with *Interview With the Vampire*, followed by *The Vampire Lestat, The Queen of the Damned, The Tale of the Body Thief, Memnoch the Devil, Pandora, Armand, Merrick* and last year's *Blood and Gold*. The epic stories follow the sensual and supernatural exploits of various vampires, though Lestat is the star. "I completely identify with him," says Rice on her official website. "He is my male self and does the things I wish I could. When I'm writing, he's right there telling me the story, leaning over my shoulder, telling me to get it right, pointing out things I should change, breathing down my neck and doing everything but biting me. He wouldn't dare!" *(text continued on page 150)*

The Queen of the Damned
Insider

1. *The Queen of the Damned* is the third book in the *Vampire Chronicles*. The movie incorporates elements from that book and the second novel, *The Vampire Lestat*.
2. Warner Bros. got production moving on *Queen of the Damned* before October 2000, when the rights for the book would have reverted back to Anne Rice.
3. Producer Jorge Sarlegui said he knew he'd found the new Lestat after seeing Stuart Townsend in *Resurrection Man*, in which Sarlegui described Townsend as "pale, sexy, androgynous, cocksure and dangerous as hell."
4. *The Queen of the Damned* is directed by Michael Rymer and has two credited screenwriters. Anne Rice volunteered to pen the screenplay for union scale, but her offer was politely declined.
5. Aaliyah's older brother, Rashad Haughton, rerecorded several of his sister's lines in *Queen of the Damned* after her death to smooth over her Egyptian accent.
6. Jonathan Davis of Korn co-wrote and recorded five songs for *Queen of the Damned* and scored the film along with composer Richard Gibbs. Because of legal reasons, the soundtrack CD will feature the voice of Jeff Scott Soto, whom Davis coached.
7. Warner Bros. decried an erroneous *New York Post* report that the movie was heading straight to video until Aaliyah's death raised its profile.

Hail to the Queen

In Arabic Aaliyah means "the highest, most-exalted one," so it's fitting she play the Queen of the Damned. The R&B sensation released three platinum albums, the first when she was 15, as well as the hit *Are You That Somebody* from the *Dr. Dolittle* soundtrack and the Oscar-nominated *Journey to the Past* from the film *Anastasia*. She recorded the hit *Try Again* for the movie *Romeo Must Die* and made her acting debut in that film opposite Jet Li. Aaliyah had begun working on the *Matrix* sequels before the small plane she was on crashed in the Bahamas last August, killing everyone on board. The death of this talented 22-year-old was a tragedy, and because her unfinished work in the *Matrix* sequels had to be scrapped, *The Queen of the Damned* will stand as her final film.

"You mean I'm supposed to keep a blow-job-by-blow-job account?"

PINKY (continued from page 112)

After three days of wandering among the families of the lost, I decided to make my own poster.

"Most of the records for those calls were destroyed in the attack, sir. And even if they weren't, the calls probably came from an internal exchange. There's no telling what specific phone was used or who was on it."

•

When I got to my door the phone was ringing, but I just missed it. The message was from Nina Trivet.

"If you're too freaked out to leave your house, it's OK," her message said. "But just call to tell me you're OK."

I'd always liked Nina. We'd been in the same department for four years. Now and then she'd audit one of my classes. She liked me but always seemed to have a boyfriend. The newest one was a rugby player named Cyril who was an anthropologist from Manchester. I didn't call her because I was afraid that we'd do something foolish in the mood of the attack. Instead, I walked up to the convention center to see if I could lend a hand to the rescuers.

It was a lovely day. Some people in the street seemed sad and lost, as I'm sure I did, but others were talking, some even laughed. Sirens blared up and down the avenues. Fighter jets roared overhead.

The workers at the convention center said they didn't need any volunteers, but they took down my name and number. I bought the three city papers and studied the articles about the victims, hoping to find a mention of someone named Pinky. Then I wandered back toward my neighborhood.

The police stopped me at a blockade set up at Eighth and 14th.

"You work down here?" a brawny young policeman asked.

"No," I said. "I live here."

"ID," he said.

I reached for my wallet, but it wasn't there. I had put it in my knapsack when the bridge cop asked for it.

"I must have left it at home."

The policeman sent me toward a group of six officers standing in the middle of the street.

"What's your business here?" a gray-haired man asked. He had the insignia of some kind of higher-ranking officer.

"I live on Sullivan."

"You from this country?" another cop asked.

"What?"

"You heard the man," said a third cop, a black guy.

The hazy funk I'd been under lifted for a brief moment.

"My mother is a black woman from Decatur," I said. "But my father's Irish. I take after him, that's what my mother says. They separated when I was nine." I added the last line in a lame attempt to show that I was just another American trying to make it through life.

They asked for my address and Social Security number. When they asked where I worked, I lied and said I was a computer salesman because I thought they might have been more suspicious of a university researcher.

That night I tried the four telephone numbers that hadn't answered. No one knew a Pinky or anyone who went by that name.

I went down to ground zero again the next day, trying to find a news crew who might be interested in my story. Maybe they could broadcast the message. But most were too busy to talk to me, and for the few who would, my story seemed to go on too long. One woman from a New Jersey radio station took my number. She said she'd call me when the emergency died down.

The next day notices started appearing on walls and bulletin boards around the Village. Copies of photographs of the victims, with their names and the phone numbers of their families. Lost children and husbands, fathers-in-law and aunties, friends and lovers, firemen and policemen. I studied every word of every poster I saw. At St. Vincent's Hospital there were hundreds of them, some with the most intimate details: the tattoo of a red cardinal on an inner thigh, a missing baby finger on a left hand. One man was said to have smiling eyes.

The families and friends of the missing were there at the hospital and later at the bereavement center. I wandered among them asking if anyone knew a Pinky, saying I had a message. People were mostly kind.

One woman asked me if I had lost someone. When I told her no, she touched my cheek and shook her head. It felt as if she were sorry for me, that without something, anything, even loss

"Your mind is never very far from the racetrack, is it, Wayne?"

(Advertisement)

Are you losing your hair?

The biological effects of combined herbal oral and topical formulations on androgenetic alopecia

R. Ortiz, M.D., D.J. Carlisi, M.D., A. Imbriolo*

These studies (condensed version) were made possible by a collective effort of The Hair and Skin Treatment Center in combination with The New York Hair Clinic

ABSTRACT

This data represents the results of a 24 week controlled study which shows the positive biological effects, efficacy and safety of a combined, unique herbal oral therapy and topical solution on hair regrowth. Two hundred subjects (100 males and 100 females were enrolled in our study. A combination of herbal oral therapy and a special complex of herbal based topical formulation was evaluated. The topical formulation has special enhancers that significantly increase the rate of penetration into the scalp. On the average, active hair regrowth was noted with the combined therapy in over 95% of the patients as early as two to four months. No further hair loss was reported as early as one to two months. Long term follow up has shown no side effects and/or unwanted reactions. The results presented here provide evidence of the effectiveness, safety and the high degree of success achieved with this revolutionary modality. This therapeutic approach represents the latest and most advanced treatment in the management of androgenetic alopecia (hair loss) in both men and women.

HERBAL ORAL MEDICATION

Testosterone is a naturally occurring sex hormone (androgen), normally produced, mainly by the male testis with a small contribution from the adrenal glands in both men and women. For this reason it is found in higher concentrations in men as compared to women. It is the compound solely responsible for the male sex characteristics in man as opposed to estrogen and progesterone, the androgenic hormones determining the female sex. Through very complex biochemical pathways in the body some of Testosterone undergoes a series of transformations resulting in various compounds each with a different physiologic function in the body than the original hormone. One of the main compounds produced is dihydrotestosterone also known as DHT.

Accumulation of DHT within the hair follicle is considered to be the hormonal mediator of hair loss through its direct action on the androgenic receptors in human scalp tissue. Through an unknown mechanism, DHT appears to interrupt the normal physiologic environment and function of the hair follicles in the scalp resulting in the alteration of the general metabolism (normal hair growth). The final outcome of this interaction ranges from the partial destruction to the complete obliteration of hair follicles resulting in an increase dropout in the number of functional hair cells.

The organic extract of the herbal formulations tested acts at the level of the cytosolic androgenic receptor of the scalp in a direct competitive manner with DHT. It works as a natural androgenic blocker, by inhibiting the active binding of DHT to the hair follicle receptor thereby modulating its effects and decreasing the amount of follicle damage and hair loss.

HERBAL BASED TOPICAL FORMULATION

A special herbal topical medication was exclusively designed by experts in our institution. This revolutionary and unique development represents the latest and most advance treatment modality for patterned baldness currently available anywhere. This medicinal complex consists of of a specific blend of natural herbs in combination with a variety of penetrating agents (enhancers) which improves the penetration rate to the affected site. In addition a carefully selected combination of minerals, vitamins, amino acids and known hair growers was added in order to provide the basic nutrients necessary for the metabolism of healthy follicular development.

MATERIALS AND METHOD

Two hundred volunteer patients consisting of one hundred men and one hundred women exhibiting pattern baldness were enrolled in the study. The severity of hair loss ranged from stage I to the most advance stage IV on the Hamilton scale. Each participant was subjected to a thorough physical examination and a complete medical history was taken. All patients were in apparent good health and none have been previously involved in any studies or treatment as this type. The age range was 18-65 years. The mean age for men in years with their standard deviation was 32.1 + 9.1 and 37.7 + 12.9 in women. The total duration of the study was six months.

RESULTS

The overall outcome of this therapeutic modality has proved to be an extremely beneficial treatment approach in the management of androgenic alopecia (hair loss). There was a significant difference in the rate of hair loss and regrowth noted between males and females. A dramatic decrease in the rate of excessive hair loss and fallout was noted in most patients after the first 1-2 months of treatment. In women exclusively, this was evident as early as 2-4 weeks. Actual regrowth of hair was usually seen on the average within 2-4 months in > 95% males and within 2-3 months in > 98% females (figure 1). Thickening and lengthening of hair throughout the scalp occurred in all patients over the course of the study.

* Herbal Medicine Consultant

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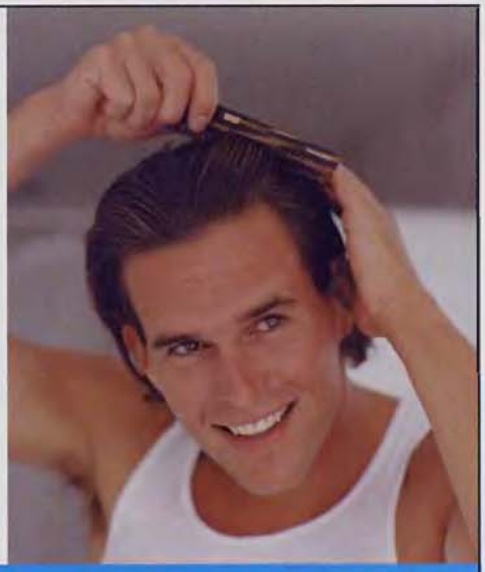

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to hold on to, I lacked a center or purpose. I knew this was crazy, but that's how it seemed to me.

After three days of wandering among the families of the lost, I decided to make my own poster. Alan Cartier had called me himself that morning asking if I were all right and saying, in an uncharacteristically kind manner, that I was expected to be back at work. I had unplugged my phone by that time. I didn't want to talk to anybody, except about Pinky. That was my job, given to me by the unnamed victim who represented everyone who had died. I felt that if I could connect the dying man's words with the faceless, even genderless Pinky, I would have done what I could.

Pinky was my American flag, my stand against terrorism.

I typed out a message that was too sterile and staid. So I wrote it out in bold print: Pinky's name followed by an exclamation mark even bolder.

My bank account was getting low, so I went to the education office at the university to use their copy machine. While the posters were running off, Nina Trivet saw me from the hall.

"Abel," she cried. She embraced me and kissed me on the lips, leaving them moist and cool.

"Hey, Nina. Hey," I said. "Sorry I didn't call you. I don't know, but I just can't seem to return any calls. I——"

"It's OK," she said, taking my hand. "I understand. I just wanted to make sure you were fine."

"The police stopped me at the blockade on 14th," I told her. "I think they thought I was a terrorist."

"Do you think there'll be a war?" she asked.

"No," I said. "I can't see that. I mean, we don't even really know who did it."

"The president thinks so," she said. "Wasn't it great how Mayor Giuliani was down there helping and keeping things together?"

"I have to put up these posters," I said.

Nina read the message and asked, "What is this?"

I told her about the phone message and she agreed to help me. We decided the Village was the best place to put them up. I thought we should go out separately, but Nina wanted to stay with me and I guess that turned out better, because we were able to talk.

"What, are you crazy? We've got tickets to The Producers for tomorrow night!"

Cyril was in Britain, but due back in a few days. After the attack, he had proposed to Nina over the phone.

"I wasn't really thinking about marriage before," she said. "But now everything seems so, so . . . I don't know. It just seems like we have to do something with our lives. Not just study or go out. Something meaningful and real."

After we had put up 100 posters we stopped for coffee at Cafe Borgia II.

"Dr. Cartier has been asking about you, Abel," Nina said.

She was a small woman, almost 30, with brown hair and one freckle in the middle of her chin. She was a runner and proud of her strong legs. Her short skirts were often discussed among the male professors and grad students.

"Yeah," I said. "I'm going to call him in a couple of days. I just have to work this Pinky thing out first."

"You're not the only one who has stayed away," Nina said. "He's getting pretty mad. You know he's kind of a hawk. He wants to dismiss any employee who doesn't show up by the end of the week."

I walked Nina to her apartment building. She invited me upstairs, but I declined. She kissed me goodbye, on the lips again. I wiped my mouth afterward, and I think she was hurt.

I went home and watched *The Powerpuff Girls* and *Dexter's Laboratory*, took a double dose of NyQuil and fell asleep. In the middle of the night I awoke and called my message service. I skipped the new messages and listened once again to the last cry for Pinky.

The day we started bombing Afghanistan, I found that the message for Pinky had been automatically deleted from my service. I called to see if I could get it back, but the operator didn't even know who I could ask. I had a few calls from family members of victims, hoping that the message was for them. I never went back to my job. My brother, Carter, lent me enough money for three months' rent. Nina got engaged to Cyril and asked him if I could be the best man.

I've been staying at home, trying to remember how it felt to want to be an expert on adolescent sex problems and reading habits. That's really what I'd wanted before I got the message. But now I don't know. My mother tells me I have to snap out of it, that I have to get to work.

"You'll be homeless," she warns me.

It doesn't seem to matter much. Nothing does. Maybe in a week or two I'll do something. I don't know what it will be. Maybe I'll go to Australia and look for work as a teacher among the aborigines. Maybe I'll go back to Georgia, look up my father and see if I really do resemble him.

LENNOX LEWIS

(continued from page 68)

you think he was scared? Was it a chemical imbalance?

LEWIS: It was a chemical imbalance. It's called crack.

PLAYBOY: What did you think, watching McCall tremble and weep?

LEWIS: Nothing's amusing in the ring. Even with his antics, I was still at Defcon 5.

PLAYBOY: Red alert. So, is Defcon 5 the maximum?

LEWIS: It's the highest.

PLAYBOY: After the fight McCall said he had been waiting for a message from above, waiting for God to tell him to knock you out.

LEWIS: Really? I missed that. If I'd known it was that dangerous, I would have gone to Defcon 6.

PLAYBOY: Let's backpedal to your crybaby youth. You grew up in London and in Kitchener, Ontario, near Toronto, but your heritage is Jamaican.

LEWIS: My mother's Jamaican. Both of my parents are, actually, so I've got that vibe. I love the food, the music, the culture, the spirit. My favorite place in the world is Frenchman's Cove. Jamaica is the most beautiful country, but also the most dangerous.

PLAYBOY: You were raised by your mother, Violet, and you never talk about your father, who left when you were a little boy. Was he an athlete?

LEWIS: No, he wasn't.

PLAYBOY: Were you driven to succeed because he left? Men from Vince McMahon to Shaquille O'Neal have told us they had that motivation—to prove their worth to an absent father.

LEWIS: Maybe it forces us to strive. You want to achieve, to claim something. But I was a mama's boy—maybe what you're talking about motivated my mother. She was a mother and father, and she created a prodigy. A lot of mama's boys are successful, you know.

PLAYBOY: What happened to your father?

LEWIS: He's a mechanic in London.

PLAYBOY: Did he try to contact you after you got famous?

LEWIS: Yeah, but too late. I heard from him through an intermediary. He said he didn't want anything, he just wanted to say he was proud of me. He wasn't asking for money. I was curious, but I decided I didn't want to know him. My view was: Anything my mother wants, she gets. But with him, no.

PLAYBOY: For a mama's boy, you were a rowdy kid——

LEWIS: No, I was very loving.

PLAYBOY: You got expelled from grade school when you were eight.

LEWIS: I was not a rogue. But, yes, I was expelled. Some older kids were playing soccer and they wouldn't let me play. So I kidnapped their ball. I kicked it away and ran and kept going, kicking the ball as I ran. This can be very good for your soccer skills. But these boys caught up with me. They wanted their ball. I said, "You can't have it, but I'll let you have this."

PLAYBOY: Your right fist.

LEWIS: That was my first big punch. A teacher grabbed me and I was off to the principal's office.

PLAYBOY: You were just a kid when your mother moved to Canada. She took you with her but soon sent you back to London to live with an aunt.

LEWIS: There wasn't room for me. It was a hard adjustment, never knowing when I would see her again. Everyone said it would be a short time, but it wasn't.

PLAYBOY: It was two years.

LEWIS: Finally I got to go to Canada. My mother worked in a Styrofoam factory that made coolers, the kind you take to a football game. At the factory you'd see giant pieces of the stuff. She worked long hours, and we weren't poor. I ate a lot of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches—that was good enough for me. When I started boxing I would travel with the team and get a per diem, a little pocket money. I saved it and gave some to her.

PLAYBOY: At Cameron Heights High School you played power forward on the basketball team. You were a shot-putter and fullback on the football team.

LEWIS: Once we had a big football game the same day I was to go on a boxing trip. The football game was local, but the boxing was for all Canada. I preferred boxing because it's individual. You don't have to depend on a team. So I boxed, and the football coach called me a prima donna. I had to go find out what he meant by that.

PLAYBOY: Did you look it up?

LEWIS: I asked my boxing coach, Arnie Boehm. He knew.

PLAYBOY: You had some more flattering nicknames in those days. Other kids called you the Scientist, or sometimes the Chemist.

LEWIS: Me and my friends all had aliases, our a.k.a.s. My hard-core friends called me Chemist because I was a thinker.

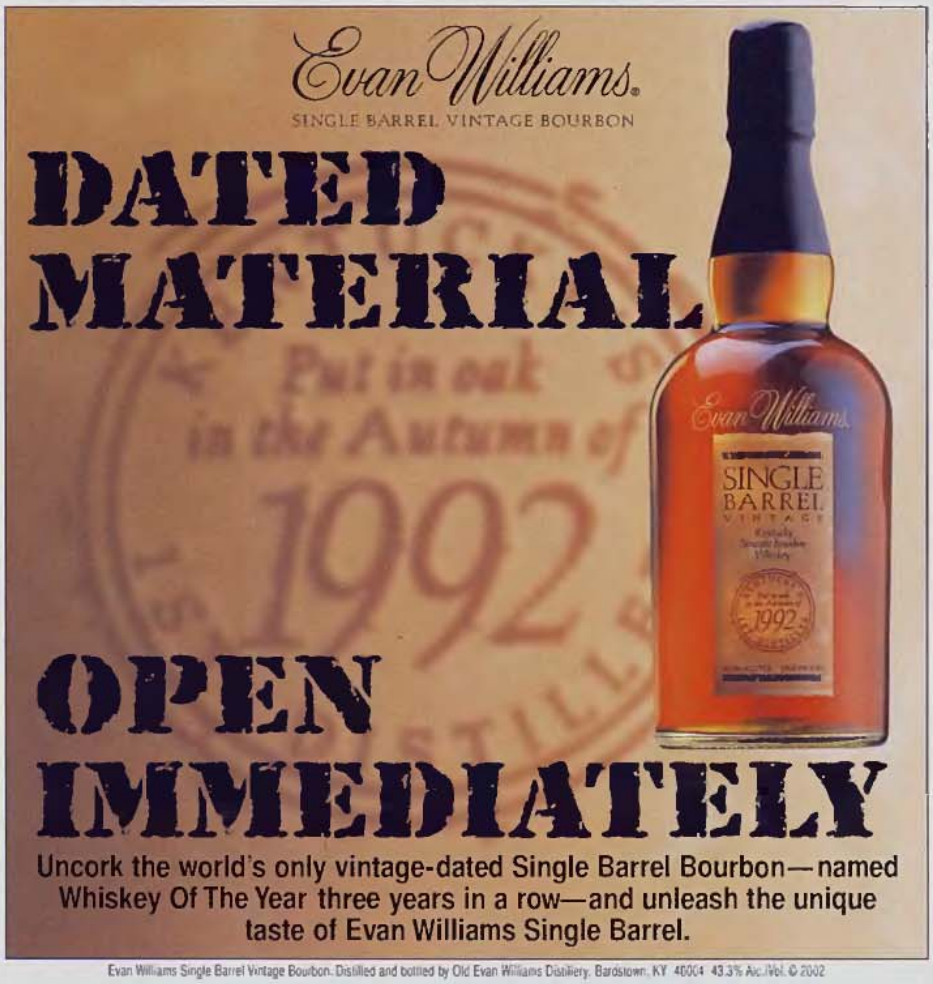
PLAYBOY: There's a funny story about some guys who messed with your car. You and your friends went after them——

LEWIS: I was driving in London, in my Mercedes, when some construction workers ambushed me. I think they were just coming from the pub.

PLAYBOY: Why were they mad at you?

LEWIS: I think because I was a black fella. I'm just driving along minding my own business, and they start throwing stuff at my car. Tools—a drill. Now all the glass in my car is wrecked. I'm vexed. I had to make them realize they weren't dealing with a punk, so I went home and prepared for war.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting that you didn't just chase them. You're more deliberate than that.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LEWIS: You don't fight without being fully prepared. I went home and got my lawyer, my friends, my righteous group. Got my stuff on. Black fatigues.
PLAYBOY: It's the undisputed ninja in the night—those guys are dead.
LEWIS: [*Laughing*] Those guys left town! We went looking, but they were gone.
PLAYBOY: They could run, and they could hide.
LEWIS: We had to call off the war.
PLAYBOY: What do you drive now?
LEWIS: I have a Bentley and an Aston Martin. I'm not much of a car collector. You can drive only one at a time.
PLAYBOY: Ever been in a bar fight?
LEWIS: Before the 1988 Olympics I was in a country-and-western bar when a man came up behind me and threw a punch. I put my hand up and stopped it—just reflex—but I was furious that he'd tried to sucker punch me. I walked over to him and punched him, *boom!* He went flying down, and then a brawl broke out in the bar. I got out of there fast, but you should have heard the stories that grew from that punch: Lennox Lewis knocked out four people!
PLAYBOY: Now you move in different circles. Do you have celebrity friends?
LEWIS: A few. Athletes and movie stars like to give each other love. I've met some snobby-nosed celebrities and some cool ones. Woody Harrelson was in London the other day. We played tennis, chess and backgammon. We're pretty even at all three. No basketball this time, but we're even there, too. I am a better player, but he's a great cheater.

Will Smith and I were going to get together, but he wanted to play golf. I prefer paintball. Now, there is a sport I love. I play in Miami all the time. I'll be dressed all in camouflage, and I've got the best gun. It's an automatic-load gun, so I can fire on you fast.
PLAYBOY: So here's the heavyweight champion with his paint gun, ambushing 15-year-old kids——
LEWIS: Hey, I take big men with me. I'm shooting all my friends and lawyers.
PLAYBOY: Will Smith is a serious golfer. How about you?
LEWIS: I have taken up golf. I'm still learning. I don't know how far I hit the ball, but people tell me that it's really quite far.
PLAYBOY: You're a chess player, too, as sportswriters looking for an angle never fail to mention. Are you a counterpuncher in chess or an attacker?
LEWIS: Definitely a counterpuncher. Chess is like war. It's like boxing, or even life. The other man wants to defeat me; I have to protect myself and counter his moves.
PLAYBOY: We hear you don't always play fair. If you're losing, you might "accidentally" turn over the board and send the pieces flying.
LEWIS: [*Laughing*] That's not my fault! I can't always be aware of where the board is, can I?
PLAYBOY: What do you think of American pop culture?
LEWIS: Some things I accept, some I don't. The gangster thing—the idea that an athlete, especially a black athlete, should act like a thug—that's not for me.
PLAYBOY: When you go out to the clubs with your posse—OK, your righteous group—do you dance?
LEWIS: [*Standing, waving his elbows chicken style*] I don't dance, but I will boogie.
PLAYBOY: Your idol, Ali, was a great dancer in the ring. Now he has trouble walking.
LEWIS: It's sad to see him struggle. The thing about his sickness is that he's still there mentally. It's hard for him to bring things out verbally, but you can see he's still in there. His eyes light up when he sees me. He'll whisper to me, "You're the greatest, just like me."
PLAYBOY: Does seeing Ali make you want to quit boxing?
LEWIS: I don't want to stay too long. I worked to become undisputed heavyweight champion. Now I am, and I'm satisfied with that. But this is a business, too. When someone offers you $8 million to fight a guy, it's hard to say no.
PLAYBOY: Tell us about your current love life.
LEWIS: I have a new girlfriend. This time it's serious. It's still early—only a couple of months—and I won't say her name. She shouldn't have to speak to the press. But I can tell you that she would say good things about me.
PLAYBOY: What does she do?
LEWIS: She's an up-and-coming recording artist.
PLAYBOY: Exactly like your description of Aisha, your former girlfriend. Some people doubt that your girlfriends exist.
LEWIS: Oh, she exists. Please don't say she doesn't—you'll hurt her feelings.
PLAYBOY: You're pushing 40. Do you want to have kids?
LEWIS: Yes. That's something I have consciously sacrificed for my boxing, but when the boxing is over, it can happen. I think I will be a great dad, and I have dreamed of how to bring up my kids. They'll attend private schools in London. They'll go to Jamaica and learn about spices and culture. They'll go to

"Whenever I cheated on you, sweetheart, I did so with a very guilty conscience."

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India. They will be prodigies.

PLAYBOY: What will their dad, the former champ, do?

LEWIS: I might get more into movies. I had a good time making *Ocean's Eleven*, but I played myself. What's next? Perhaps a science fiction show or an action adventure, with me saving the day.

PLAYBOY: How about your playing James Bond, another Brit who has an Aston Martin?

LEWIS: Funny you should say that. I have practiced my Bond line on many occasions. "My name is Lewis, Lennox Lewis," I'll say. "The black Bond." We shall see if the world is ready for that.

PLAYBOY: Answer an important question: Is boxing crooked?

LEWIS: [*Nodding*] Yes, but it has always been crooked. I remember the first Oliver McCall fight, when I lost. The referee stopped the fight in the second round. Now, that was weird. I was the champion, and you never see that happen. You never stop a champion, and take his title away, because he goes down *one time* so early in a fight. Mysterious. Of course, Don King was McCall's promoter. And then, a month later, I see that referee and his whole family at the WBC convention, sitting with Don King. That's when a bell goes off in your head. Is boxing crooked or what?

PLAYBOY: Can you help straighten it out?

LEWIS: I dreamed that I did. In a dream I cast my championship belts together and make one.

PLAYBOY: You once said your mission was to rid the sport of all its misfits.

LEWIS: That is still my mission.

PLAYBOY: Which misfits have you gotten rid of?

LEWIS: Have you seen David Tua's hairstyle lately?

PLAYBOY: Are you still improving as a fighter?

LEWIS: Every day.

PLAYBOY: What are you working on now?

LEWIS: [*Smiling*] The 20-punch combination. I have to perfect that.

PLAYBOY: Being heavyweight champion of the world must be good for a guy's self-esteem.

LEWIS: I like to say "champion of the universe."

PLAYBOY: It's a lonely job.

LEWIS: Yeah, you are completely alone. But that doesn't bother me. Watch me at press conferences. I speak for myself. I don't need a guy standing behind me, some windup doll—you pull the string and he starts yelling, "Tyson's coming! Tyson's gonna get you!" I am fully confident in myself. And it's the same when I step into the ring. When them guys step in, they can't bring their team with them. That's the difference. They think they can fight in a bunch. I know I can stand up by myself, alone.

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Anne Rice (continued from page 142)

"Writing my novels, I was deeply into S&M. But I was constructing a fantasy, not a road map."

Before Anne Rice first drew blood on the literary scene with *Interview With the Vampire*, vampires were mostly relegated to late-night B movies. No one had ever tried to bring humanity to the monsters, to view vampires as tormented outsiders who struggle with morality, the meaning of life and the transience of love and erotic desire. *The Vampire Chronicles*—nine books and counting—amassed a huge following that broke barriers based on gender, sexual orientation and age. Although the 60-year-old author is modest about how much her *Vampire Chronicles* have expanded the mythology of the undead, she says dismissal of her work stings. "Some people don't take *The Vampire Chronicles* seriously at all, because the books are about vampires," she says. "They don't understand how much I've put into the novels. In some dark and tangled way, Louis was me in *Interview With the Vampire*. That was my melancholy, my guilt for leaving the Catholic Church, my grief for the death of my daughter."

Initially, Rice wasn't thrilled with the casting of 1994's blockbuster *Interview With the Vampire*, which features Cruise as Lestat, but now she sings his praises. "I was wrong about Tom Cruise's not being able to overcome type," she says. "He's a wonderful actor who became the character Lestat and understood Lestat's personality. I just saw Richard E. Grant, an actor I had lobbied for in *Interview With the Vampire*, play a vampire in the comedy *The Little Vampire*. He was this dramatic, cultured character tricked out in Elizabethan drag. I'd like to think I had a little influence there. It's flattering to think people have read my work and want to build on it." Now *The Queen of the Damned* is out in theaters with a new cast and minimal involvement from Rice. "When the movie was in development, I offered to write the screenplay for union scale with a deferred payment if the movie was ever made," she says. "I wanted to do *Lestat* and the studio wanted to do the third novel, *The Queen of the Damned*. They really didn't want me. They told me politely that I was just too big for them." Rice maintained contact with the filmmakers during the production of *Queen*, but at the time of this interview, she had not seen the movie. "I'm optimistic," she says. "Even an adaptation of the book can be good if the personalities of the characters remain true to the story. That's what I'm hoping for with *Queen*." What does she think of the new Lestat? "I met Stuart Townsend after the picture wrapped," she says. "He came to New Orleans and I showed him around the house and property. He was charming. He had a good experience making *Queen* and he told me about some of the things that fascinated him, like playing a rock star onstage in front of a real audience."

Although Rice's work has been translated to the screen with varying success, the author still gets excited at the prospect of her stories on film. Her book *Ramses the Damned*, about an immortal mummy, is being developed by James Cameron, and she'd love to see Joaquin Phoenix play the ghost who haunts a woman in the supernatural love story *Violin*. "When I watched *Interview With the Vampire*, I was thrilled to see scenes I had written being acted out pretty faithfully to what I had done," she says. "It gave me chills. The same thing happened with Showtime's *Feast of All Saints*, which was such a faithful adaptation by the screenwriter, John Wilder. He really understood the book. Now I'm reluctant to work on any project without John." Rice probably regrets not having Wilder around when her erotic novel *Exit to Eden* was turned into a slapstick comedy starring Rosie O'Donnell and Dan Aykroyd. "The movie *Exit to Eden* was so disconnected from my work that it didn't even bring in my audience," she says. "The producers interpreted the novel to be comic, and they ridiculed the characters. *Exit to Eden* is actually a kinky love story."

Rice is a kink connoisseur. Her pornographic *Beauty* trilogy (*The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*, *Beauty's Punishment* and *Beauty's Release*) is a sadomasochistic retelling of the classic fairy tale. "I used the pseudonym A.N. Roquelaure because my father was still living at the time and I didn't want him to know about it," she says. "*Roquelaure* means cloak in French, so A.N. Roquelaure really means Anne with a cloak. I wanted to put these elaborate sexual fantasies in print, and I believed pornography could be written without the grimness of *The Story of O* or *9½ Weeks*. I wanted something that was playful and highly erotic on every page yet didn't contain four-letter words, something that could be elegant and fun for both men and women. I think I accomplished my goal." It was a dark fantasy for Rice, but what about her fans? "I've met people who are into S&M who come to my signings and talk about the *Beauty* books and how they act out the scenes," she says. "It frightens me a little, and I tend to be shy, so I don't ask a lot of questions. I appreciate their lifestyle, but I have not personally been involved with S&M. When I was writing my

"Wow! And I thought you were just a song-and-dance man."

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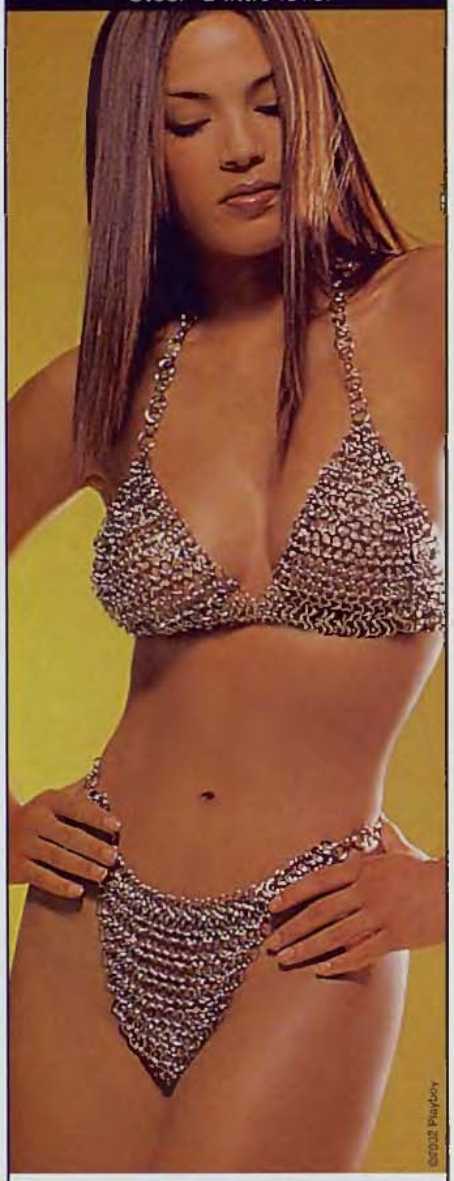

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novels, I was deeply into it. But I was constructing a fantasy, not a road map or a blueprint."

Although Rice says her days of writing pornography are over, there is no lack of erotic tension in *The Vampire Chronicles*, in which the characters explore limitless erotic pairings. "When I write, I see the world through bisexual eyes," she says. "I'm not sure that everyone is inherently bisexual, but I know a lot of people who are capable of being bisexual if they could remove the prejudice or if it were more swanky to be that way. I think maybe I'm bisexual—I don't really know. When I'm Louis or Lestat or any of those characters, I see everyone as essentially attractive and compelling. I don't see the world with the grimy eyes of a detective novelist. I don't use negative vocabulary. I believe everyone is attractive to some extent, and the bisexual romanticism in those novels is a part of my psyche. Lestat is the man I wish I was. For many years I felt like a gay man in a woman's body, and Lestat is kind of a gay man in a gay man's body."

Lestat, who has taken a backseat in the last few *Chronicles*, will return next in the book *Blackwood Farm* and be the focus of the upcoming *Angel Time*. "I was working on *Angel Time* in 1998 when I got diabetes and went into a coma," Rice says. "I almost died with a blood sugar level of 800, and when I got to the hospital I was on the verge of cardiac arrest. When you're in a diabetic coma, your brain actually shrinks, so it was frightening to come out of that with no ability to fantasize, imagine or plan. I was in a state of the present tense and agitated all the time. It took months to get back my vocabulary and my capacity to write a narrative."

Now that she has made a notable impression on pop culture and changed the mythology of the vampire, will she abandon the *Chronicles*? Is there a final chapter? "I have a young audience coming up that wasn't even born when I wrote *Interview With the Vampire*," she says. "*The Vampire Chronicles* are being used in philosophy classes in college and high school literature classes. Teachers come through the book-signing line and tell me that they assign the *Chronicles* to kids because it gets them to read. All of that is wonderful. I'm writing a novel called *The Talamasca*, about the order of psychic detectives that I first introduced in *The Queen of the Damned*. I'm trying to keep vampires out of it, but I don't seem to be able to control myself and I keep weaving all my books together. I want new characters, new voices and new ideas, so it's going to be clean if it kills me. But I don't see any end to *The Vampire Chronicles*. I still have a lot to say."

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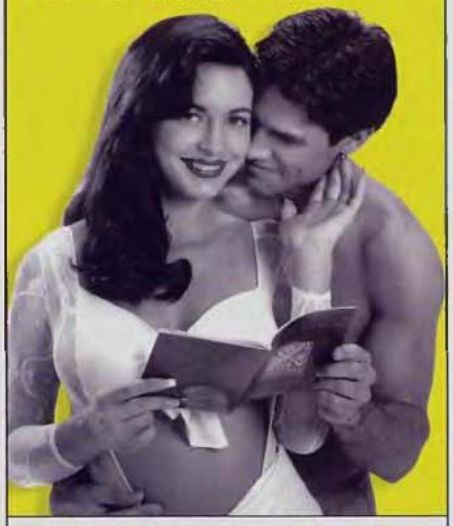

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BOXING

(continued from page 96)

"I fell out with my manager, couldn't get fights. I got into armed robbery. I'm here now till 2016."

talent for the money ranks. But doing time, that hardly matters. The ring is salvation. It's a place where you can master your violence and show off your wiles. Wardens use the sport for crowd control. Only the best-behaved prisoners gain access to the weight room and the ring.

Prison boxing began at Angola and dates to at least the Forties. A photo survives of an early match: Two cons in regulation khakis square off inside four pieces of twine laid on the prison yard. In 1987 the state formed the Louisiana Institutional Boxing Association. "Before LIBA, we used inmate judges," says commissioner Pat Kilcrease. "Because they lived in the general population, the only way they'd let a visiting fighter win was by knockout."

This past summer I drove 150 miles northwest of New Orleans for a Thursday fight night at Avoyelles State Prison in Cottonport. Elayn Hunt, Dixon and Angola each had bused a team of a dozen prisoners (the fights rotate each month among LIBA facilities). After changing from shackles to shorts, the fighters line up along the gym walls, occasionally nodding to buddies but not talking much and definitely not passing anything hand to hand.

As the inmates lace up their gloves and shadowbox, officials from each prison seclude themselves to schedule the card. Each one bluffs for his fighters, trying to match them up with slightly weaker opponents by emphasizing past losses and lackluster punches. In the gym, prisoners unfold steel chairs around the ring. One side fills with Avoyelles inmates dressed in blue jeans and white T-shirts. The other side is a ragtag crowd of locals. "You figure that if these guys know how to do anything, they know how to fight," one guy tells me as he devours a hot dog. "You never know when you'll see the next Rhino."

Each prison has its own twist on fight night. At Angola, the entertainment between fights is provided by kick-dancing drag queens and effeminate punks. At Dixon, a prisoner band livens things up with Delta blues and Queen covers. Avoyelles welcomes the fighters with a spread of supermarket delicacies. But nobody comes for the beefsteak. The killers, rapists, drug dealers and thieves are looking for respect—the kind you earn with fists, not a gun. "You make a bad showing and those guys will dog you to death, tell you you're a piece of shit," says a pompadoured guard who, like several other bystanders, claims to have discovered Etienne. "If you lose you want to go down in style, fighting hard."

Inside the twine, each inmate dispatches as many uppercuts as he can manage. There is no duck-and-shuffle, no rope-a-dope. Some of the prisoners show more smarts than others, but for the most part it's a free-for-all that ends with both fighters hugging each other in grudging admiration or, more likely, relief. Most tell me their induction into organized boxing came after winning brawls among the general population.

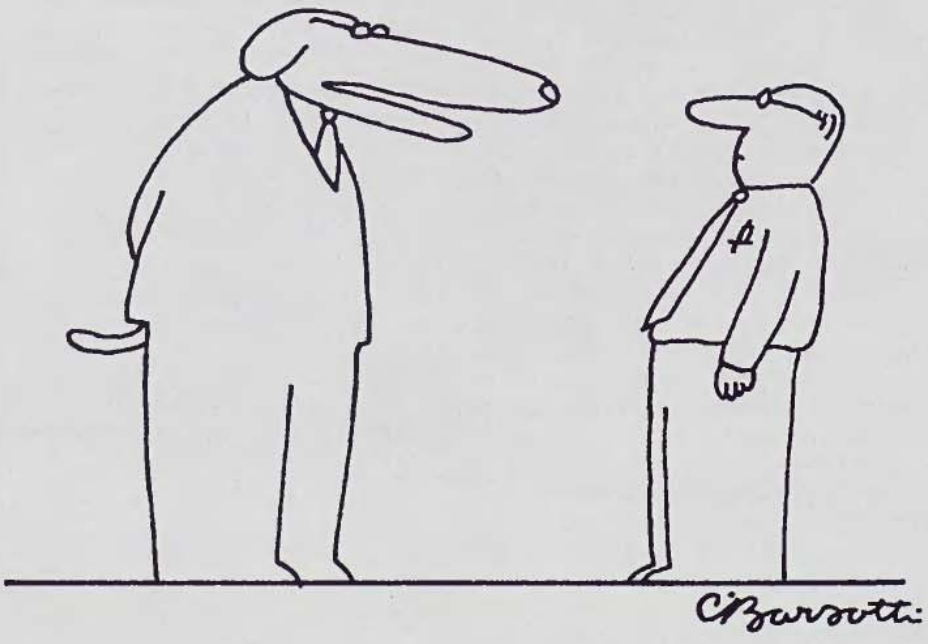
The odds of these men boxing professionally are long, even for those with talent. Donald "Pepper Red" Sylvas is hoping to win back the homemade light welterweight belt he says he voluntarily gives up so he has the challenge of regaining it. "After getting released the first time, I went 21–0 as a pro, against the hardest fighters you ever saw," he says. Asked how he ended up back in the joint, Pepper Red looks puzzled, as if he doesn't understand it himself. "I fell out with my manager, couldn't get fights. I got into armed robbery, holding up banks. I'm here now till 2016. But I want to get out and go to work for Billy."

That's Billy Roth, a sharply dressed, ruddy-faced promoter and trainer who drives an emerald-green Cadillac and says he earns his living as a private investigator. He may be the one man who deserves credit for grooming Etienne. "I'd been waiting all my life for somebody like Clifford," he tells me at ringside. "I took care of him while he was in jail—gave him money, visited him, talked to him—and I had him come and live with me. I hooked him up."

Roth is officiating a few bouts, keeping an eye open for prospects, and telling me about how treacherous life behind bars can be. "You can get killed for a pack of cigarettes," he says. "You lend somebody a pack and he has to pay you back two." When one promising fighter didn't get his two packs, he picked up a weight and slammed a guy in the head. The stunt cost him three more years on his sentence, as well as his boxing privileges.

A world away, an ex-con cruises New Orleans in a black Stingray. Rap music blares from the Rhino's trunk, which is filled with speakers. We stop at a French Quarter joint. Everyone in the place knows Etienne (he and the shucker did time together), so no one blinks when he orders a dozen oysters, shrimp etouffée and a sirloin, all brought to the table at once. I notice a tiny barbell piercing his tongue. He talks about building a fine house in the countryside for his wife and two young daughters.

I ask Etienne if his prison experience has helped him in the ring. "Focus is everything," he says. "I learned to focus in a place where you have men fighting over seats, guards harassing you, lots of distractions. If you can get in shape in prison, you can do it anywhere." He smiles. "When I fight now, I know I'll get paid, win or lose. But prison boxing was fighting for pride, and a guy who fights for pride will fight to the death."



"Times are changing, Wilson. You're going to have to learn some new tricks."

MY FAVORITE BODY SHOT

MISS AUGUST 2001

Jennifer Walcott sees body shots as "voyeuristic." Although she's been too shy to try one, she's watched other girls get them in Mexico. "It's only a matter of time before I give in to temptation." When she does, Jennifer will opt for tequila and have it licked off her neck.

MISS SEPTEMBER 2000

Kerissa Fare has done tequila on her neck with a girlfriend. But she sees body shots as more a social than sexual thing. "But at a private party things could change," she says. "Done the right way by the right person, it could definitely lead to intimacy."

MISS NOVEMBER 2001

While working at a bar near Pittsburgh, **Lindsey Vuolo** became an expert on body shots. "Kahlua and butterscotch schnapps was popular. On ladies' nights, the place got really wild." Lindsey's most memorable body shot was on a beach. "I had a Jell-O shot right above my butt."

MISS MAY 1998

"Where you get a body shot depends on who you're with," says **Deanna Brooks.** Her shot of choice is a lemon drop (vodka, sugar and lemon juice) made with Ketel One. Her favorite spot is her neck—she leans back so the shot trickles down her chest.

MISS MAY 1999

For **Tishara Cousino,** a body shot is "a neat thing to do when you're out with friends. I did it on my hand." Tishara also sees it as a "cute foreplay thing." Sex on the beach (Chambord, Midori, pineapple juice and cranberry juice) would be her shot of choice.

MISS JULY 2001

Kimberley Stanfield did body shots at a party with a bunch of girls. "We tried belly button shots of orange-flavored and vanilla-flavored vodka." Next time she plans a white wine body shot following a romantic dinner. A fireplace and a back rub are also part of Kimberley's fantasy.

MISS APRIL 1995

"Body shots look like a fun thing, a totally voyeuristic experience" says **Danelle Folta.** "My secret fantasy would be to do it with a stranger, someone I'd never seen before and would never see again." Her fantasy spot? "I'm a belly person," she says. Her shot would be vodka.

MISS MARCH 1994

Neriah Davis engaged in a tequila ritual that required ample cleavage. "A group of girls and I were holding shot glasses between our boobs." Neriah likes the sting of tequila on her skin, but a blow job (Kahlua, amaretto, Baileys Irish Cream and whipped cream) is sexy, too.

MISS OCTOBER 2001

Stephanie Heinrich had her first body shot, an apple pucker (she thinks it's an apple-flavored martini), while welcoming in the new year at a nightclub in Cincinnati. For a romantic occasion, she would choose zinfandel sipped by—you guessed it—George Clooney.

MISS MAY 2001

"I live in Las Vegas, and I've seen body shots done many times," says **Crista Nicole.** As luck would have it, Crista's boyfriend has tended bar, so he's skilled at pouring shots. At home one night he set her up with a lemon drop. Her shot spot of choice was her belly button.

MISS JUNE 1995

For **Rhonda Adams,** body shots have been a vicarious thrill. She did her watching at a club in Fort Lauderdale. When she's ready to join in, Rhonda says that she will do it at a party with friends and stick to the traditional—tequila, lime and salt.

MISS FEBRUARY 2000

"At a party, I'd have it done off my neck or my belly button," says **Suzanne Stokes,** "preferably using expensive tequila." But with someone special "I'd do it in a more provocative spot. Then I would probably choose a kamikaze" (vodka, Cointreau and Rose's lime juice).

(continued from page 126)

sarah silverman

(continued from page 130)

SILVERMAN: My sophomore year I went with some poor guy. I had no interest. Cerry and I were best friends, and we were way too cool for the prom by senior year. Besides, I was in love with my history teacher. I wasn't interested in anybody else. He got married early on in my love for him, which was devastating. It was a joke at school that I was in love with him. Everybody knew, and I played it up, but the truth was that I would cry myself to sleep over him. I had missed three months of my freshman year. I had no illness, but I went into a deep depression. Once I met him I never missed a day of school again. I would go to school and say, "Hey, Mr. Berk, how's Mrs. Berk's health?" I was so impressed that he was Jewish and Russian and Polish, just like me. I just couldn't believe it. He was just totally cool.

13

PLAYBOY: Ex-boyfriends seem to stay in your life. Should we read something into this?

SILVERMAN: They're probably my best friends. The fact that we're still good friends is proof that I really loved them. I was 19 when I lost my virginity, and I went crazy with sex because that's what you do when you first start having sex. All the sex was with people I still know. Luckily they're wonderful people. Women comics tend to go out with guy comics because they're peers and they're funny and they can relate. The first time I had sex I was a professional comic having sex with a professional comic. All my sexual experiences were with comics or comedy writers. For comics their whole life is about finding what's funny and laughing. It's a common dysfunction that bonds you in that world. I'd like to go out with a teacher or someone else, but they'd have to be funny.

14

PLAYBOY: Do you share your bed with your dog?

SILVERMAN: I sleep with him. His name is Duck. He's like a hot-water bottle. Going to bed and waking up in the morning are my favorite times of day because of him. I speculate he's half pug, half Chihuahua. I got him from a shelter. He's a perfect pet. I didn't want to become a dog person. My sister had a dog first, and I'd watch her pick up his shit and found it fucking disgusting. But I'm aware of my partner's comfort. Duck is either between us or I can put him on my side of the bed or by my feet. He stays anywhere you put him. He will also not sleep on the bed if I want. He has a little basket.

15

PLAYBOY: Americans are great consumers of antidepressants. As one who's taken a prescription drug or two over the years, do you see implications for comedy in psychopharmacology?

SILVERMAN: A lot of comics fear finding balance through therapy or antidepressants because they're afraid their source of comedy is pain. Comics romanticize their bitterness, their unhappiness and their self-loathing. I guess some people can't be funny if they're happy. I understand it, but I can be happy and still find the source of humor that suits me best. And I'm happier when I'm funny. If I weren't on antidepressants I'd probably be avidly against them. I certainly worry about the long-term effects. I don't know if it's appropriate for me to point out, but my entire immediate family is on antidepressants. There's definitely a chemical imbalance that runs in our family. My father had a violent temper until he started taking Zoloft, and now he's a different man. I've also had awful experiences. I had severe depression and panic attacks when I was 13 or 14, and when I did *Saturday Night Live* the panic came back like a dark cloud. An ex-boyfriend took good care of me, and I'll always be grateful to him. I ultimately hooked up with someone who put me on Klonopin. It worked in a day to stop the panic attacks. I ended up getting half the cast of *Saturday Night Live* on Klonopin that year. It really saved us. Then I weaned myself off it. Now I'm on Zoloft. That's my drug story. We have great insurance, thanks to the Screen Actors Guild.

16

PLAYBOY: We have it on good authority that comics hold back some of their most outrageous material. Do you professionals have a higher laughter threshold than the rest of us?

SILVERMAN: To actually laugh we have to go so much further than anything we could ever bring into a club. It's got to be so awful, you say, "Oh my God, you're going to hell." And I hope the world never gets so jaded that people would actually want to hear it. It's stuff that's taboo. It's anything racist, anything about AIDS, anything gay, anything about cocksucking or about your mother being a whore. When I was a teenager if I saw the word pussy in print, I would be titillated for days. Now it takes fantasy beyond anything I would want in reality—a joke about four gay midgets and a bear—to do anything for me. With comics that's the way it is. We sit in comedy clubs all night long, and even if someone's funny we just go, "Oh, that's good." I envy uptight Catholic right-wingers who are so easily turned on by any sinful thought.

17

PLAYBOY: You had guest roles on *Larry Sanders* and *Seinfeld*, two shows that have been acclaimed as television's most literate. Do you secretly want to jiggle along with Pamela Anderson on *VIP*?

SILVERMAN: *Larry Sanders* was the greatest show you could ever do. But I did a *VIP* last summer, and I swear to God I had a blast. I love that shit. My agent wasn't even going to call me about the offer. All

"Welcome aboard, Greg! If you stop by my office this afternoon, I'll see that you get your employee hand job . . . uh, handbook!"

my friends give me shit about it, but I find Pamela Anderson totally compelling. She's the executive producer and she lets things be really loose. She wears nine-inch heels and I don't know how she does it. On the show I played a prisoner and they get me out because they think I can lead them to Nero the diamond thief. But instead I take them on a wild-goose chase. I was definitely a little butch, but they made me pretty. In the prison I wore a white T-shirt with blue jump pants and I got into fights with the big sis. And, of course, outside I wore these great outfits—cute little tops and bottoms and giant chunky heels. I'm asking, "Where does my character get the outfits?" The wardrobe woman just said, "It's *VIP*."

18

PLAYBOY: Does size matter, really?
SILVERMAN: Yes. My rabbi sister is going to kill me about this, but even she said that if her husband didn't have a big dick they would just be friends. Next question.

19

PLAYBOY: Would you honor us with a vagina monolog?
SILVERMAN: I am so obsessed with the word vagina and vaginas in general that when we were doing *Greg the Bunny* I would yell "Vagina!" every time we were about to shoot. I'm sure somebody could say the obsession comes from wanting to go back to the womb and the plight of the female gender, but I'm going with the fact that it's art to be interpreted by the viewer, listener or observer. Vagina is a funny word. Vagina makes me giggle. Vagina.

20

PLAYBOY: Can you set the word fuck in the context of American language and culture?
SILVERMAN: Yesterday my sister Susie and I were in the car and a woman driver cut us off and I went, "Fucking cunt!" And Susie said, "Sarah, don't say the word fucking." Then we laughed so hard. I'm sure that 50 years ago people were thinking, If everybody says "swell," then what are we going to say next? There might be a certain amount of vacancy in a lot of lyrics today, but at the same time you can't have censorship. Limitations put you in a position to be more creative. But limitations that make you more creative don't have to come from censorship. They can come from any kind of oppression in any part of your life—on a grand scale, like the great art that comes from the Holocaust, or on a personal scale, from the context of your childhood or your life.

MUSIC BUZZ

(continued from page 120)

"Don't worry, it won't affect the interview schedule." I go, "Fuck off. I live 15 blocks from there. I don't care about rock and roll right now." I had feelings I've never felt before. I still don't know what they were. I ran up to my room and turned on the TV. The phone lines to the States were completely blocked. I couldn't get through to my mom. I was upset and emotional.
PLAYBOY: And now?
ADAMS: It's important to be optimistic. One day I thought, What do I normally do? I go to the corner deli where the guy never gives me the right fucking sandwich but I eat it anyway because I love him. So I did that. Life is starting to move forward.
PLAYBOY: Now that you're a critics' darling, do you feel more pressure to succeed?
ADAMS: That stuff never lasts. Ripe one week, sour the next. Doing press has killed every bit of megalomania I've ever had. I'm so over myself. I make records that I'm happy with, and if people don't like them, I'm still proud. When you're done with a record, it's like you've built the biggest house or kissed for the longest time. You're drained. But I'm so happy with my last three albums that I'm beside myself.
PLAYBOY: We've heard rumors about a new band called the Virgins, featuring you, the Lemonheads' Evan Dando and the Smashing Pumpkins' Melissa Auf Der Maur and James Iha. Is it true?
ADAMS: We're trying to coordinate it, but it's hard because we're four people with erratic schedules. We want to make a band that's all about love. Like the Grateful Dead on lots of pills. It will be just a one-record thing. Maybe two.
PLAYBOY: In your liner notes you thank Alanis Morissette several times. Regarding your ex-girlfriend Winona Ryder, you wrote, "damn girl." Would you care to elaborate?
ADAMS: I wanted to make Alanis laugh. She has a great laugh. When I was making the record, she gave me pep talks. I was trying to stretch and write about who I am and how I feel. Lani's last two records were superforthcoming. I have huge respect for how she writes. Winona is cool, amazing, talented and smart. If I talked about her my teeth would rot out with sweetness. What I wrote wasn't, like, "You damn girl!" It was more of a "Dammmmmn, girl. Mmmm." I should have put a few extra m's in there. Or maybe I just should have shut the fuck up.

"Look at the bright side. If I had to have a baby with another woman, who better than the babysitter?"

SEX GOD

(continued from page 91)

represented by Z. The number you correctly share with her is:

(a) Z+45
(b) Z–15
(c) Z
(d) Z+4, then Z–4, then Z–10, then, "You mean intercourse or blow jobs?"

(9) Referring once again to question 8, where Z=16, if you ask Diane the same question and the answer is Z^3—shit, if it's even Z^2—which of the following would be the correct course of action?

(a) Get your ass to the doctor, pronto.
(b) Leave.
(c) Check your wallet.
(d) All of the above.

(10) If M=missionary, D=doggy style, B=butterfly, S=spoon and O=her on top, which of the following sequences of sexual positions, all executed within the same coital session, will most efficiently bring about her orgasm?

(a) M, B, D, S, O
(b) O, M, B
(c) D, D, D
(d) O, O, O

(11) It's New Year's Eve. You've brought Sloane, your svelte blonde princess, to a suite at the top of the Four Seasons. Just when you're both ready to explode, she pulls away and starts sucking and stroking you like the end of the world is nigh. What comes next?

(a) Fully digestive swallowing.
(b) Foamy, oozy dribbling.
(c) A pearl necklace.
(d) Oil of Olay facial.

(12) Complete each analogy (match your fantasy profile with the appropriate partner. For example: a+b, b+c, etc.):

You: (a) The strapping pool boy with an atomic bulge in his tight shorts.
(b) The sweaty UPS delivery man.
(c) The scolding principal.
(d) The quarterback of the varsity after a tough game.

Your girlfriend: (a) A gorgeous stripper from Club Super Sex who takes you not just back to the VIP room but all the way back to your apartment.

(b) The luscious, miniskirted intern interviewee who keeps crossing and uncrossing her legs.

(c) The strapping pool boy with an atomic bulge in his tight shorts.

(d) The leggy, stiletto-heeled saleswoman in the lingerie section of Nordstrom who offers you a private modeling session in the dressing room, and any other service you might require.

(13) If it takes Blair, a petite, small-breasted Floridian publicist with unusually prominent nipples, X minutes to get wet by just pinching her nipples lightly, and if it takes Blair Y minutes to achieve the same groovability with a nipple pinch and a lick to her earlobe, which of the following would result in Blair's getting swampy in X/Y minutes?

(a) Stroking the underside of her breasts.
(b) Stroking the inside of her thighs.
(c) Nibbling at her neck.
(d) Entering her immediately.

(14) You have been dating Julie—a party-loving, easygoing beauty—for two months, and now you're spending every night together. One evening she tells you she has started her period and has a slight headache. What do you do?

(a) Head back to your place to hang with your friends, knowing she appreciates your appreciation of a good time and will be looking forward to seeing you tomorrow.

(b) Spoon her gently while trying to slip it in, and back off when she nudges you away.

(c) Draw a warm bubble bath for her and insist on giving her a massage.

(d) Throw a large bath towel on the bed and tell her to ready herself.

(15) What a stud! You've been ramming away for 50 minutes with Cindy, the slightly slutty friend of your older sister, but she still hasn't come. At this point you:

(a) Take a breath, give her deep kisses and thrust slowly and gently.

(b) Explode all over her belly, wipe off and get right back to it.

(c) Pull the rip cord, then offer to go down on her.

(d) Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop (for at least another 50).

(16) Things are getting sexually redundant with the love of your life—long, tall Kerry with the wonderfully waxed vaginal lips. She protests wearing lingerie to bed every night. You're active, but it seems every night it's blow job, cunnilingus, doggy style, then missionary to finish. What's the best way to mix things up?

(a) Talk to her about pulling another threesome with her short, feisty friend Amanda.

(b) Buy her a new dildo.

(c) Talk to her about pulling a threesome with your short, feisty friend Bob.

(d) Suggest a refreshing mutual masturbation session where you can talk about how nice it was to have pulled a threesome with her short, feisty friend Amanda.

TRUE OR FALSE (Time limit for this section: five minutes.)

(17) The nipple is the nubby part, the areola is the flat circle around it. T or F.

(18) Vaseline is an appropriate lubricant for anal sex. T or F.

(19) Taint is a slang term for perineum. T or F.

(20) The sacral dimples are the slight indentations on the insides of the upper thighs. T or F.

(21) The G spot is a spongy mass of tissue on the inner vaginal wall that most women ask you to please stop touching. T or F.

(22) There are more nerve endings inside the vagina than in the vaginal lips. T or F.

MEATY MUTTS
PLUMBER
I'M GLAD YOU COULD COME ON OVER!
HUH?
YOU KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS FOUND PLUMBERS IRRESISTIBLY EROTIC!
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IT'S MY HUSBAND ON HIS WAY HOME. CAN YOU RETURN THIS EVENING AFTER HE'S GONE?
WHAT? ON MY OWN TIME?

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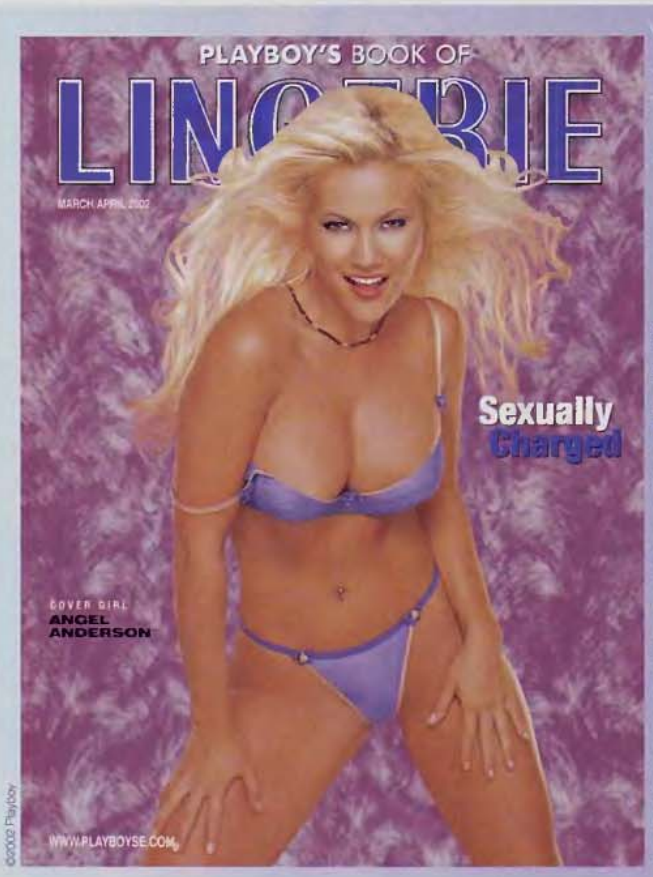

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

(23) All straight women are turned off by gay male porn. T or F.

Answers: Give yourself the corresponding points for each answer.

Question 1: A, –2 (You fool!) B, 15 (It's a risky strategy that pays off more often than not.) C, 5 (A safe bet. You know you'll get laid, it's just a matter of when.) D, 0 (Nice guys never get nookie.)

Question 2: A, 0 (You fool!) B, 5 (A fine answer, but one that makes you seem more like a girlfriend than a man. And if you start a romance, you'll have a lot of explaining to do when you break out the porn tapes.) C, 10 (You're a man of the world, with sensibilities compatible with hers.) D, 0 (Yes, women like a funny guy. But not that funny.)

Question 3: A, 0 (–15 if you answered B to question 1. You are an animal, not a sex god.) B, 2 (A no-brainer.)

Question 4: A, 5 (7 if you dated female jocks.) B, 7 (Even if she owns only one thong, she'll be wearing it.) C, 0 (7 if you went to Brown, Amherst, Oberlin, Sarah Lawrence or Bennington.) D, 0 (3 if you went to Berkeley; 7 if you went to Columbia and Talisa's real name was Hank.)

Question 5: A, 8 (The most likely scenario given the limited information above.) B, 5 (It's possible, but only after lots of negotiation and support—"You'll look beautiful, we'll burn the negatives, etc.") C, 2 (If she was going gyno on "dirty," she would have gone topless on "sexy.") D, 10 (Now there's a dirty girl—she won't drop top for anything smaller than a Hasselblad.)

Question 6: A, 0 (This ain't a giggle-fest, which is the only outcome of kissing bellies and tickling knees.) B, 5 (Why not? Some girls like tongue fucking.) C, 6 (Fine for the finale.) D, 0 (Impossible for anyone except a three-armed yogi or Wilt Chamberlain.)

Question 7: A, 5 (It's a rare woman who won't entertain the idea; it's a rare woman who will go through with it—but she knows it gives you something other than her ass crack to shoot for.) B, 0 (Take a cold shower, bub. Hell, take a hot shower—you're still not getting a rim job.) C, 3 (Most women will do it once in their lives.) D, 0 (Yes, she'd have to be naked, and no, she wouldn't do it.)

Question 8: A, –10 (You're an idiot.) B, 0 (It's the right idea to lowball it, but unless you got off seven times and she never did, you'll never get away with it.) C, 5 (As much as we hate to admit it, honesty is the best policy—and only because your initial lie will trip you up in the future. She should be able to deal with any number under 20.) D, –10 (You're worse than the guy who answered A.)

Question 9: A, 2 (A trick question. We know you used condoms, so no worries, right? And we know you wouldn't tell her your plan—that would be unseemly.) B, 0 (You wimp.) C, 0 (You lout.) D, –2 (You unseemly, wimpy lout.)

Question 10: A, 0 (Running through the zodiac of positions pleases only you. Contemporary women, while willing to do it all, will quickly tire of your wannabe-porn-star ways.) B, 0 (Do you even know what the butterfly position is? We sure don't.) C, 4 (Frees up your hands and maybe one of hers, though she may prefer face-to-face contact.) D, 6 (Other than a modified missionary, this has the most potential to please her.)

Question 11: A, 10 (It's New Year's Eve, after all, and she knows it.) B, 4 (Standard procedure, and the Four Seasons demands better.) C, 7 (Something special and kinky; more likely if you had a big meal earlier.) D, 0 (We know Sloane, and she doesn't like the way it makes her eyes sting.)

Question 12: Five points for any four combinations (whatever turns you on).

Question 13: A, 1 (Couldn't hurt, but you're not adding much to the nipple pinching.) B, 5 (By adding another erogenous zone to the list, you should be able to enhance her arousal.) C, 1 (Not adding much to the ear licking.) D, 4 (Go for it! Blair sounds pretty fucking hot!)

Question 14: A, 0 (No, no, bad move to abandon her while she feels lousy.) B, 5 (Yes, this is the right move—letting her know she's still desirable even in the worst conditions and that you're sensitive enough to back off.) C, 0 (It's not your honeymoon—she won't enjoy your duplicity in trying to ease her into sex. If she wants to have sex—and some women love period sex—she'll pull her own bath.) D, –2 (Muy macho. Too muy macho.)

Question 15: A, 2 (She's probably feeling pressure to reach orgasm. While this is a worthy move after 10 minutes, it might not do the trick here.) B, 1 (No cheating—you're either lying or taking Viagra. Either way, this won't get her off.) C, 10 (Bingo. It's more important for her to get you off than to get off herself. She may not take you up on the offer, but she'll admire it.) D, 0 (Go home and throw away all your porn tapes.)

Question 16: A, 1 ("What, you're not satisfied with our sex life?") B, 1 ("What makes you think I need this? And why isn't it larger?") C, 2 ("Maybe someday, but not with Bob.") D, 6 ("We should do that more often!")

True or False: Five points for each correct answer.

17, T. 18, F. 19, T. 20, F. 21, T. 22, F. 23, F.

Legend

128–144: Yes, you are a sex god. 111–127: A good lover but not a crowd pleaser. 81–110: Hey, at least you're getting off. 51–80: There are other things in life besides being loved by the ladies. We just don't know of any yet. 0–50: Go back to reading *Maxim*.

get bold

(continued from page 82)

interrupting and noticed that she had some bags. I asked her what she'd been shopping for." This began a surprisingly intimate conversation. The girl was 26, bisexual and having a nasty fight with her girlfriend. "She said she was on her way to see a movie by herself," Jim says. "So I offered to go with her, and we walked to the theater to see what was showing. In front of the theater were some benches where we sat down and hung out." Jim started rubbing the girl's shoulders. "She said, 'That feels great,' and then I asked if we could go someplace where I could give her a real massage." Jim and the lady checked back into his hotel and, as he put it, "two hours after walking into a Taco Bell, I was banging the beans out of some stranger on the balcony." Later she told him she didn't normally do that type of thing, but that the timing was right.

"Everything is about timing," Jim says. "If I had just asked for her number, I don't think I'd have seen her again." A week later, Jim and the girl flew to Las Vegas. "We went to a strip club so she could try to pick up a girl," he says.

(3) *Feign sexual disinterest.* Adam Glass is a Hollywood screenwriter who, like me, grew up about 30 miles from Manhattan and 40 miles from good-looking. At a party several years ago, he flirted his eyebrows off with Jane, a beautiful blonde who came from money. She was polite to him, but nothing more. He downed several Buds for inspiration, then left when she did, hoping to score points during the walk. "I asked her where she grew up and where she went to school," Adam says. "Out of nowhere, she turned around and said, 'Look, I just got out of a relationship.'" (This is female code for "Your approach has not worked. I have already decided I will never sleep with you.") Adam lashed back, or at least the Budweiser did. "First of all, I was not hitting on you," he lied. "You seemed like a nice person and I was just trying to have a conversation. And to be honest, you're not my type." His assertiveness struck Jane. "She apologized," Adam remembers. "She said she gets hit on all the time. She and her friends were about to jump into a cab, and she invited me along." Adam politely declined, walking down to the subway. "So I'm waiting for the train, and guess who comes running down?" he reports. Adam spent the rest of the weekend having sex with the beautiful blonde in a penthouse overlooking Central Park.

(4) *Playfully insult.* If the previous approaches get you nowhere fast, your intended may have low self-esteem: She thinks something is wrong with any guy who's interested in her. This calls for a more creative approach. My friend Rick Yanko, an actor, told me how he'd nailed a gorgeous woman who dined regularly with her boyfriend at the New York City

"The good news is, you won't have to make the trip anymore. I'm setting up a website."

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 32, 47–48, 84–89, 92–93 and 167, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED
Page 32: "Rock Star 101": **Software** by *Inside Sessions*, insidesessions.com. "A Better Look at Britney": **Video technology** by *Enroute*, fpvideo.com. "Game of the Month": **Software** by *Sega*, sega.com. "Wild Thing": **Amplifier** by *Fender*, fender.com.

MANTRACK
Page 47: "Finding the G Spot": **Sport utility vehicle** by *Mercedes-Benz*, mb usa.com. "Swing Is King": *Callaway clubs*, 800-228-2767. Page 48: "Dessert Storm": **Book** by *Renaissance Books*, 323-939-1840. "Night Moves: Charleston": *Library at Vendue*, 843-723-0485. *Cypress Lowcountry Grille*, 843-727-0111. *High Cotton*, 843-724-3815. *Charleston Grill*, 843-577-4522. *Circa 1886*, 843-853-7828. *Music Farm*, 843-722-8904. *Henry's Bar and Restaurant*, 843-723-4363. *Mitchell's*, 843-937-0300. *Club Habana*, 843-853-5900. "Guys Are Talking About": **Wine** from *Click Imports*, 206-443-1996 or fatbastard wine.com. **Book** from *Paladin Press*, 800-392-2400 or paladinpress.com. **Book** by *Taunton Press*, 800-926-8776 or taunton.com.

DRESSED TO KILL
Pages 84–85: **Suit, shirts, ties and belt** by *David Cenci*, 800-528-2515. **Shirt, tie and suit** by *Giorgio Armani*, giorgioarmani.com. **Suit, shirt and tie** by *John Varvatos*, 212-965-0700. **Belt** by *Thierry Mugler*, thierrymugler.com. **Suit** by *Canali*, canali.it. **Suit, shirt and tie** by *Kiton*, kiton.it. **Dress** by *Heatherette*, heatherette.com. **Rings** by *Agatha*, 800-242-8427. **Bathing suit, tube top and glove** by *David Dalrymple for House of Field*, patricia field.com. **Earrings** by *Noir*, 212-966-6868. Pages 86–87: **Sports jacket, trousers and shirt** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, zegna.com. **Tie** by *Tommy Bahama*, tommybahama.com. **Watch** by *Hamilton*, hamiltonwatch.com. **Shirt, jacket, pants and belt** by *Thierry Mugler*, thierrymugler.com. **Shoes** by *Gordon Rush*, gordonrush.com. **Watch** by *Rolex*, rolex.com. **Suit, shirt and tie** by *Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. **Tube top and pants** by *Fausto Puglisi*, 212-334-3859. **Bikini** by *Christina Stott*, at Mixona, 646-613-0100. **Body chain** by *Manon* at Barneys New York, barneys.com. Pages 88–89. **Tuxedos, suit, shirts and ties** by *Giorgio Armani*, giorgioarmani.com. **Tuxedo, shirt and bow tie** by *Brioni*, brioni.com. **Tuxedo, shirts and tie** by *Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. **Hotpants** by *Benjamin Cho*, 917-606-0683. **Jewelry and belt** by *Noir*, 212-966-6868. **Shoes** by *Jimmy Choo*, jimmy choo.com. **Dress** by *Colette Dinnigan*, colettedinnigan.com.au. **Brassiere and panties** by *Victoria's Secret*, victoriasecret.com. **Earrings** by *Ileana Makri* at Borealis New York City, 917-237-0152.

ZZZOWIE
Pages 92–93: **Cars:** *Nissan*, nissan driven.com. *Acura*, acura.com. *Toyota*, toyota.com. *Mercedes-Benz*, mbusa.com. *Cadillac*, cadillac.com. *BMW*, bmwusa.com. *Audi*, audi.com. *Suzuki*, suzuki.com. *Subaru*, subaru.com. *Lincoln*, lincolnvehicles.com. *Volvo*, new.volvocars.com.

ON THE SCENE
Page 167: "Wired for Spring Break": **Instant camera** by *Polaroid*, 800-343-5000. **GPS system** by *Magellan*, 800-669-4477. **Communicator** by *Motorola*, motorola.com. **MP3 player** by *First International Digital*, myirock.com. **Binoculars** by *Steiner*, from Pioneer Research 800-257-7742.

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restaurant where he once tended bar. "A lot of other guys hit on her," Rick remembers. "They told her she was beautiful, and her boyfriend didn't seem to mind. But I decided to be different." Rick's strategy was to call the girl by the wrong name—a different one each time they conversed. "I knew it bugged her, because after two weeks her boyfriend said she was really upset that I kept calling her by the wrong name," says Rick, who apologized and said it wouldn't happen again. When Elaine joined her boyfriend later that evening, Rick made sure he was busy. He then called her Helen, the closest he had ever come to her correct name. She seethed. "One night she showed up at 3:30 A.M. when her boyfriend was out of town for the weekend. We went to her place," Rick says. "I called her by the right name when she had me in her mouth."

(5) *Limit your drinks.* This is one I learned on my first date with Monica. In the cab en route, I downed a foamy six-pack to summon the person I thought she really wanted to be with: 13-sake Corey. It came in especially handy when the waiter started messing with me during dinner. "This is an excellent vintage," he said, cradling a $200 red. This guy looked like a member of 'N Sync, and he clearly felt that someone like him should be dating Monica, not someone like me. I grabbed the wine list, tapping into that brain center with the matchbook notes. "I've tried that and find it a little acrid," I said, with a wine experience ranging from Boone's Farm in college to Manischewitz at Passover. "Instead, can you bring us the. . . ." My eyes raced to find the first $40 bottle. I had gotten the best of the waiter (luckily, he didn't challenge me to a dance-off). But the wonders of being crocked in the company of a hot model extend only to a certain point. Monica and I reached that point back at her place. After glugging yet more wine we looked at her modeling portfolio. She showed me her head shots, and I fully intended to show her one of mine. But after the taste of toes, the next memory I have is (oh, the inhumanity!) the sound of a vibrator.

It's entirely possible that my lost details include making Monica soar more than sore—and that's exactly how it's gone during the hundreds of subsequent fantasy trips I've taken back to those pink bedsheets. If I can't seem to recall actual specifics, it's not for lack of trying. The point is, I got there and would have gone there again had not my relationship with Monica disintegrated as soon as I left town. And anyway, what's the fun of hearing about someone else's sweat-soaked memories? You probably want to go out and get some of your own.

NIGHT CALLS
LIVE
For frank and fresh answers to your probing questions, tune in to the live talk show that dares to get the naked truth. Hosted by Jull Ashten and Tiffany Granath.
Live shows on April 3, 17 at 11pm ET/8pm PT
Also airs April 6, 8, 10, 20, 22, 24
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ZZZOWIE

(continued from page 92)

Designed in Nissan's California styling studios, the 2003 350Z borrows several cues from its predecessors. If you're a student of the marque, you'll recognize the tight horizontal grille, razor-edged lights, humped roof and tightly tucked tail of past Zs. But the new coupe avoids retro styling. Instead, it's a modern interpretation of the original. Design details abound, highlighted by the triangular taillights and vertical geomechanical door handles. Wide doors curve gracefully into the rocker panels. Across the decklid, there's a hint of a spoiler. You'll need it if you get close to the 350Z's top speed of 155 miles per hour.

The heart of the new Z is a 3.5-liter, 24-valve V6 with a rigid aluminum cylinder block and deep-breathing port heads. Continuously variable valve timing control ensures meaty torque for city driving and high revs for passing maneuvers. Quick-responding rack-and-pinion steering, a front-engine/rear-drive configuration with nearly perfect 52/48 weight distribution, an exceptionally wide track and race-inspired, multilink suspension guarantee that the new Z gives as good as it looks.

Though it's immediately recognizable as a Z descendant, the two-seat 350Z is contemporary and eye-catching. Official figures haven't been released, but it's estimated the 350Z will sprint to 60 in six seconds. It should be in showrooms by midsummer, available in five models: enthusiasts (two variations), performance, touring and track. Both enthusiasts are priced under $30,000. The top-of-the-line track model goes for approximately $34,000 and features front and rear spoilers, 18-inch lightweight aluminum wheels, vented Brembo high-performance brakes and all kinds of other good stuff (including xenon headlamps as well as race-inspired aluminum pedals). One cloth interior color—carbon—and three colors in leather—charcoal, orange and frost—are offered.

ALSO ON THE ROAD

Are you looking for an affordable sports 2+2? The Acura RSX Type-S boasts upgraded brakes, suspension and steering, a 200-hp, high-revving (try 7900 rpm!) twin-cam four, a six-speed gearbox and remarkable handling for a small front-wheel-drive car. It costs about $24,000.

Toyota just redesigned its sales-leading Camry, but Nissan's stylish Altima is more than a match. Bigger, roomier, with independent suspension and an optional 240-hp V6, the $24,000 Altima 3.5SE is one reason behind Nissan's strong comeback.

After a dozen years, Mercedes-Benz

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has revamped its SL500 roadster—and what a difference a decade makes. As you'd expect from an $86,000 M-B, electronic features abound, including a metal top that folds out of sight in 16 seconds, a pop-up roll bar and an optional leveling system that eliminates lean in high-speed cornering. The power plant is a 302-hp, 5-liter V8 coupled to a five-speed automatic transmission that can also be manually shifted. We drove the SL500 outside Phoenix and marveled at how its electronic suspension stabilized the car in turns that would have left lesser vehicles in the bushes.

Anyone who thinks Cadillacs are for the 70-to-dead crowd should drive the new 2003 CTS sedan. Developed on Germany's twisty Nürburgring racetrack, this boldly styled Caddy is priced in the low $30,000s (the cost of a BMW 3-Series or the Audi A4 3.0 Quattro), but it's the size of a 5-Series BMW. The brakes are four-wheel discs, and traction control is standard. Even if you opt for 17-inch wheels and the Stabilitrak antiskid system, you'll pay thousands less than you would for a BMW 530i.

Most SUVs come with a warning label, urging drivers not to risk a tipover with aggressive cornering. They're a lot more utility than sport. But not BMW's X5. This South Carolina–built cruiser is available in your choice of three models: a practical 225-hp six cylinder, a 290-hp V8 and the newest, quickest version—the 4.6is that boasts a 347-hp V8, upgraded suspension, enormous tires on 20-inch wheels, 14-inch front disc brakes (they're the biggest brakes on any BMW) and an optional easy-to-use navigation system. With a 150-mph top end, it's one of the fastest SUVs you can buy. With a zero-to-60 time of just 6.2 seconds, you'll swear that you're driving a BMW M5 sedan. Price: about $67,000.

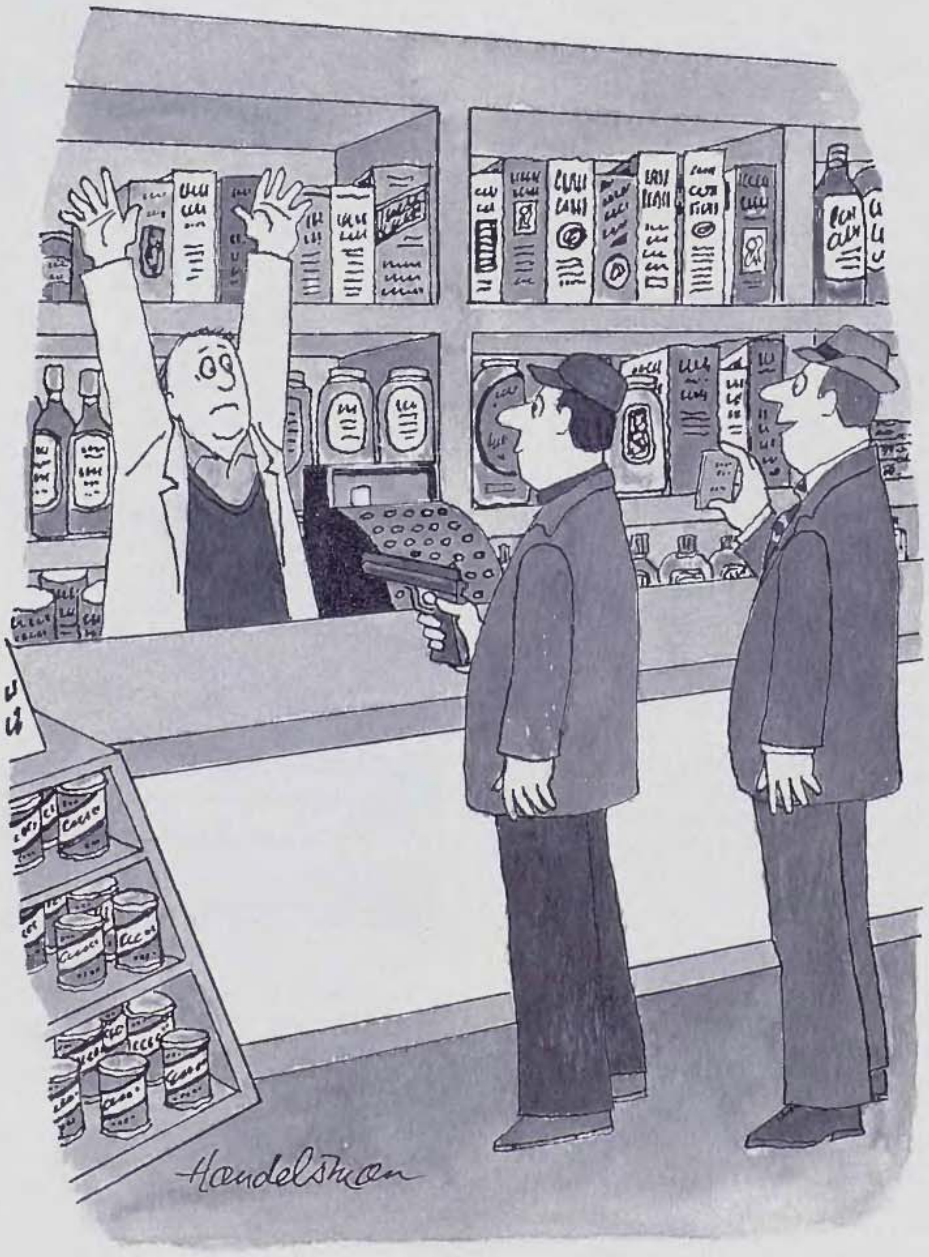
PARKED IN DAVE'S GARAGE

Audi TT roadster: We've loved the TT coupe ever since we drove it in Texas a few years ago. Even the better-safe-than-sorry spoiler that was added as an afterthought didn't dampen our enthusiasm for the coupe's egg-shaped looks and Auto Union styling. The roadster retains much of that appeal, but we still prefer the style as a coupe. The tucked-away seats and the narrow side windows make you feel as though you've slipped into a custom-made suit. Of course, if you're the size of Shaquille O'Neal, buy the roadster and invest in a pair of racing goggles.

Suzuki Grand Vitara JLX: The only options on our test car were $500 ABS and $75 floor mats. But for just under $22,000, you get a 2.5-liter V6 four-speed automatic with four-wheel drive and a two-speed transfer case that you can shift on the fly; extras include cruise, air and heated mirrors, though no heated seats, alas. The spare tire is full size—a feature we applaud after experiencing a rash of flat tires in test cars with doughnut spares. The Grand Vitara is a good value and worthy of a test drive if you're in the market for a small SUV.

Subaru Legacy Outback H6-3.0 L.L. Bean Edition: Maybe the rich two-toned leather interior and the sleek leather-and-wood Momo steering wheel clouded our thinking, but the Outback's steering felt silky and seamless. Store-branded special-edition cars often deliver less for the money. Not this Subaru. In fact, we liked the L.L. Bean edition so much we almost took up bass fishing.

Lincoln LS: This competent sedan offers an excellent suspension but somewhat bland styling. We would call it a "going South" car. South meaning your golden years in Florida. A few more ponies under the hood would have helped improve our motoring mood, but maybe next year. For roughly the same amount of money (about $35,000), we preferred the *Volvo S60 AWD*. Our model was a front-wheel-drive five-speed with overdrive automatic, electronically controlled all-wheel-drive and four-wheel traction control. The last feature did not come in handy because of the wimp winter we enjoyed, but it's nice to know it was there. Rear vision was seriously restricted when the backseat headrests were raised, but that is a small price to pay for what is otherwise a stylish, fun-to-drive car. —DAVID STEVENS



"It's all right, sir. In exchange for ratting on his friends in the Mob, this gentleman is authorized to commit relatively benign crimes."

PLAYMATE NEWS

THE MUSIC EDITION

SPINNING A WEB

Grab a Bic lighter and wave it in the air, because sexnrocknroll.com, created by Miss April 1996 Gillian Bonner and PLAYBOY, offers a virtual backstage pass to your favorite rock

shows. "When we launched the site, in May 2000, our purpose was twofold," Gillian says. "We wanted to show rock stars and Playmates hanging out, partying and engaging in fun activities that the average person may never get to experience. We knew we could accomplish that on the web in a more hard-hitting way than we could on television. We also wanted to expose the PLAYBOY brand and lifestyle to a young, edgy audience. I'm happy to say we have accomplished both." The site features bios, articles, downloads and photos of rock acts, from virtual unknowns to multiplatinum names. So far, Gillian's eye has been right on. "We've built a solid reputation as tastemakers," she says.

"Several groups we highlighted as breaking acts went on to become superstars, including Papa Roach, Incubus, Godsmack and Nickelback. I'm always looking for a killer rock band." Sexnrocknroll.com is overseen by Gillian's production company, Black Dragon (blackdragon.com), which recently completed media content for Rob Zombie, Puddle of Mudd, Iggy Pop and Marilyn Manson. What's up next? Sexnhiphop.com.

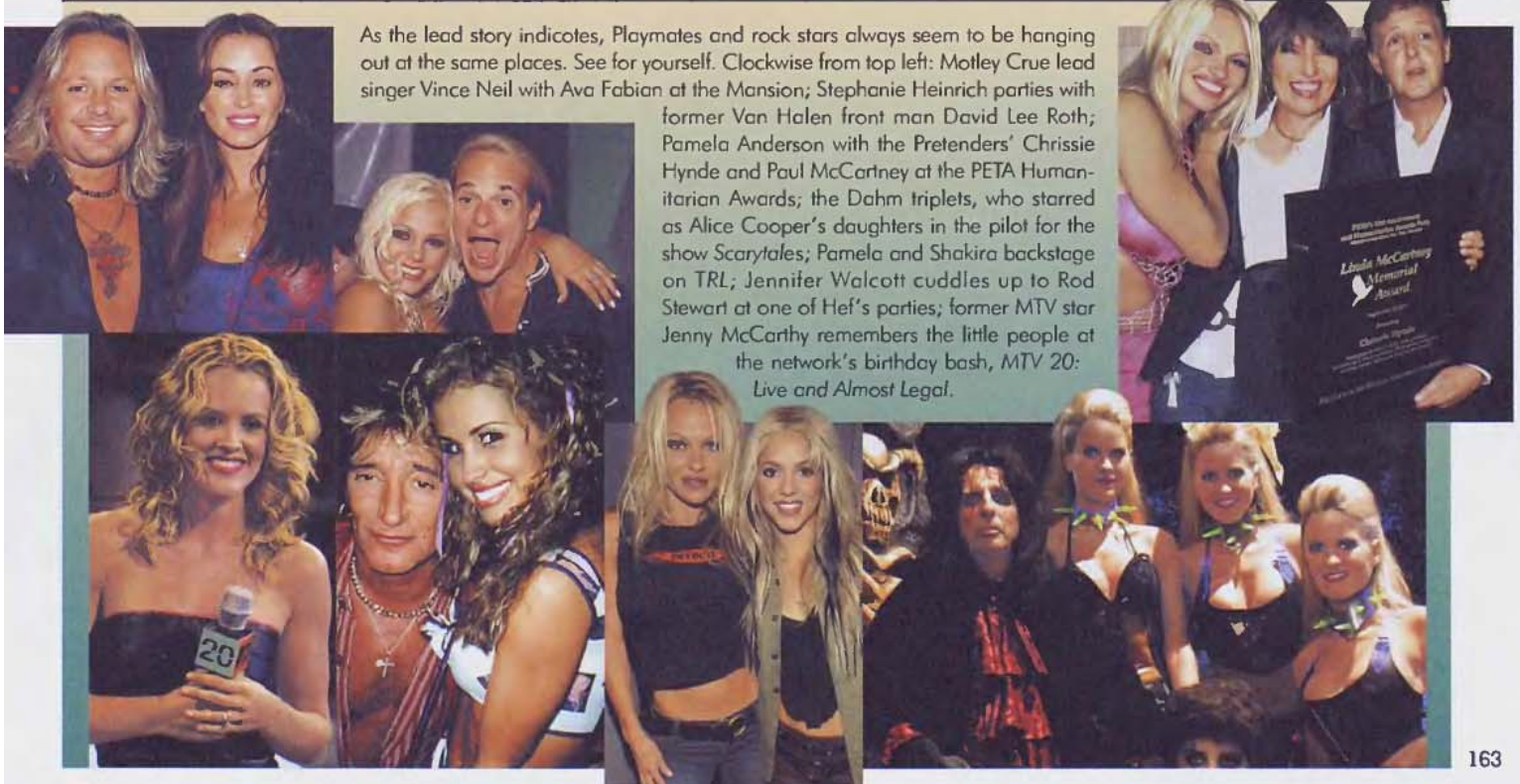
35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

The schoolgirl-esque Centerfold of Miss April 1967 Gwen Wong has staying power. In 1992 Madonna and *Sex* photographer Steven Meisel re-created the image in *Vanity Fair*. Today, it remains one of our readers' best-loved poses. Gwen came to our attention when she signed up to wear a cottontail at the Los Angeles Playboy Club. Later, she joined the elite corps of Jet Bunnies who flew with Hef on the *Big Bunny* to Europe and Africa. "I saw places and things I never thought I would see," Gwen said. We can only imagine.

Gwen Wong.

ROCK AND ROLL ALL NIGHT

As the lead story indicotes, Playmates and rock stars always seem to be hanging out at the same places. See for yourself. Clockwise from top left: Motley Crue lead singer Vince Neil with Ava Fabian at the Mansion; Stephanie Heinrich parties with former Van Halen front man David Lee Roth; Pamela Anderson with the Pretenders' Chrissie Hynde and Paul McCartney at the PETA Humanitarian Awards; the Dahm triplets, who starred as Alice Cooper's daughters in the pilot for the show *Scarytales*; Pamela and Shakira backstage on *TRL*; Jennifer Walcott cuddles up to Rod Stewart at one of Hef's parties; former MTV star Jenny McCarthy remembers the little people at the network's birthday bash, *MTV 20: Live and Almost Legal*.



PLAYMATE NEWS

Marilyn Monroe is my favorite Playmate because she was both flirtatious and demure. Hers was a time when you did not bare all, and it was sexier.

GIRL TALK

We shot a series of quick questions at Cyber Girl turned Playmate Stephanie Heinrich. Here are her rapid-fire answers.

Q: What's your passion?
A: Living my life and doing what I want rather than what someone tells me to do.
Q: What's your poison?
A: Champagne or Bud Light.
Q: What's the worst pickup line?
A: Is that a mirror in your pocket, or is it me in your pants?
Q: Is there anything difficult about Playmate life?
A: You have to make sure you look your best when you're out in public. You never know what might happen.
Q: What do you rock out to?

WHAT'S IN YOUR CD PLAYER?

I'm a music slut. I have every kind of music. Depending on my mood, I can listen to hard metal or Ben Harper. I like blues, and I sing, and I write my own music. —Cara Michelle

I like everything from jazz to hip-hop. My favorite CD is by Bob Schneider. He's based in Austin, Texas. It's Matchbox 20–type music. —Lauren Michelle Hill

My favorite is country music. I love Keith Urban. He's a new country star who's terrific. —Julie McCullough

A: I love the Rolling Stones.
Q: How do you cut loose?
A: Get naked and go swimming.
Q: What word would not describe you?
A: Snob.
Q: Do you have any good sex tips?
A: Romance is key.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

April 4: Miss August 1986
Ava Fabian
April 11: Miss August 1962
Jan Roberts
April 13: Miss June 1976
Debra Peterson
April 28: Miss May 1989
Monique Noel
April 30: Miss May 1998
Deanna Brooks

PAM ROCKS KID'S WORLD

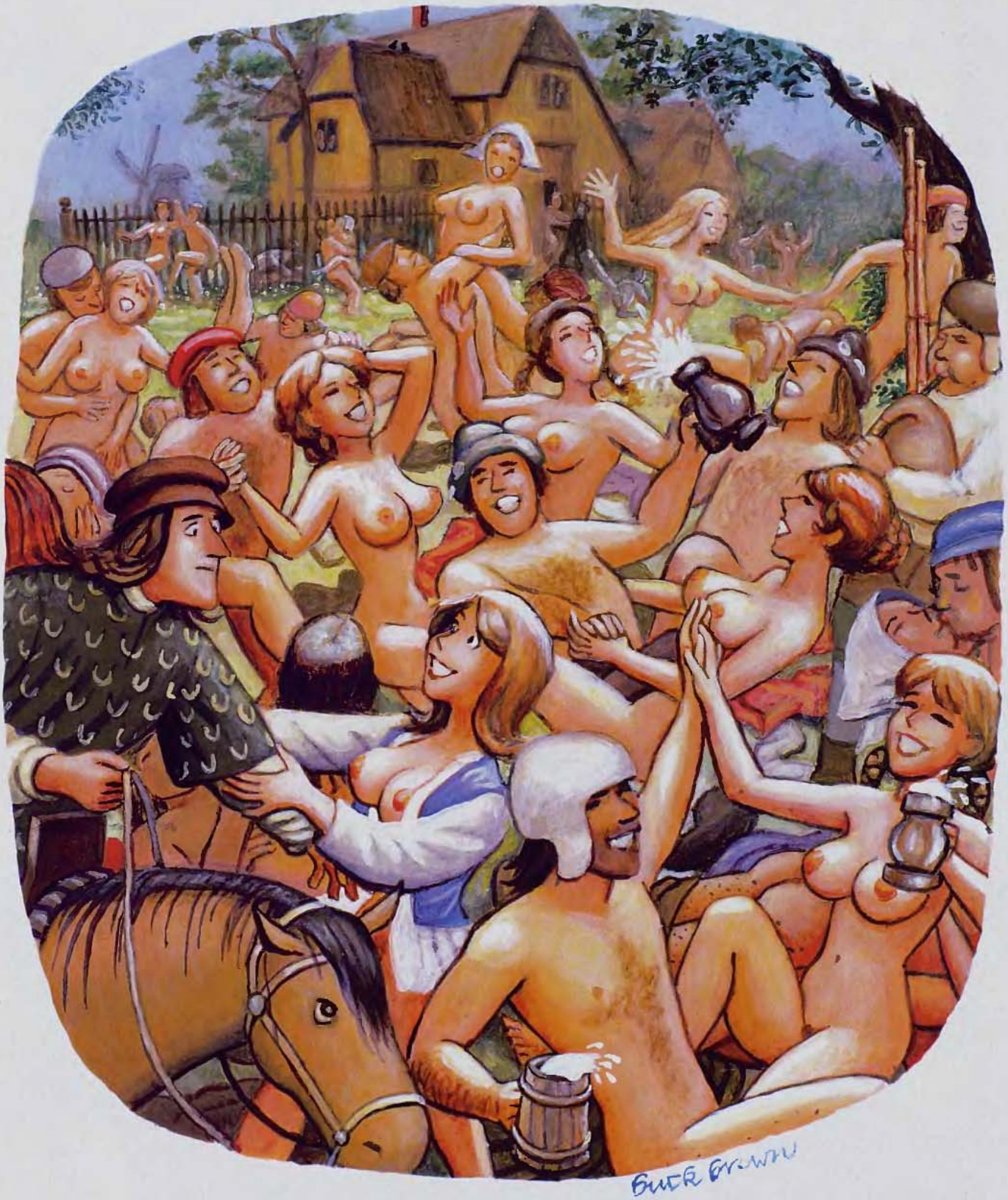
One of the perks of the actress–rock star hookup is that when the rock star needs to find a beautiful woman to make a cameo in his latest music video, he need only roll over. The musician: Kid Rock. The babe: Pamela Anderson. The show: MTV's *Making the Video*, featuring the metal-rock ditty *Forever*. The city: Detroit, Michigan. While Rock thrashes around in various over-the-top red-white-and-blue getups and high-fives a crowd of hometown fans, a similarly clad Pamela sits on a motorcycle looking cute. It's not Kubrick, but thanks, MTV, for the heavy rotation.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

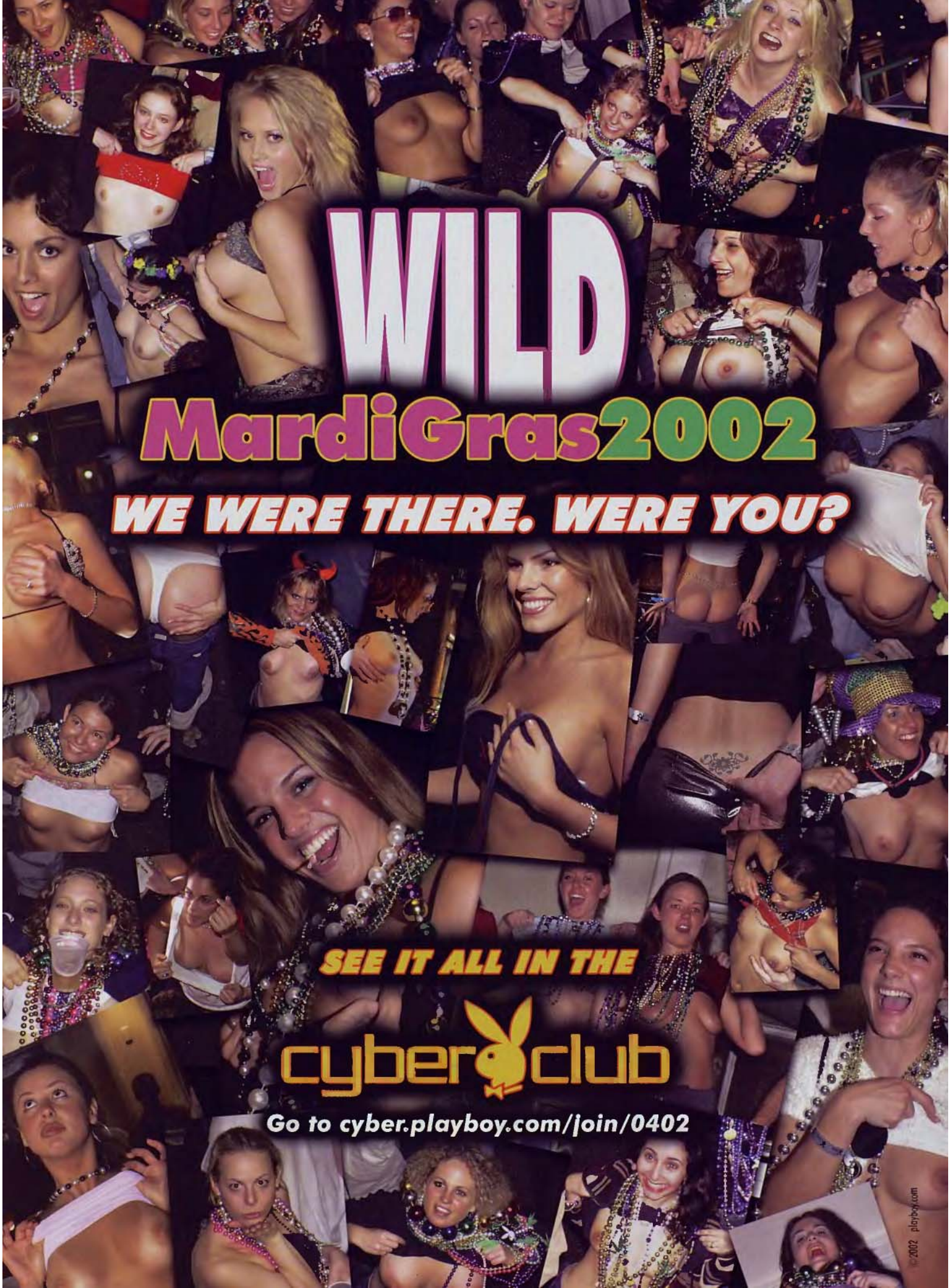
Operation Playmate Online is receiving about 100 e-mails a day from members of our armed forces, as well as their families.

The autographed **Heather Kozar** photo below explains why. . . . **Lisa Dergan** is co-hosting the game show *Smush* on the USA Network. . . . **Priscilla Taylor's** busy work schedule has included a Mustang Jeans print ad, a part in *A View From the Top* with **Gwyneth Paltrow** and **Christina Applegate**, a role in the film *Larceny* with **Andy Dick** and **Tyra Banks** and appearances in two independent flicks, *Lava Lounge* and *The Wager*. . . . Look for **Stacy Fuson** in a Doritos commercial and **Alicia Rickter** in a spot for Budweiser. . . . **Lauren Michelle Hill, Daphnee Duplaix, Vanessa Gleason** and **Irina Voronina** showed up on the cover of *Swerve*'s premiere issue. It's a youth-targeted supplement to the men's fashion trade journal *DNR*. . . . Irina Voronina has a part in the FX movie *Big Shot: Confessions of a Campus Bookie*. . . . A big smooch to **Carrie Stevens**, who recently gave birth to her first child, Jason. . . . **Stephanie Heinrich, Miriam Gonzalez, Lorrie Menconi** and **Charlotte Kemp** rode in a Veterans Day parade sponsored by the Greater Los Angeles VA Healthcare System. . . . When **Jenny McCarthy** and **P. Diddy** hosted the American Music Awards, rockers everywhere tuned in.

P. Diddy and Jenny go wild.



"We're celebrating the end of winter with a flurry of dancing, plowing and planting; for some reason it's called spring break!"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2002

PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

WIRED FOR SPRING BREAK

There are only a few rules regarding spring-break gear. First, think cheap. Don't bring anything that would cost a lot to replace. Second, avoid gadgets you can't operate with a serious buzz on. Otherwise, anything goes—and if it adds something to the party atmosphere, all the better. A pair of binoculars is a must for bikini watching. Steiner's pocket-size 8x22 Predators are lightweight and collapsible and have green-tinted lenses that filter out haze and foliage. Motorola's V200 personal communicator can send and receive e-mail and text messages when you can't talk (say, in a loud club) and operates as a cell phone when you need to call home for more dough. Polaroid's new Mio makes wallet-size prints. It weighs about 12 ounces, so you can pack it in your shorts when you head for the sand. Wander too far down the beach after midnight and you might not be able to find your way home. Magellan's Meridian Gold GPS unit has an easy-to-read screen that can guide you back to any fixed location—such as that club with all the girls. It stores up to 20 routes and 500 way points. —JASON BUHRMESTER

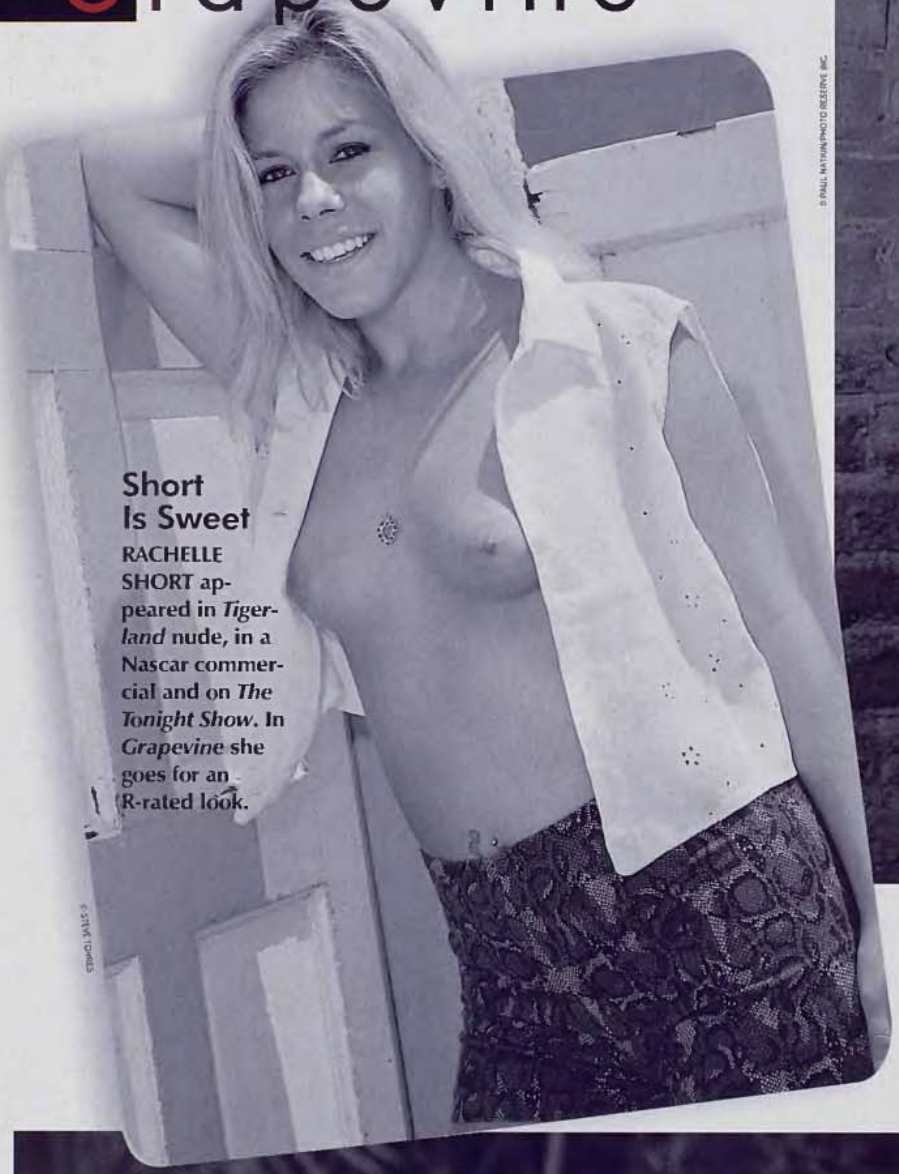
GEORGE GEORGIOU

Left: Polaroid's Mio is an instant camera that prints business-card-size photographs. It has a 60mm lens, built-in flash and fixed focus ($100). Below left: Preprogram round-trip routes from your hotel to the beach or the hottest bar into Magellan's Meridian Gold handheld GPS and you'll know the way home, no matter what your state of mind ($339). Below right: The Motorola V200 communicator ($300) uses a feature that lets you replace prefixes with numbers and drop vowels from words to make text messaging a lot faster.

Above: The irock 520 MP3 player ($100) by First International Digital is smaller than a deck of cards and comes with 64 MB of memory. Add 64 MB more with a memory card and you'll have an entire day's worth of digital music while you soak up sun. Above top: Use Steiner's Predator 8x22 binoculars ($150) to scope a good spot on the beach from your balcony. Their close-range focus is nine feet.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

Grapevine



Short Is Sweet

RACHELLE SHORT appeared in *Tigerland* nude, in a Nascar commercial and on *The Tonight Show*. In *Grapevine* she goes for an R-rated look.

Costa Living It Up

NIKKA COSTA knows notes. When she was five she sang on a song produced by her father, Don, but she doesn't need a family connection now. Listen to *Everybody Got Their Something*. Then check out her vest in the *Like a Feather* video. Nikka is grown.

Tara's a Shoe-In

TARA HABERMEHL's Beauties West of Eden 2002 calendar is still available, as are the *Baywatch* reruns in which she frolics in the sand—barefoot.

© ROBERT MATHEU

The Ozzman Cometh

There's *Billboard* gold in OZZY OSBOURNE's *Down to Earth*. The Merry Mayhem tour survived his stress fracture. Now all he needs is a good manicurist.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

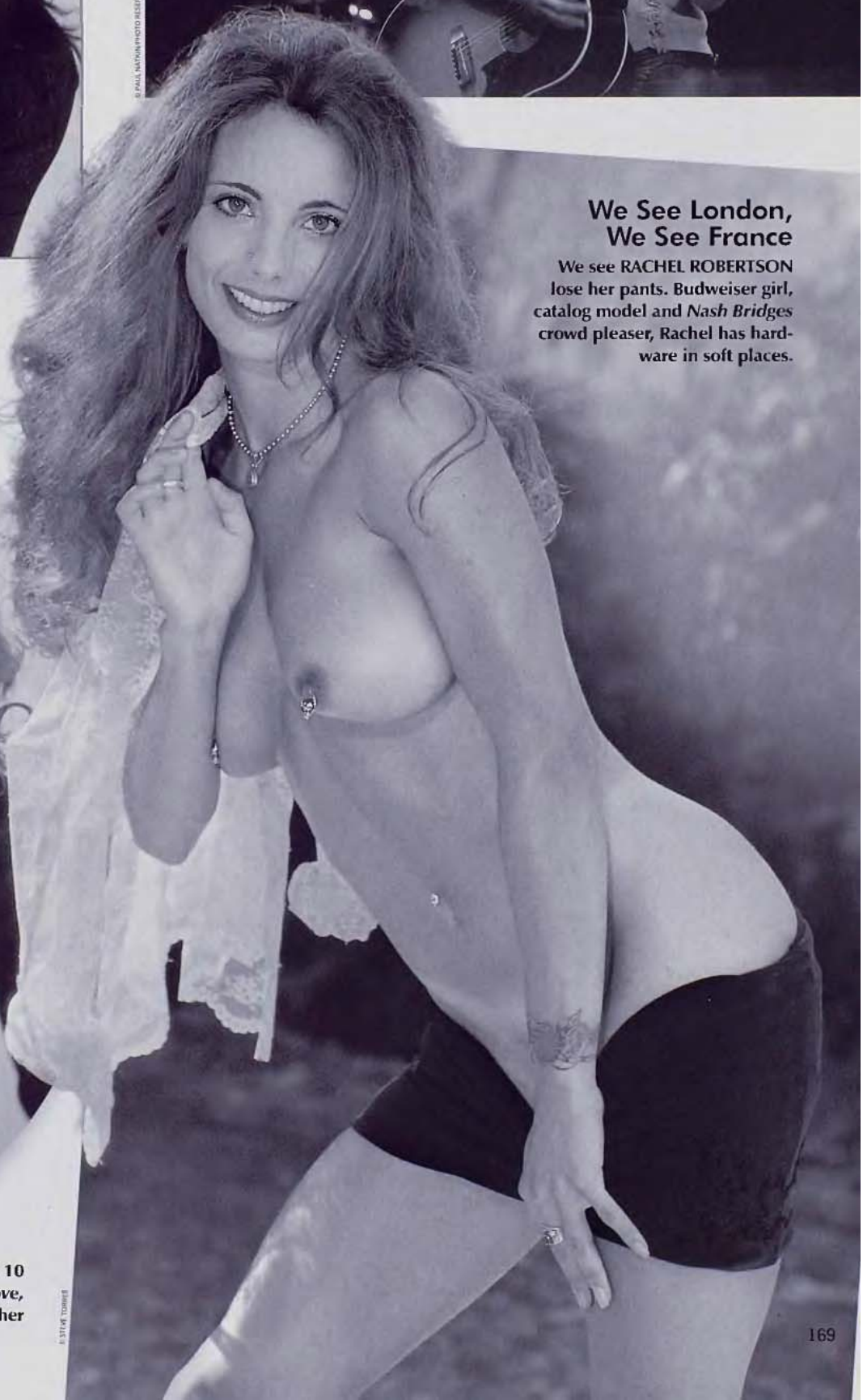
Even Cowgirls Get the Blues

Everybody loves LUCINDA WILLIAMS now, and we'll drink to that. *Essence* and *Car Wheels on a Gravel Road* have brought critical hoopla, Grammys and gold records. Hats off to her.

© JAMES SMEALGALLUP LTD

The Breast of Shelby

SHELBY LYNNE's overnight success was 10 years in the making, but her latest CD, *Love, Shelby*, was worth the wait. Did you catch her on *The Chris Isaak Show*?



© STEVE TORRES

We See London, We See France

We see RACHEL ROBERTSON lose her pants. Budweiser girl, catalog model and *Nash Bridges* crowd pleaser, Rachel has hardware in soft places.

Potpourri

STICK 'EM AND LICK 'EM

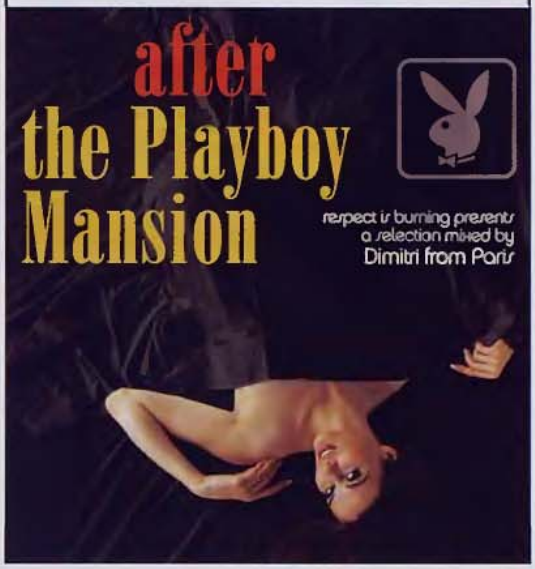
Candy Tattoos bring a whole new meaning to the expression candy ass. Sixteen themes are available, including sports, a target, footprints, celestial (sun, moon and stars), wild animals and bugs. For the spiritually inclined, there are oriental symbols for fire, metal, earth, wood and water. Five packages cost $22 at Tom and Sally's Handmade Chocolates, 55 Elliot Street in Brattleboro, Vermont. You can also order online (tomandsallys.com) or call 800-827-0800. By the way, Candy Tattoos smear easily, but that's half the fun.

BAG FOR BIKERS

Don't you just hate reaching into the trunk to haul out the clubs? Finally there's an alternative: a golf bag you can carry backpack-style aboard a bicycle or motorcycle. To ensure perfect balance, CaddyPac's president, Craig Hufnagel, advises you to divide your clubs evenly between the two halves of the bag. Pack your shoes into the two pouches at the bottom of the CaddyPac, then slip the adjustable straps over your shoulders and you're ready to ride. Price: $99, from CaddyPac.com.

THE PARTY NEVER ENDS

Back in 2000, Playboy joined Astralwerks and Virgin Records to release the CD *A Night at the Playboy Mansion*, featuring Dimitri from Paris' funky mix of sounds. Now Dimitri is back with a two-CD set, *After the Playboy Mansion*. The music on one CD is for dancing; the second CD is a laid-back mix of tunes for romantic moments. Price: about $22, in record shops or from playboystore.com.



SOMETHING SILLY

If you own Mickey Mantle's rookie year baseball card, you probably won't be into Silly CDs. In fact, they're not CDs at all but trading cards that parody covers of CDs, with titles like *'N Stink* and *Moronna*. Artists Jay Lynch and John Pound created the parodies, most of which involve bodily functions. A pack of five cards costs about $2. Go to sillycds.com for more information.

HUMPING IT

Airplane nose art was a way GIs in World War II reminded themselves of what they were fighting for. Paul Neilsen is a former B-29 crewman who has honored those who flew "the hump"—a treacherous air supply route in the Himalayas between India and China that claimed 600 aircraft and more than 1300 crewmen—with the commemorative stoneware mug pictured here. It features a pin-up that's a replica of the original. Price: $11, from ww2noseart.com. Other mugs are in the works.

THE ITALIAN CONNECTION

The first volume in Brioni Books' new series The Art of Living Well is *Single Malt Whisky: An Italian Passion* by Brioni chairman Umberto Angeloni. The subjects covered include Italy's preeminent whiskey collectors, single malts, *la dolce vita* and the world's best whiskey bars. The photos of whiskey in crystal glasses will have you reaching for a decanter. Price: $75, slipcased, from Antique Collectors' Club Ltd. at 800-252-5231.

INSTANT ANCESTOR

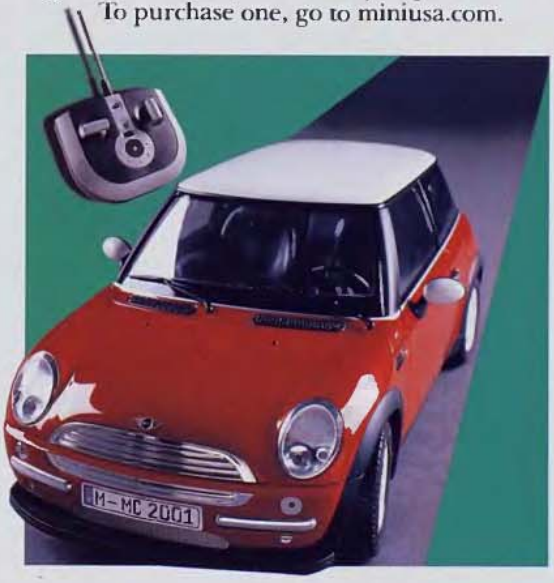
Whether you want an oil painting of an English lord or Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase No. 2*, artsorce.com is the website to check. The company can transform your original photo (or an image from the site's gallery of paintings) into finished art in about three weeks. Prices range from $195 for a 12″x16″ piece to $2250 for a work measuring 8′x12′. Playboy Art Director Tom Staebler ordered an oil painting of a British soldier to hang over his fireplace, and nobody's pickier about quality than he is.

GOING BATTY

Batman Collected, published in hardcover several years ago, is back in a $29.95 oversize paperback edition. Graphic designer Chip Kidd made his huge Batman collection available to photographer Geoff Spear, and the images of Dark Knight ephemera—ranging from Forties movie posters to Eighties artwork and the contemporary doll pictured below—are superb. Watson-Guptill is the publisher.

THE MINI GETS MINI-ER

The Mini Cooper (base price: $18,000) should be in auto showrooms soon. But if you can't wait—or even more likely, discover that the dealer's allotment is already sold out—you can get a pint-size remote-control version for $110, including a rechargeable battery. Eight driving functions and adjustable steering alignment make it almost as much fun as the real thing. The Mini Cooper comes ready to operate right from the box, no assembly required. To purchase one, go to miniusa.com.



Next Month

KIANA

ALMOST PERFECT

PANTY ROAD TRIP

MTV GIRLS NUDE

KIANA TOM—THE GYM GODDESS FROM *KIANA'S FLEX APPEAL* IS TOTALLY RIPPED AND SPANDEX FREE. THE PICTORIAL ESPN2 FANS HAVE BEEN DREAMING OF

BLACK VALOR—WHETHER SEGREGATED AND IGNORED IN WORLD WAR II OR HUNTING THE ENEMY IN AFGHANISTAN, AFRICAN AMERICAN SOLDIERS HAVE PERFORMED HEROICALLY UNDER FIRE. SO WHY DON'T THEY GET CREDIT? THE UNTOLD STORY BY **GAIL BUCKLEY**

BILL O'REILLY—HE HAS DETHRONED LARRY KING AND BECOME TV'S MOST PROVOCATIVE NEWSMAN. *THE O'REILLY FACTOR* DRAWS 20 MILLION VIEWERS A WEEK. SEXY WOMEN ANCHORS, THE GEORGE CLOONEY FEUD, WHAT HE'S DYING TO ASK BILL CLINTON AND WHY AMERICANS SHOULD JUST SHUT UP ABOUT SEX—IT'S ALL IN A HARD-CORE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

BASEBALL PREVIEW 2002—FOLLOWING AN OFF-SEASON PLAGUED BY TURMOIL—POSSIBLE CONTRACTION, LABOR STRIFE, COURT BATTLES—THE GRAND OLD GAME IS BACK. WHICH MAY NOT BE TRUE FOR THE YANKEES OR DIAMONDBACKS. BY **LEOPOLD FROEHLICH** AND **GEORGE HODAK**

LIAR, LIAR, PANTS ON FIRE—FAKE RÉSUMÉS, MADE-UP WAR RECORDS, FALSE ACCOUNTING—IT SEEMS LIKE HONESTY IS THE LAST POLICY. ALL ABOUT THE NEW EPIDEMIC OF FIBBING

MTV GETS NAKED—YOU'VE SEEN THE *REAL WORLD* AND *ROAD RULES* GIRLS CATFIGHTING, BOOZING AND GETTING WET. YOU'VE NEVER SEEN THEM LIKE THIS. A PICTORIAL STARRING **VERONICA, JISELA, FLORA** AND **BETH**

MILLA JOVOVICH—THE STAR OF THE FILM *RESIDENT EVIL*, BASED ON THE HUGELY POPULAR VIDEO GAME, IS OUR FAVORITE KILLER WAIF. AS A MODEL TURNED ACTRESS, SHE SWAM NUDE IN *RETURN TO THE BLUE LAGOON*—AND WE'RE GLAD SHE DID. A SAUCY 20Q BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

PANTY ROAD TRIP—WE SENT **LISA CARVER** TO NEW YORK CITY WITH $500 AND AN ASSIGNMENT: FIND SEXY UNDERGARMENTS. YOU'RE A FLY ON THE DRESSING-ROOM WALL

ALMOST PERFECT—TOMMY IS SIX OUTS AWAY FROM A NO-HITTER WHEN THE GUY WHO IS FUCKING HIS WIFE COMES TO BAT. FICTION BY **LAWRENCE BLOCK**

RUNWAY FASHION—OUR CATWALK TREND-SPOTTING PRODUCED THE COOLEST LOOKS IN DENIM, STRIPED SHIRTS, LEATHER AND SUITS. ALSO, THE DESIGNERS TO WATCH. BY **JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

BEACH IT—LOOKING FOR BIKINI-CLAD BABES AND THE PERFECT TAN? WE KNOW WHERE TO GO, WHAT TO PACK AND HOW TO PLAY. LISTEN UP AND HER THONG WILL BE ON YOUR CABANA FLOOR

PLUS: PLAYMATE **CHRISTI SHAKE,** SUMMER GROOMING ACCESSORIES AND CENTERFOLD SEX TIPS